THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W kly Magazine
Founded A° D! 1 Benj. Franklin

DEC. 4, 1909

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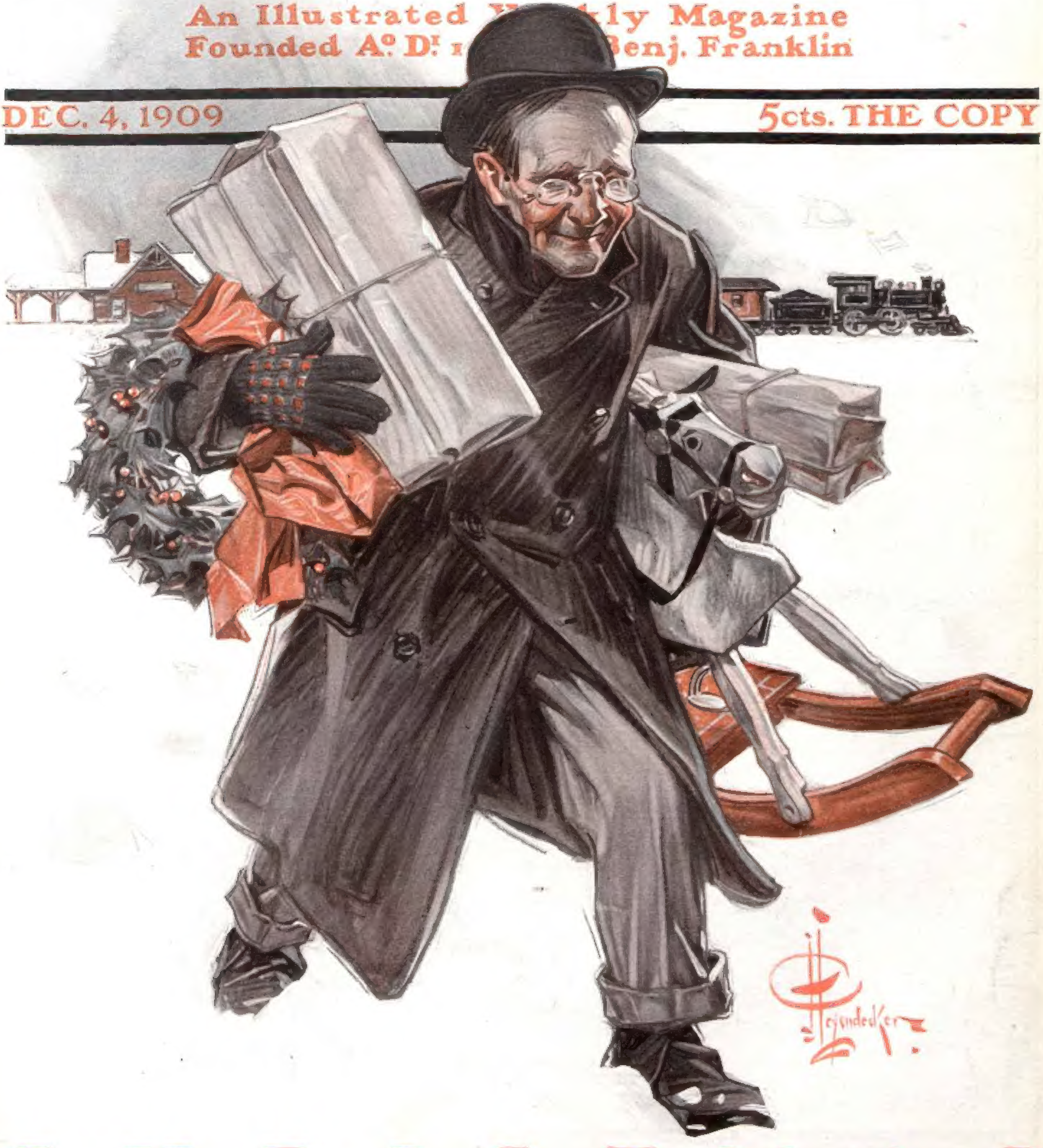
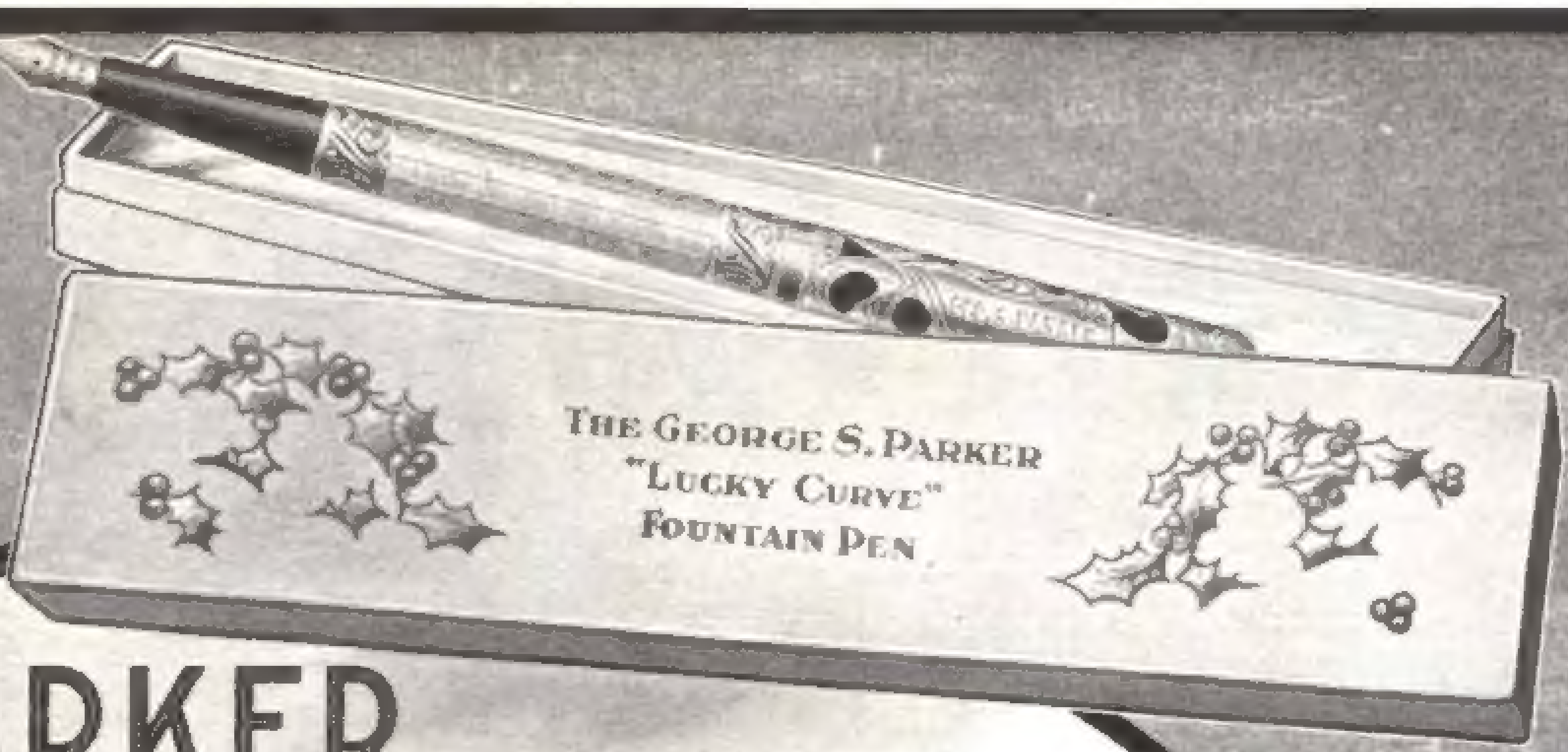

J.C. Leyendecker

CHRISTMAS

FOR XMAS



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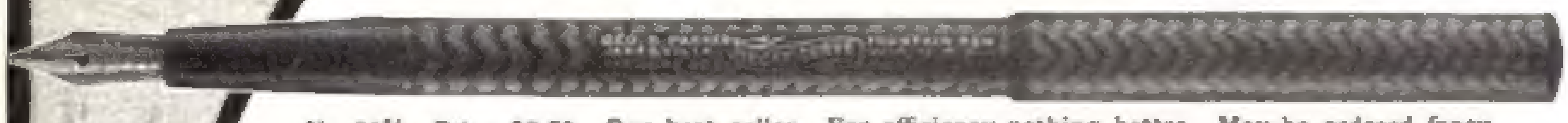

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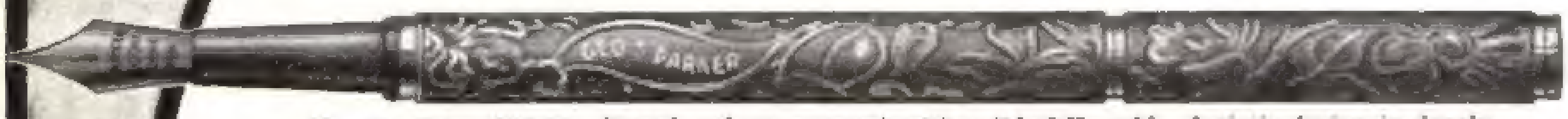

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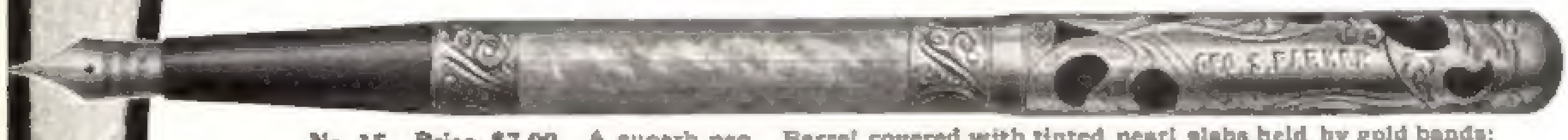

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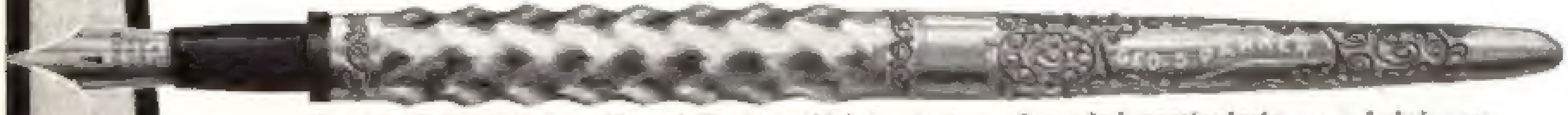

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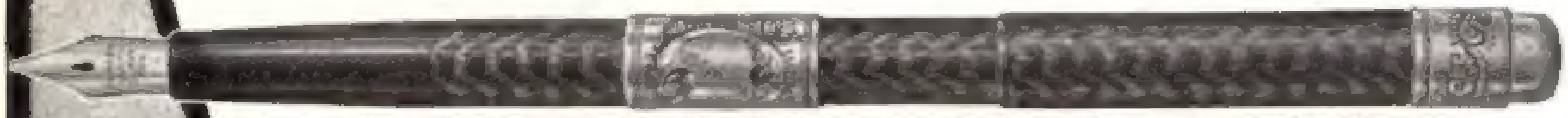

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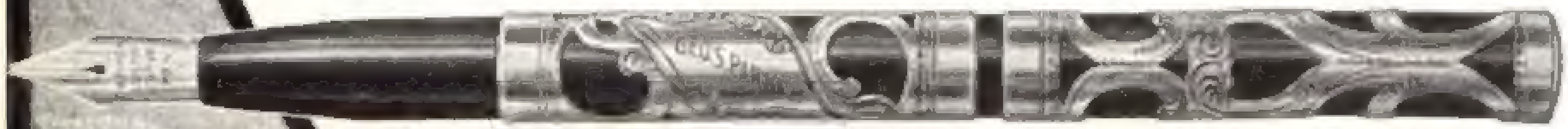

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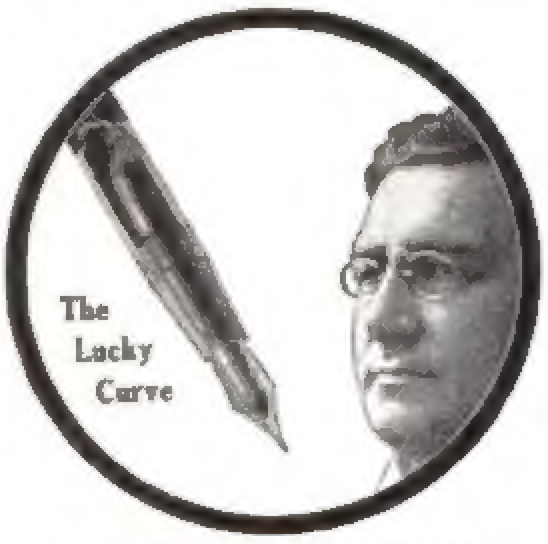

You can be sure there is a glad welcome for the Lucky Curve pen, and with every pen you will receive free a gift box artistically decorated, typifying the Christmas spirit.

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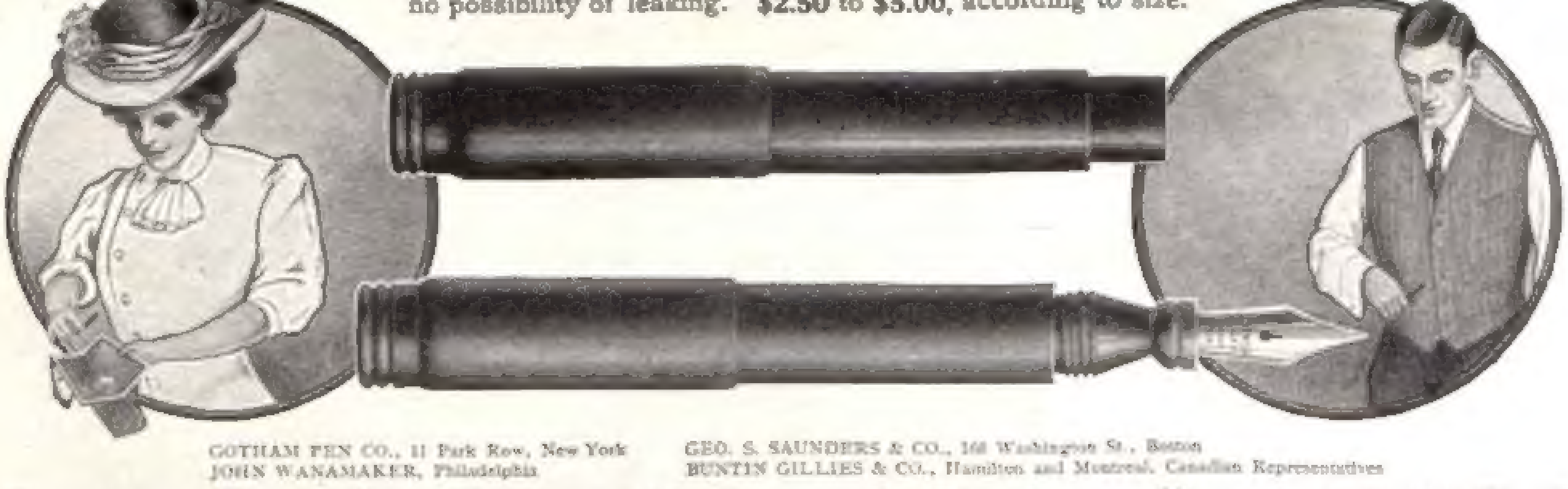

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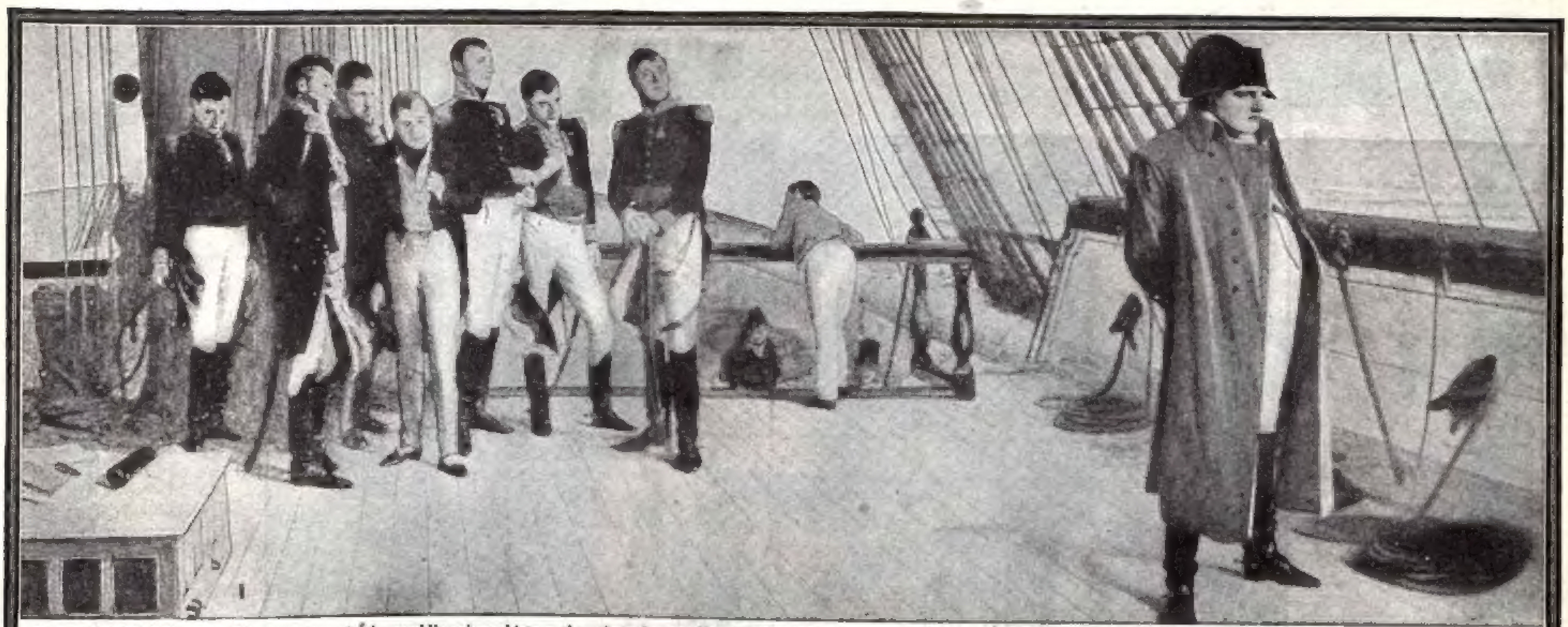

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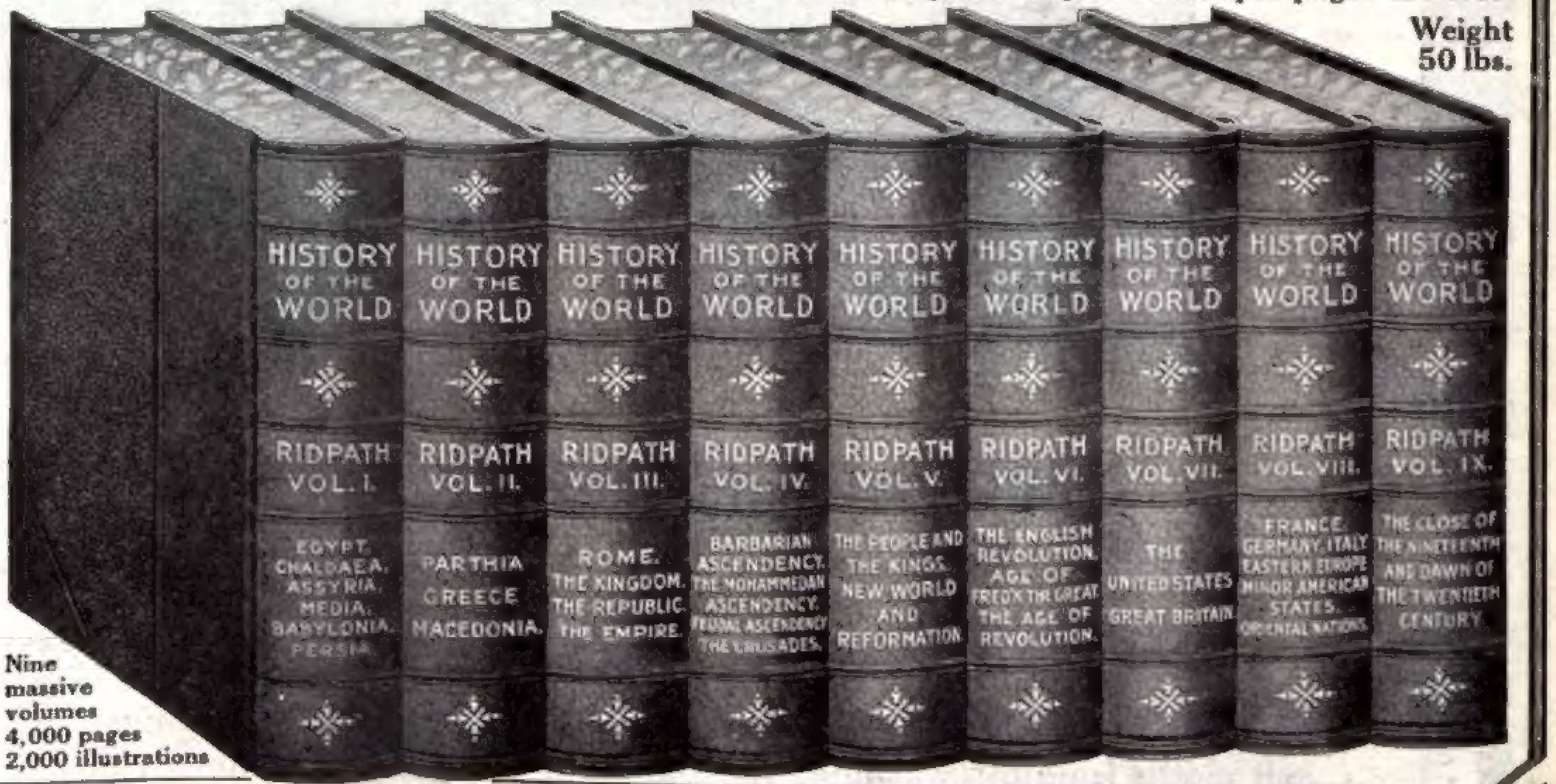
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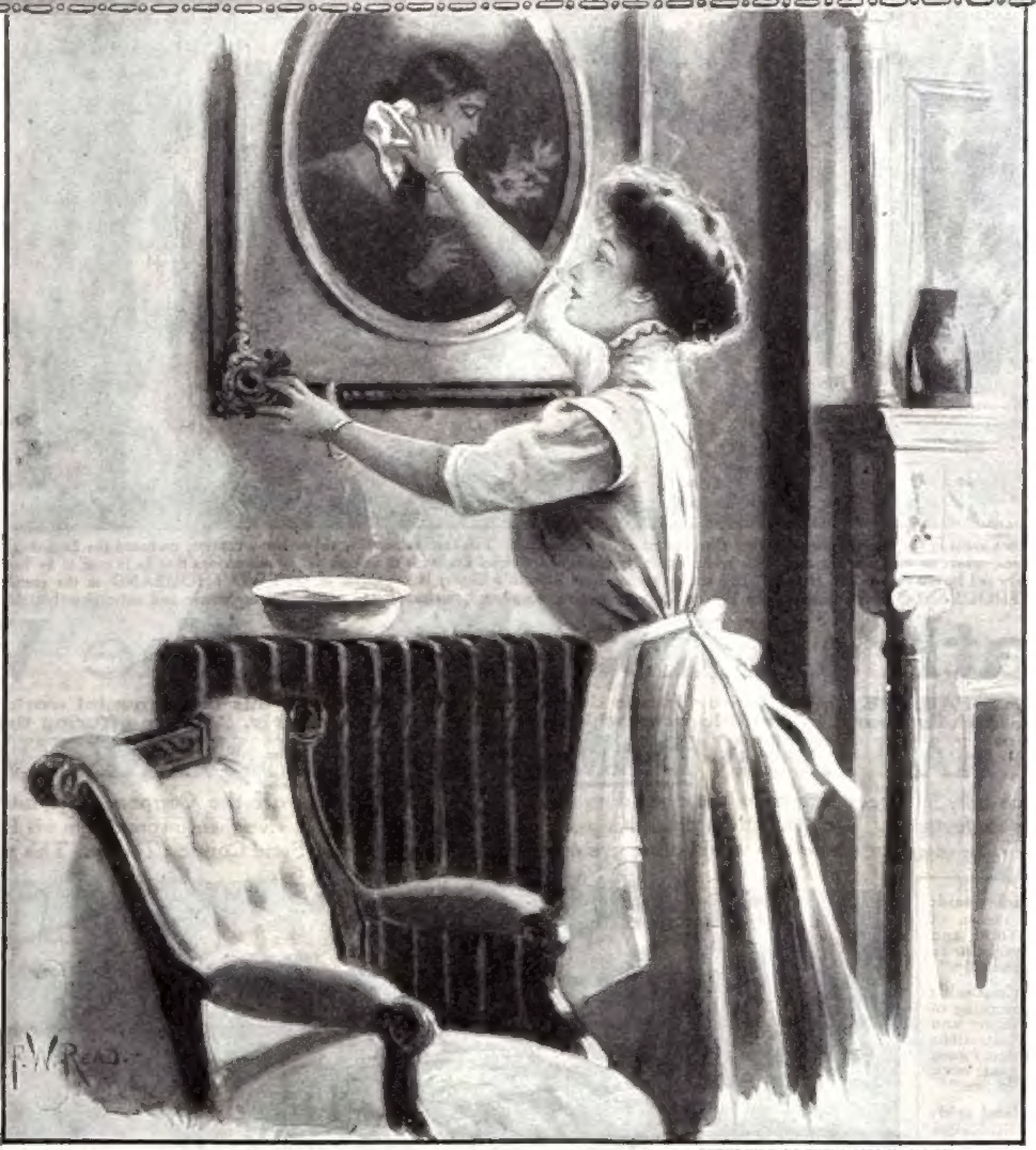
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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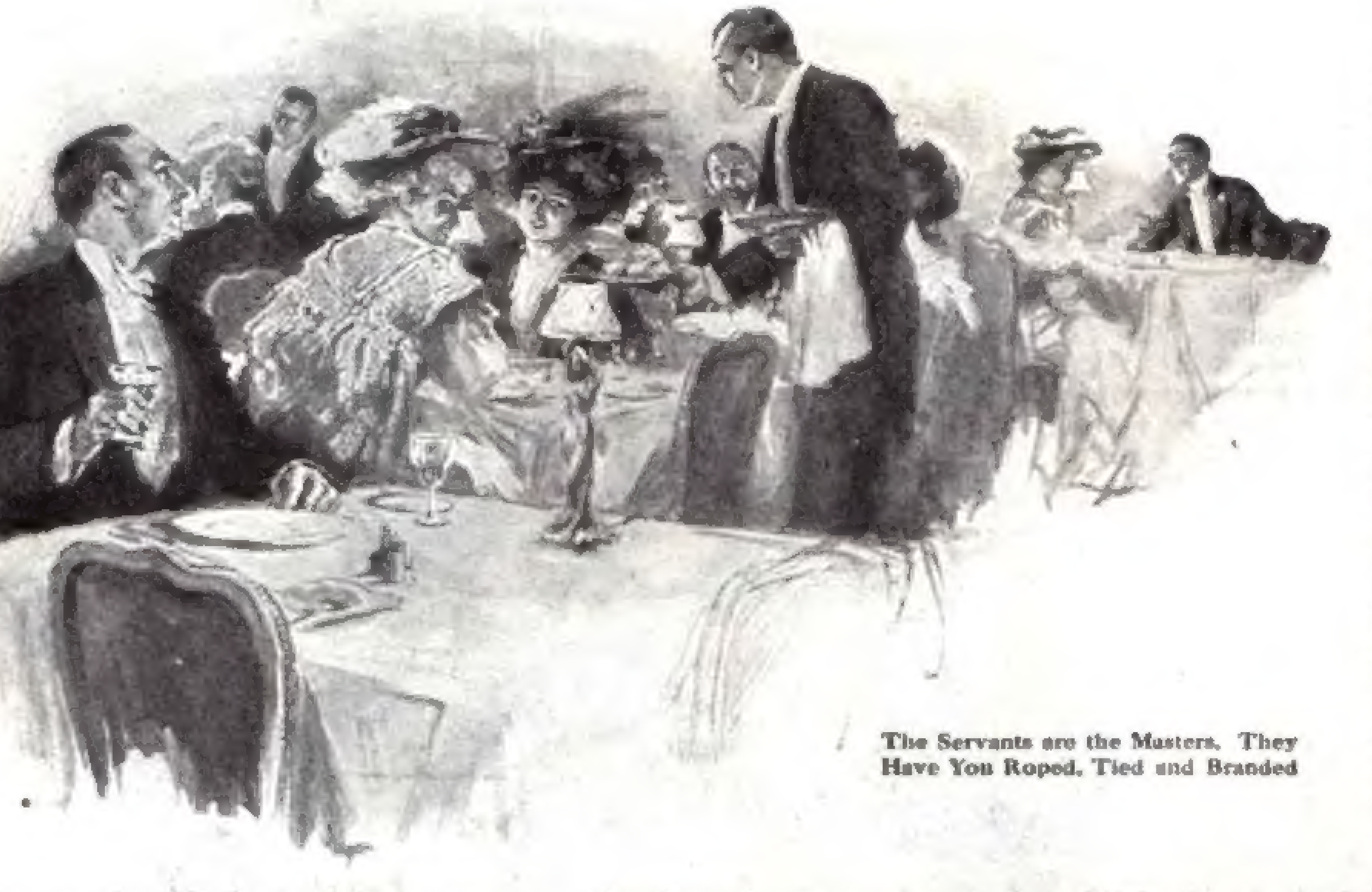
THE MASTER PROBLEM

A Consideration of the Servant Difficulty From Another Angle

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

WHEN Senator Stone, of Missouri, arose in a railroad dining-car, one day last summer, and biffed an impudent waiter on the point of the jaw, a large portion of the populace gave three cheers. Of course, there was a tinge of regret that a distinguished Senator of the United States had so far forgotten himself as to do such a thing, but it was merely a tinge and discernible only in the utterances of the ultra-correct. Even these superior persons admitted privately that if the Senator, or any Senator, felt impelled to biff any person on the point of the jaw the selection of a biffee could not have been made in better taste nor the biff administered where it would do more good or was more needed.

So far as the great number of people who are compelled by various exigencies to get most of their food through the ministrations of waiters were concerned there was not even a suspicion of regret. They applauded vociferously and wondered why, when the Senator was at it, he didn't lam the waiter a couple more, or, if he felt particularly fit, why he didn't go through the car and lam them all. Breathes there a man who eats regularly at restaurants—as many unfortunate men must do or go hungry—with soul so dead that he never has felt the fierce desire to get a hickory club, or a chair, or an axe, and see what he could do in the way of mutilating and maiming and otherwise correcting his waiter, or his waiters, or all the waiters there are? I think not.



The Servants are the Masters. They Have You Roped, Tied and Branded

We read of the servant problem in newspapers, in periodicals, in books, great gobs of discussion, ranging from the scientific way to train a servant so that one can keep him or her, to the useless platitudes on the way to keep a servant so that one can do the training; but it is all beside the mark. The writers start on the wrong premise. The problem isn't the servant problem: it is the master problem.

The master is not the master, any more than the servant is the servant. The truth of it is that the servant is the master, a truth that will be acknowledged by any person who has employed anybody, from the man who keeps one hired girl to the man who has a hundred servants, from butler to scullion. Every housekeeper is the slave of his servants. None will admit it, but the fact remains; and the more incompetent the servants are the greater is the bondage. Moreover, every servant knows he is the master, no matter how crude his intelligence, and acts accordingly.

This land of the free and home of the brave is populated almost entirely by people who are in utter and abject fear of those they hire to wait on them. Ask any man who has a good cook to what lengths he will go to keep that cook, what humiliation he will suffer, what abuses he will overlook; and, if the truth is in him, you will find that he will stand for almost anything before he will discharge that cook or will do almost anything before he will let the cook leave. This is so with every class of servant or personal attendant. Most people will assert blusteringly that no servant can rule them, but when it comes down to bedrock you will discover that the person who blusters loudest hangs on longest and submits the most.

The servants are the masters. This is particularly the case with waiters. By waiters I mean the men who serve you in the better class of restaurants. There are left, in many parts of the country, negro waiters, generally incompetent, who are civil and try to do what you want. The waiters I have in mind are the Alsatians, the Germans, the French, the Greeks, the Italians, the Englishmen and, now and then, the Americans, although the proportion of white American waiters is small.

The great growth of the restaurant business in this country during the past ten or fifteen years and the increased number of gilded hotels in all parts of the country, with Castile-soap pillars in the lobby and an Alsatian chef in the kitchen, have brought in a vast number of European waiters. The old-time American-plan hotel is being eliminated rapidly, except in the smaller cities. Service is now almost universally *à la carte*, and the men who do the serving come from the other side. The French kitchen, of course, is international. Every restaurant that has any pretensions whatever—I mean restaurant of the better class, not the hand-out places, the lunch counters and the chop houses and owl wagons—has a cook who makes a bluff at understanding the French cuisine.

Where one man ate regularly in a restaurant fifteen years ago, a hundred men and their families eat regularly in restaurants now. Owing to the gastronomical fiction that the French know more about cooking than any other people, and the further fact that the American hotelkeepers and restaurateurs have this obsession in its most virulent form, every high-grade eating place has its corps of French or, more properly, Alsatian cooks and its corps of foreign waiters. Moreover, the maître d'hôtel is French or German, also. Consequently, the plain American who wants to get some plain food served with plain civility is usually up against it.

Soon twice as many people will eat regularly at restaurants as now eke out that pitiful existence, for housekeeping is becoming constantly more difficult, not to say more expensive, and the number of men and women who give it up as a bad job grows greater steadily. Thus the American nation, brave and free, will become submissive to a greater and greater extent, and the tyranny of the foreign waiter will increase in exactly the same proportion. As it is now, those who get their meals in restaurants submit on the general theory of what's the use. Indeed, what is the use? Arguing with a waiter, or fussing with one, gets you nowhere. The waiter, like the policeman who orders you to do a thing, has all the best of it. You can send him back a dozen times, but you can never know what atrocities he will commit with your food behind the swinging doors that screen the serving-room or the kitchen from your view.

Wherefore I have classified a few thoughts on the broad general subject of waiters which I herewith present under their proper heads, not in the hope that they will lead to any reform—far be it from me to expect the impossible—but merely as a relief of the somewhat surcharged feelings of a man who attempts to derive sustenance from restaurant bills-of-fare, and who has suffered long, but, perhaps, not so silently as some.

I—ON THE COMPLETE TRIVIALITY OF TRYING TO COMBAT A SYSTEM

Suppose, for example, you want your coffee with your fruit at breakfast. Some people do, you know. It may be a personal idiosyncrasy, or it may be a desire for a bit of coffee first, before taking any fruit; or, it may be that coffee and fruit agree with you, or it may be for any other reason.

You order your breakfast and say to the waiter: "Bring the coffee with the fruit, please."

The waiter hands you an elaborate look that is made up of superciliousness, contempt and amusement in about equal parts, although if analyzed it is probable that contempt would predominate, and goes away.

Presently he returns with the fruit and without the coffee.

"I wanted my coffee with my fruit," you remonstrate.

This time he gives you another look that is all contempt.

"Coffee mit fruit?" he asks.

"Exactly; the coffee with the fruit. Get it, please."

Then the waiter does one of two things. He either protests that you should have your coffee with your breakfast or goes sullenly to the kitchen and returns with a pot of half-cold coffee, which he places on the table with an air that says, louder than he dares: "Another crazy American. Coffee mit fruit, huh? Pfaugh!"

He disapproves of the idea, and he lets you know it. What business has any man trying to get his coffee with his fruit? Coffee is to be taken with the breakfast proper. It has no place with fruit. So.

Now, I have tried to get coffee with fruit at breakfast for years, in restaurants in all parts of the United States, from Boston to San Francisco, to say nothing of Europe, and have never succeeded the first time. Occasionally I have had the coffee brought in without the fruit, but never the coffee and the fruit together without a reiteration of the request.

There are two reasons for this: The first is that no waiter of the foreign school can conceive, nor will try to conceive, why any person should want coffee with fruit. The second is that the system of the kitchen forbids it. The whole restaurant game goes by rote. If you go in to breakfast you are expected to take your breakfast in the regular order, as laid out for you by some French or German or Alsatian or Swiss maître d'hôtel. His intellectual processes do not admit or recognize a personal desire. He has laid out a breakfast scheme. It comprises fruit first, if you take fruit at all. It also comprises fruit alone. He takes his that way. He has been taught that that is the way breakfast should begin. Hence, breakfast must begin that way. As for you, you are merely an incident, an atom, that is expected to pay thirty to fifty cents for two oranges that cost about twenty cents a dozen, eat them in their proper place, and drink your coffee when he says you can have it.

Suppose, again, you should say to a waiter: "I want half a dozen Lynnhavens, and some romaine salad with them, as a starter."

There are people, you know, who relish a bit of green with an oyster instead of the various messes the usual oyster-eater drenches his oyster with, to the entire abolition of the natural oyster flavor.

"Romaine wiz oysters?" The waiter is astounded. His contempt knows no bounds. And can you get romaine with your oysters if you want it? You cannot. It is as impossible as it is to get your fried eggs turned over without telling everybody in sight, explicitly, a dozen times. Instead, the waiter brings you the oysters and hands you the dope, the horseradish, the tabasco, the cocktail mess, the chow-chow and all the rest of the stuff that, to a waiter's mind, should be shoveled on oysters, and stands persistently by with the dish containing the mixtures held in front of you—for the stuff is there to put on the oysters, and you should put it on.

The system of which the waiter is a part forbids serving a salad with oysters. It isn't in the rules and regulations. When you do so untoward a thing as to ask for romaine and oysters together you go away outside the rule, and you cannot go outside the rule in our best-regulated restaurants. They know how you should eat, why you should eat, and your personal desires have nothing to do with it. If you insist you destroy the harmony of the whole establishment. The captains come around and look at you curiously. The head waiter stands off and views you with utter and annihilating contempt. The omnibuses chatter about you in their corner.

Another fool American who does not know how to eat!

Let me skip down to the end of the dinner. It is time for coffee. The waiter brings the cups, puts them down and prepares to pour. He has the sugar bowl poised in his hand.

"How many lumps?"

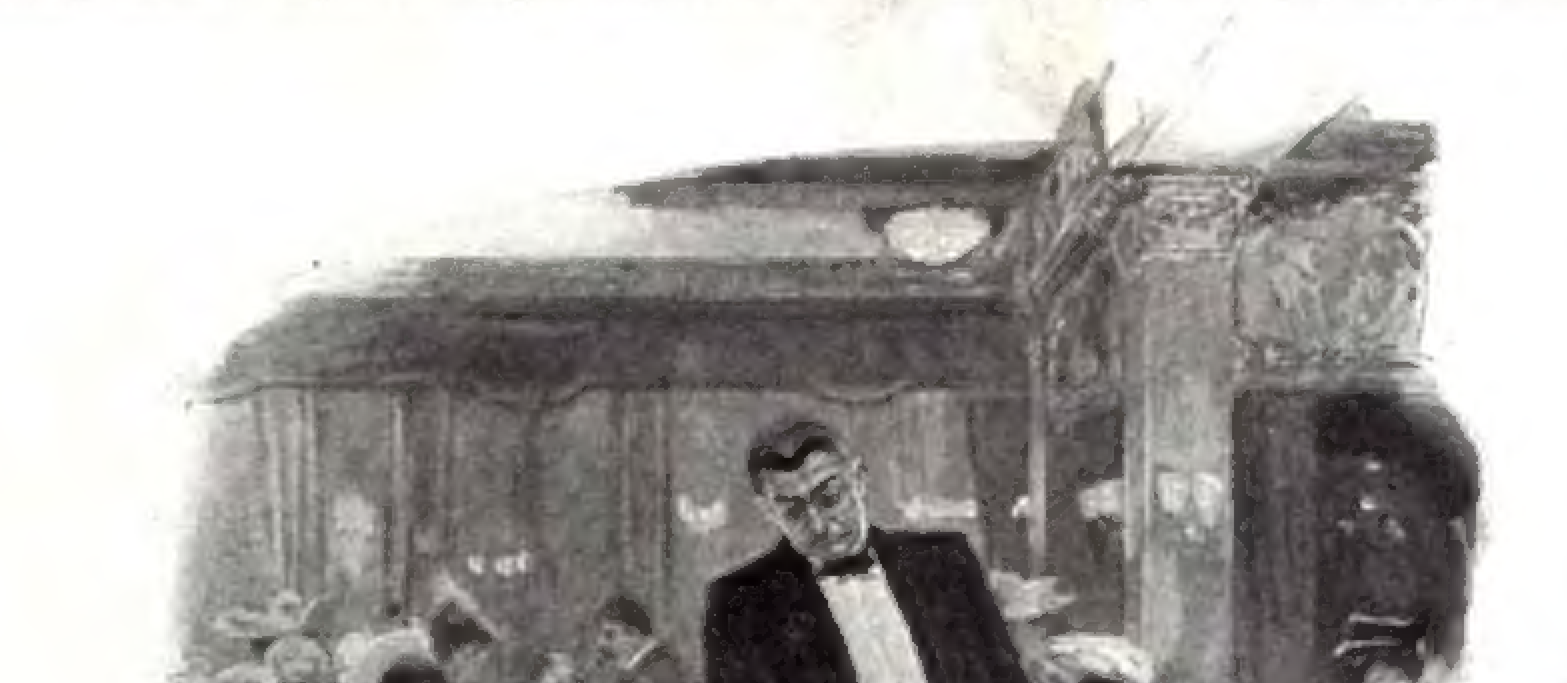
"None."

He gives you that glance of scorn. Impossible! How is it that a man should not want sugar in his coffee? So he drops in one lump, anyhow. You are not supposed to know whether you take sugar in your coffee. Everybody does. It is the system. Take it, doggone you, whether you want it or not! Somewhere, years ago, the men who ran the restaurants decided sugar should be taken in coffee. That settled it. You, as an individual, cannot get away with your sugarless coffee without a struggle. The waiter does not understand, nor will he.

The list might be continued indefinitely. Did you ever try to get a hard-boiled egg? Did you ever try to get veal chops without tomato sauce? Did you ever try to get a cold lobster without having a dab of mayonnaise dressing stuck on the plate? Did you ever ask for scrambled eggs that were scrambled in the pan instead of being dipped out of that big can of prepared eggs they all have and coming out a pale, anæmic, yellow mess on two ancient bits of toast? Did you ever ask them to put chive in your French dressing? Did you ever try to get clam broth made out of clams instead of out of a can? Did you ever implore them to use tarragon vinegar in your salad dressing? Did you ever try to get lamb chops without small peas? Did you ever try to tell them that you didn't care for apple sauce with duck, or with roast pork?

Pshaw! Life is too short! The system is there, built up by Frenchmen and Alsatians and Germans, and you can't make a dent in it. The rules for feeding are rigid and unbreakable. Your only function is trying to eat what they give you and paying the check. What you want, personally, cuts no figure, unless you are prepared to go to the mat with everybody in the place in succession: waiter, captain, head waiter, maître d'hôtel and, in extreme cases, proprietor. Dog of an American that you are, what do you know about eating or serving? Pish!

What do you know about eating, with Gaston and Henri and Oscar and Philippe on the job, working on the system they have prepared and not even working on that if you do not give them all the change when you pay the check? You have no rights. You are nothing. You are less than that.



It is the Old Doctrine of What's the Use?

And there is no use fighting it. It is up to you to take your medicine. The most trivial thing in the world is to make a fight against a waiter. You may win your point in the first instance, but if you do it would be well for you to avoid that restaurant ever afterward, for when you come in, after you have been victorious, the waiters all point you out to one another: "That is the man who made the kick against Looie"; and what Heinie or Alphonse or Henri does to you, if he gets your table that time, is far beyond your comprehension. He will be polite and civil, perhaps, to you at the table, but, Heavens! what he will do to you in the kitchen!

Those unfortunates who live at restaurants, real restaurants, are slaves to the system. They do as they are told. They get what the waiters want to bring them. They may kick and get away with it, but only for once. The second time they get no chance to kick, but they are kicked and they never know it.

The servants are the masters. They have you roped, tied and branded.

II—ON THE INADEQUACY OF MAKING A PROTEST

A man went into a New York chop house of wide reputation and found that mutton cutlets were the house specialty for that particular day. He ordered some clams, a mutton cutlet and a baked potato.

After some delay the waiter came along and put the mutton cutlet and the baked potato on the table.

"But," said the man, "I ordered some clams."

"Oh," asked the waiter, "did you want your clams before your cutlet?"

Now, that was a sufficient provocation to call for the head waiter, the proprietor, the police, the fire department and the ambulance. I'll leave it to any fair-minded person if it wasn't.

But the man who had ordered the clams and the cutlet had been eating at restaurants for years. He had to, being a peripatetic person. He knew that if he protested the head waiter would come and listen to his tale of woe, and after him the proprietor, who would also listen. Meantime the cutlet would get cold and the potato soggy. So he merely said, with a sarcasm that was wasted utterly: "Oh, no, I always take my clams for dessert," and let it go at that, being sure that the clams were marked off the bill, where, of course, they appeared when the bill came.

There are many futile things in the world, and one of the most futile is making a kick in a restaurant. You may have the satisfaction of slang-whanging the waiter, or sending back the meal or walking out with great dignity, but you have put up the bars on yourself in that place forevermore. It is the old doctrine of what's the use.

You see, it is like an argument with a policeman. You never get anywhere arguing with a policeman. If he tells you to move on or stand still, or turn a flipflap or go and roll your hoop, it is the part of wisdom to do that same. The policeman has you beaten on the start a dozen ways, and, moreover, he can beat you, if he wants to, with his club, and you have no redress—for the police judge's viewpoint, if it comes to a court proposition, is that you are always lying and the policeman is always telling the truth. If you persevere it may be you can break the policeman if you have been abused, but that will take weeks and months.

It is so with this particular section of the ruling classes that inhabit restaurants. If the oysters are warm and the soup cold you can protest. You can get cold oysters and warm soup if you yell loud enough, but what else you will get from that waiter or from any of his colleagues, who look on all people who eat in restaurants as their natural enemies, Heaven forfend! They can put it all over you in a dozen ways you know nothing about, and while you sit in dignified consciousness of having delivered a just and scathing rebuke every waiter and every omnibus in the place will be laughing at you because the waiter you called down has done something to you that you know not of, but which is a sufficient revenge from the waiter's viewpoint.

There are many people who will not admit this is true. There are many people who will say they always get what they want, as they want it and when they want it. These fall easily into two classes: Either they are persons who tip out of all proportion, so that the waiter will take rebukes and dressings-down for the sake of the extra money he will get—and every waiter will—or they are lying.

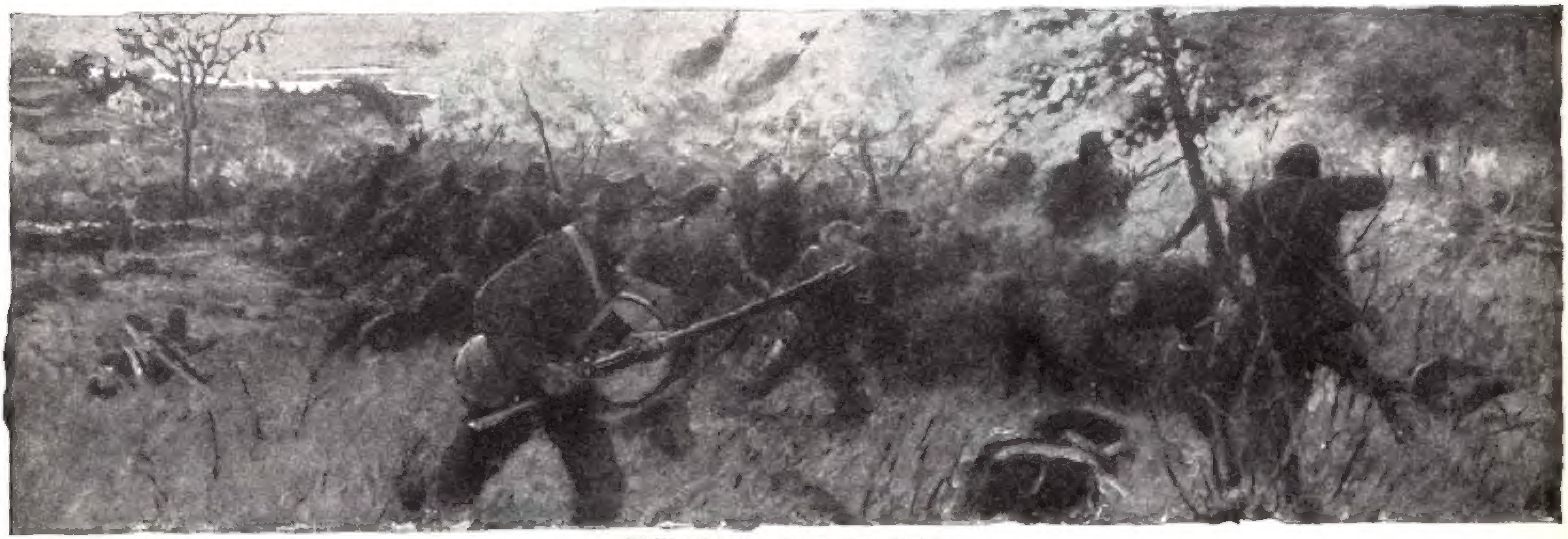
It is a disconcerting and a humiliating thought that a free-born American citizen who must eat at restaurants because he has no other place to eat should be subject to a system that will put him at such a disadvantage. However, every person must eat, and the philosopher eats with as little friction as he can. In the first place, you will not digest your dinner if you get miffed with the waiter for any inadequacy of service or attention. In the second place, you will never get anywhere if you do protest.

The natural thing to do is to rear up and assert one's rights. The literature of the country is full of beautiful

(Concluded on Page 31)

THE FIELD OF HONOR

A Triangle of Love, Courage and Cowardice



"It Was Called the Bloody Sixty-Sixth"

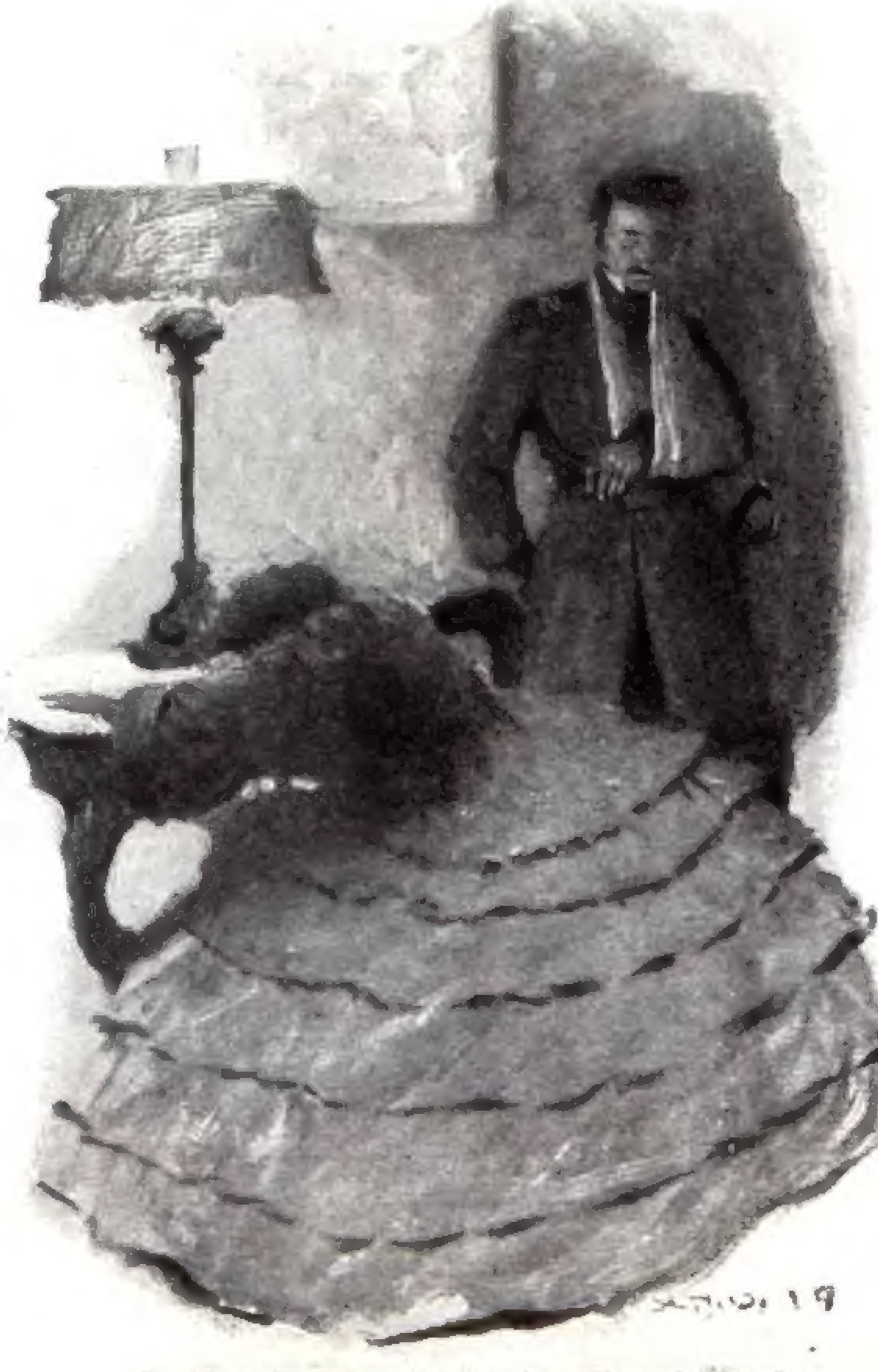
By BRAND WHITLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

WHEN I was a boy in Macochee there was an old house far out Court Street which, for me, was enveloped in an atmosphere of mystery and romance. The house was one of the oldest in town, built after the simple, almost classic, model the early residents of southern Ohio brought with them from the South. It stood as if abandoned amid the elms in its wide and ample grounds; the grass was never cut, an unkempt growth hid walks and driveway, and the weather of lonesome years had stained the stately columns that had once been glistening white. And yet at a certain hour each morning Colonel Clayton, tall, impressive, of soldierly bearing, left the house; at a certain hour each evening he entered it. He dwelt there alone. To me he seemed very old. His hair was gray and he must have been, I calculate, about forty when I first noticed him. And once, just once, he noticed me. We boys had organized a little military company and armed ourselves with wooden guns. We drilled a good deal, and as we marched past his house one Saturday morning Colonel Clayton turned, and as his eye rested on me he smiled. Then—it must have been in the summer of 1876—a citizen halted us one day and, addressing me as captain, told me that my command had been ordered to the Black Hills. Whereupon we hid our wooden guns and, concluding that it would be best to remain discreetly quiet and strictly neutral for a while, disbanded. The Colonel had commanded the Sixty-sixth Regiment during the war. To me this was equivalent to saying that he had fought and won the war; for I could conceive of no larger military establishment than the old Sixty-sixth, on which, as one might say, we were all raised in Macochee. I always wondered why the Colonel's portrait did not appear in Bancroft's History of the United States which we used in the public school. The omission impressed me as a mean and petty jealousy of the publishers, for, if the Sixty-sixth had not fought and won that war, who on earth had? I had heard my father tell a bishop who was visiting us—he was about as comfortable a guest as a camel in a tent—that there was a story in that house.

I had dimly felt as much myself, and yet it was not until I had grown up and had begun the disillusioning process of envisaging human history, and so had drawn events into better proportion, that I understood it. I had made inquiries, to be sure, but my mother told me to ask my father, and my father, who seemed averse to wasting time in talking to his own family—he had so many tiresome parishioners to talk to, I suppose—gave me a mere bald outline. But at last, one day, I interested Captain Jeremiah Clarke and got from him the story. The Captain had lived in Macochee before the war, he had enlisted there, had commanded a company in the Sixty-sixth, and, after the war, had gone out West. He was, when he told me the story, back in Macochee again for the second time since the war; he had returned for Home-Coming Week, and was so bored by the foolish carnival that he was glad to talk about old times, or any times other than those present times, with any one, even a youth.

"It seems," said the Captain—the Captain always opened a narrative with the phrase "It seems," especially if it told an undisputed, fixed and positive fact—"it seems," he said, "that in his youth Wade Clayton was in love with a girl."

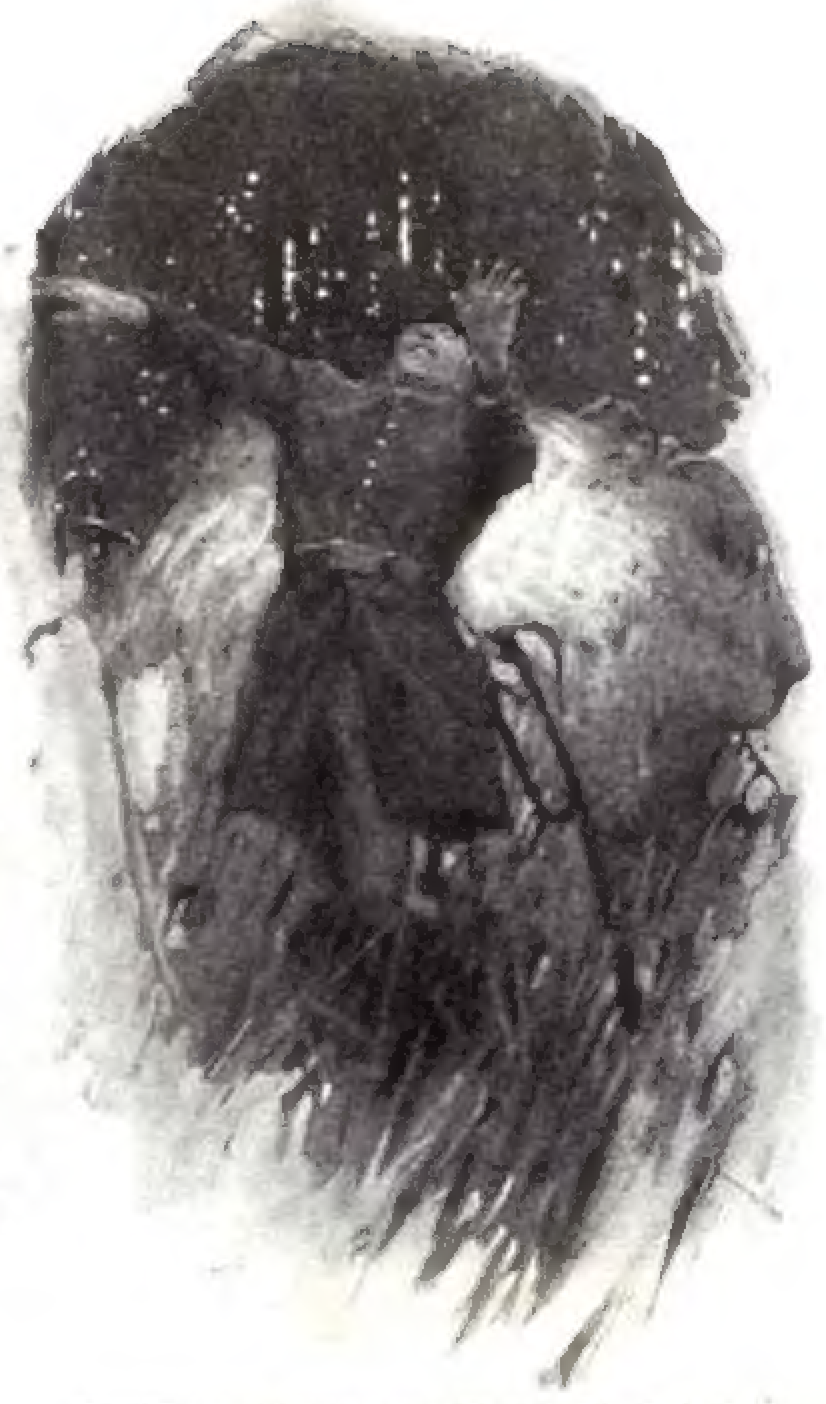


She Never Even Once Inquired After Clayton's Wound

That, at the age I had then attained—I was home for vacation in my freshman year—was a good beginning for any story. But before he could get on the Captain felt moved to give me an outline of general history, in order, I suppose, to lead up logically to the Civil War, with which, in the Captain's philosophy, history ended. Thus, even down to the Compromise of 1850, that interesting girl was left in abeyance and, as it were, formless and void; and it was not until some time after the Lincoln and Douglas debate that he revealed her name as Laura Sheldon. It seemed, then, that in the year 1860 human interest, always strong in Macochee, centered in her love affairs. She was then eighteen and, according to the Captain, the prettiest girl in Ohio. He tried to give me some conception of her beauty, and after reciting a catalogue of blue eyes, brown hair, fair skin and so forth he gave up in despair and said:

"You should have seen her in a white dress, standing at the gate just as evening was coming on—an evening, say, in late July, with the moon rolling up over the trees; you should have seen her raise her white arm to her hair and meet you with a little wistful look in her eyes and a little smile on her lips! And then, sir," he went on, with the look that old but pleasant memories bring out, "you should have heard her sing Lily Dale! Well, you would have been in love with her, too, just as I was, just as all the young men in town were."

Neither the Captain, however, nor any other of the Macochee swains of that epoch seemed to stand the ghost of a chance, because of Wade Clayton. His mother was a Wade, and he was related to the Powells and to every other good family in Macochee except the Sheldons, and that discrepancy he was determined on repairing. He was then about twenty-one and, according to the Captain, a tall, dashing young fellow with most of the symptoms of romance. He had been to West Point by appointment from his uncle, Major Wade, then in Congress, but he had got into some creditable scrape and had been expelled. At that time he was studying law—that is, he sat in his uncle's law office by an open window with a law book in his lap and looked down into the square until Laura came by. By the end of the summer it was understood that he and Laura were engaged. Matters stood thus all that winter, and in the new interest excited by the secession of the states following Lincoln's election Laura and her lover were likely to be forgotten. Then, suddenly, without announcement, without warning, in the spring of 1861 Laura married George Baring. The event coincided with the fall of Fort Sumter and, in the best circles of Macochee, must almost have equaled it in importance. In a sense



"It Was a Sickening and Yet Pitiable Sight"

it excelled the national sensation, for Macochee, having been a station on the underground railway and used to the abolitionism of Major Landis, understood the fall of Sumter; but it did not understand the capitulation of Laura Sheldon's heart to the sudden attack of George Baring.

If Clayton understood he never told any one. The blow hit him hard, they all knew that; it wounded his vanity, and many of the women insisted that it broke his heart. A few days later, at Lincoln's first call, he raised a company and in a week left with his raw command. They marched away one morning, Clayton at their head, a hundred boys, not as you see them in pictures or hear them described in the Decoration Day oration, for they had no uniforms or equipment, but the excited imagination of Macochee supplied all the paraphernalia to invest them in the panoply of war; and after old Doctor Goddard, standing with bare white head, had prayed for them in the square, they marched to the station behind the Macochee Cornet Band, followed by a cheering crowd of men and boys, and women weeping, and some veterans of the Mexican War, and one old fellow who claimed to have been in the Revolutionary Army and to have seen Washington. They marched past Laura Sheldon's home, which had become the home of Laura Baring, and saw her standing at the gate, her husband by her side. Laura looked at Clayton, her fine eyes—wide, expectant, brilliant—fixed upon him as if she were willing him to look at her; she had a handkerchief ready to wave at him. But he never looked at her, not once. He marched as they had taught him at West Point, eyes front. And presently she lifted the handkerchief, pressed it to her eyes, and swiftly ran into the house.

The second call came, the Sixty-sixth Regiment sprang into being, and all the young men enlisted—even, at the last, George Baring himself.

It was the Captain who employed that invidious "even."

"I speak thus of George Baring," he said, "because he was a man, somehow, whom no one expected to do such a thing. He was of an old Macochee family, too, a gay, good-natured young fellow whom people in general liked. But they never expected him to do anything enterprising until he married Laura. We were all surprised; we could not imagine why he should enlist. I know that if Laura Sheldon had married me I shouldn't have enlisted until the enemy was in my front yard. But we concluded that having distinguished himself by his victory over Clayton in the pursuit of Laura Sheldon he felt that much more than he had ever imagined was now demanded of him; and even though he had taken a wife, the most beautiful in Ohio, he could not avail himself then even of the Scriptural exemption. It was, in a sense, a sequence of the old rivalry. It began on that afternoon when the boys went away at the first call. He had seen the look with which his bride regarded Clayton, and he had followed her when she fled up the long walk at Clayton's refusal to turn his head in farewell. And it had troubled him; it had not let him rest, and he was tormented by the thought that she might hold him less brave than others—less brave, to be explicit, than Wade Clayton. Then Clayton, having served his three months, came home with a captain's commission, and secured a transfer to the Sixty-sixth. His appearance in uniform, bronzed already and looking the real thing in soldiery, was enough to add a final desperation. And Baring enlisted. I asked him one night down in Virginia how he could leave his wife, and he said:

"'Oh, you should have seen how pleased she was, and proud! She is a brave, patriotic woman.'

"Now, we of the old Sixty-sixth were excessively proud of our regiment. It was called the Bloody Sixty-sixth. There were other regiments so called, but not so early as ours was. A good many handsome reputations came tardily after the war was over. Ours was early and desperately made. Twenty-one battles, seventy-three skirmishes—that was our record. Port Republic, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg; then, after the transfer of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps under Hooker to the Army of the Cumberland, near Chattanooga, came Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold; then Rocky Face Ridge, Pine Mountain, Culp's Farm, and from Atlanta to the Sea with Sherman. We made the whole circuit of the Southern States. Such events bind men together, you understand; we had all the *esprit de corps* of an old regiment of Imperial Guards."

The Captain's boasts, though the conventional ones, helped me to understand an occurrence that befell this proud and gallant regiment in the battle of Cedar Mountain. Baring had been made a captain; not that he deserved it, but Clayton had urged it—on Laura's account, they knew—and Clayton always got what he wanted with the one exception.

Captain Baring, as I gathered, must have made a fine figure, especially at parade or at guard mount, with his erect young form, his good-looking face and his curly hair. And while he was, in a way, popular enough with his company the men did not lean on him as they would have leaned, for instance, on such a fellow as Clayton. The Sixty-sixth saw its first fighting in the Valley of the Shenandoah against Stonewall Jackson.

At Port Republic, of which the Captain gave a technical description quite as incomprehensible as the very best battle descriptions, the regiment behaved gallantly, though it hadn't found itself or been made into the effective machine it was destined to become under Clayton, who, at that time still a captain, was acting-major commanding the second battalion. Baring bore himself well in that engagement—came through, in fact, all right. He was, after the ordeal was over, a bit elated. His elation, which impressed the Captain and some of the other officers as the elation that comes of relief, showed in his manner, in the way he laughed, in the intensity with which his eyes sparkled as he discussed the symptoms he had noted in himself when he was going into action. They all understood, for they had had the same sensations themselves. It has been supposed that one experience of this sort will accustom a man so that in time he will be habituated to the ordeal, become used to fire. I fear that supposition is incorrect; no man ever becomes accustomed to it; no man ever likes it; and his last battle is as hard as his first. Certainly this is true of the sensitive, delicately-organized man—I know it was that way with me when the Black Hills campaign was suggested—and it was the case with George Baring. That first battle only supplied new details for his imagination to work with, and with them he fashioned new and inconceivable horrors for himself. However, he controlled himself, and during the preliminary movements at Cedar Mountain he did well. The man must have been constantly fighting two battles—one with the enemy, the other with himself. Poor fellow, with his egoistic imagination, how he must have suffered!

Stonewall Jackson whipped the Sixty-sixth again at Cedar Mountain. Through the late afternoon and all through the early evening they waited to advance. They were at the edge of a wood, and now and then a shell from the hill where the enemy perched flew over them, rattling through the treetops, and burst behind them. During those hours Baring lived through the dangers, the horrors, in every realistic detail, of a thousand battles, and must have died a thousand deaths. After a while they were ordered to lie down, and thus they waited through the twilight, impatient and nervous, joking, some of them, others keeping strangely silent, thinking of peaceful Macochee and certain persons there. This change of posture from the straight to the prone had an unfortunate effect on Baring. It lowered him, not only physically, but morally.

"I remember," said the Captain, "just how he looked, squatting there in the rear of his men with his sword drawn. His face was very white and it must have itched in spots, he was always lifting a finger to scratch it; and his eyes were fixed straight ahead as he tapped his sword point nervously on the ground. Night fell and the advance was sounded, and at last we moved forward into the woods. Our regiment had the right of the line, but owing to a mistake old Kenneth, our colonel, had made in giving his commands he had twisted the regiment about so that Baring's company was on the right. There was no time to change and we went on. We went forward, deeper and deeper into the woods, and then suddenly I knew something was wrong. I felt the temper, as it were, go out of our line; there was a gush of fire, an awful yell, and we knew that we had marched into an ambuscade. There was no time to retreat; we were in for a hand-to-hand fight. For some reason I turned and, looking, I saw Baring white as death; he halted, stood, shivered an instant, then he clapped his hands to his face and, turning in flight, suddenly sank to his knees. It was a sickening and yet pitiable sight. He had not been wounded; he had collapsed from fear. His company was in demoralization; it broke and started to run. And then I was compelled to witness a sight still more horrible. A corporal in his company—Poole, which was not his name—turned and, thrusting his musket into Baring's back, fired. I saw it. I can see it now. Such things have been, I am told. I remember now a man in a Connecticut regiment, whom I met at Atlanta, sinisterly pointing out a certain officer in his regiment"—and the Captain here told a long and irrelevant story about that man.

"But the case of Baring," he said when he at last got around to it again, "I saw that and wish I had not. I had no time then for thought, for in another instant there was Clayton on a horse, swearing like Sheridan at Winchester, and in the last instant before it would have been too late the line was reformed, and we stayed to fight a hopeless fight. That night we fell back, beaten, half our troops killed outright, and of our own regiment it seems that eighty-seven were killed and two hundred wounded. But Clayton was a full major with a bullet wound through his left elbow, and Baring lay on the field among the dead. We never found his body; we hadn't the time to look for it then."

They talked it over, Clayton and the Captain and the few who knew, and agreed that for the honor of the regiment they would never tell. And they never did tell. Those of them who came from Macochee thought at once of Laura. She was in a delicate condition, expecting an interesting event. And Clayton, with his majority and his wound, was given a furlough, and he started home to tell her. But first he sent Laura a telegram saying: "George killed at the head of his company." One could imagine I know not what new hopes rising in his gallant breast as he drew near to the old town. But the bald truth of that telegram was given no other significance in the story he told her than that which it bore on its face, and Clayton supplied the details to ennoble the tragedy. He told her of the waiting in the wood, then of the advance, then of the ambuscade, and evidently he told it with fine verisimilitude. But the part he himself had played in rallying that broken line he ascribed to Baring—and the honorable bullet that had pierced his own elbow was substituted for the one Poole had sent to Baring's heart.

There in the dim parlor of the old Sheldon house, his arm in a sling, Clayton told her the story; and she, leaning forward in tears, listened and did not see the hero before her, but the other man whose coward's death had been transfigured for her into a noble, gallant end. And so possessed was she by that glorification that she never even once inquired after Clayton's wound or noted the new gold leaves on his shoulder-straps.

Old Kenneth was killed at Gettysburg, and Clayton got his colonelcy. The war ended; they came home and took up their lives, or began others. Captain Clarke did not remain in Macochee, but went West; but he was in Macochee long enough to note that the town had already resumed its interest in Laura Baring and Wade Clayton. Macochee, of course, confidently expected them to wed. Clayton took up the practice of the law, and in the flush of enterprise that followed the war he was as successful as a lawyer as he had been as a soldier. His heart had not changed and he resumed his courtship. He called on Laura, he sent her flowers by the negro boy who served him. But his attentions had to be managed with an intense and subtle delicacy. Laura's little son, Victor, occupied her whole thought, and she had already begun to implant in his mind that deep reverence for a father who had died for his country, gallantly, at the head of his regiment on the field of honor. And Clayton, sitting with her, began to tell the child at Laura's behest the story of his father's services.

Clayton was still young and he could be patient. He did not speak to Laura on the one subject that must have saturated with its influences the very atmosphere about them; she wore her mourning still, and the colonel waited, as all Macochee waited, for her to take it off. They waited two years. Then Clayton was elected to Congress. He wrote to Laura from Washington; at home in the vacations he was often with her, advising her on her affairs, silently, patiently waiting. After a while he spoke, but she put him off. Her excuse was the boy. And the colonel was forced to sit by and for the benefit of that child rehearse, with improvements and embellishments, the absurd story of George Baring's death. Baring's picture in the uniform of a captain hung in the parlor, his presence filled the house, and among them they created for Laura and for the boy an idol before which they all bowed. And this went on for years.

One would think that Clayton would have sickened of the business and at times he did. But the seductive Laura was always there, and his share of the worship in which he joined was for her. One would think that he would have hated the boy for whom this great, impossible sacrifice was made, for whom this grotesque apotheosis was created; but he didn't. Wade Clayton could hate nothing, Captain Clarke asserted. According to this staunch and admiring comrade he befriended every lame dog, every miserable devil in town. If any one got into trouble he helped him; if any were in jail he visited them; he defended half the rogues in the county and got them off, inventing in their behalf stories as romantic and as untrue as that he had created for George Baring. He was a supreme romanticist and Macochee was devoted to him; and if he was not impatient with Laura, Macochee was, and indignant besides. But there were no outward or spoken reproaches. Old Ledinger broached the subject to Clayton one afternoon on the square, but he never finished; Clayton would have killed him.

Clayton served six terms in Congress. Then he appointed young Baring a cadet at West Point, Laura's ambition being to have him follow the career of his father. When he had gone Clayton asked Laura to marry him.

"Surely, now that Victor is gone, it is time," he urged.

But she shook her head.

"How can he be true to his father's memory and heritage if his mother ——" she began. The Captain detailed the conversation just as if he had been present, like a novelist.

Then Clayton declined another renomination, and retired to his lonely house, with no one but Ephraim, his black houseboy. At thirty-eight, with a career still before him, he seemed to have given up all other ambitions and settled down to the quest that had held him all those years. And he practiced law, and called on Laura in the evenings, and sent flowers to her by Ephraim. When the people of Macochee saw him they sighed with a gentle, pleasant melancholy, thinking of his long, romantic courtship. They told visitors of it, pointing the Colonel out to them, and the visitors sighed in the same gentle, pleasantly melancholy way. Thus ran the Captain's story.

I had, indeed, seen a negro bearing flowers out South Main Street, but the interest, the melancholy, the sighs, if these existed, were all in that world which lies above and outside a boy's life. But the Macochee folk, the few that knew, never told the truth about Baring. A miracle had happened, wrought by the will of Wade Clayton; the truth had indeed been forgotten, if it ever had been known; it was incrusted by this new element, and George Baring had gained a reputation and a personality among his townsmen he never could have had in life.

To the old boys of the Sixty-sixth Clayton remained the hero he had been. He met them at their annual reunions. These were held all over Clayton's Congressional district, every place but one—namely, Macochee. Clayton always forbade their meeting there, though they proposed it annually. He had his reasons, and his old soldiers knew them. Thus the years went by. The regiment diminished, the veterans were beginning to grow old. Then, for the first time in all their service, they disobeyed their colonel. In the summer of 1881 they mutinied, openly, flagrantly, and resolved to hold their reunion in Macochee.

"We insist, sir," said old Major Hastings, "on showing your fellow-townsmen how we love and honor you."

The Captain said the Colonel's eyes moistened as he bowed his gray head, though the Captain was not there.

Victor Baring was graduated from West Point in June of that year and came home in the new uniform of a second-lieutenant of the army. Him I could remember well. He burst upon our sight and put our old wooden guns to shame as he moved far, far above us, to our reverence and awe and despairing envy, a lithe, slender figure in the fatigue jacket that fitted him like a girl's bodice, his legs appearing much longer in the light-blue trousers with the wide white stripe of the infantry, and his little forage cap sitting rakishly on the curly head. The girls must have been as excited as we over his appearance, though I knew nothing, of course, of that. But the Captain said so and asserted that the old folk said: "How much he looks like his father!" His mother thought the same thing and said it to him, though she, perhaps, was tactful enough to spare Clayton the remark. And yet she did not conceal her pride. The Captain described a scene between these patient lovers.

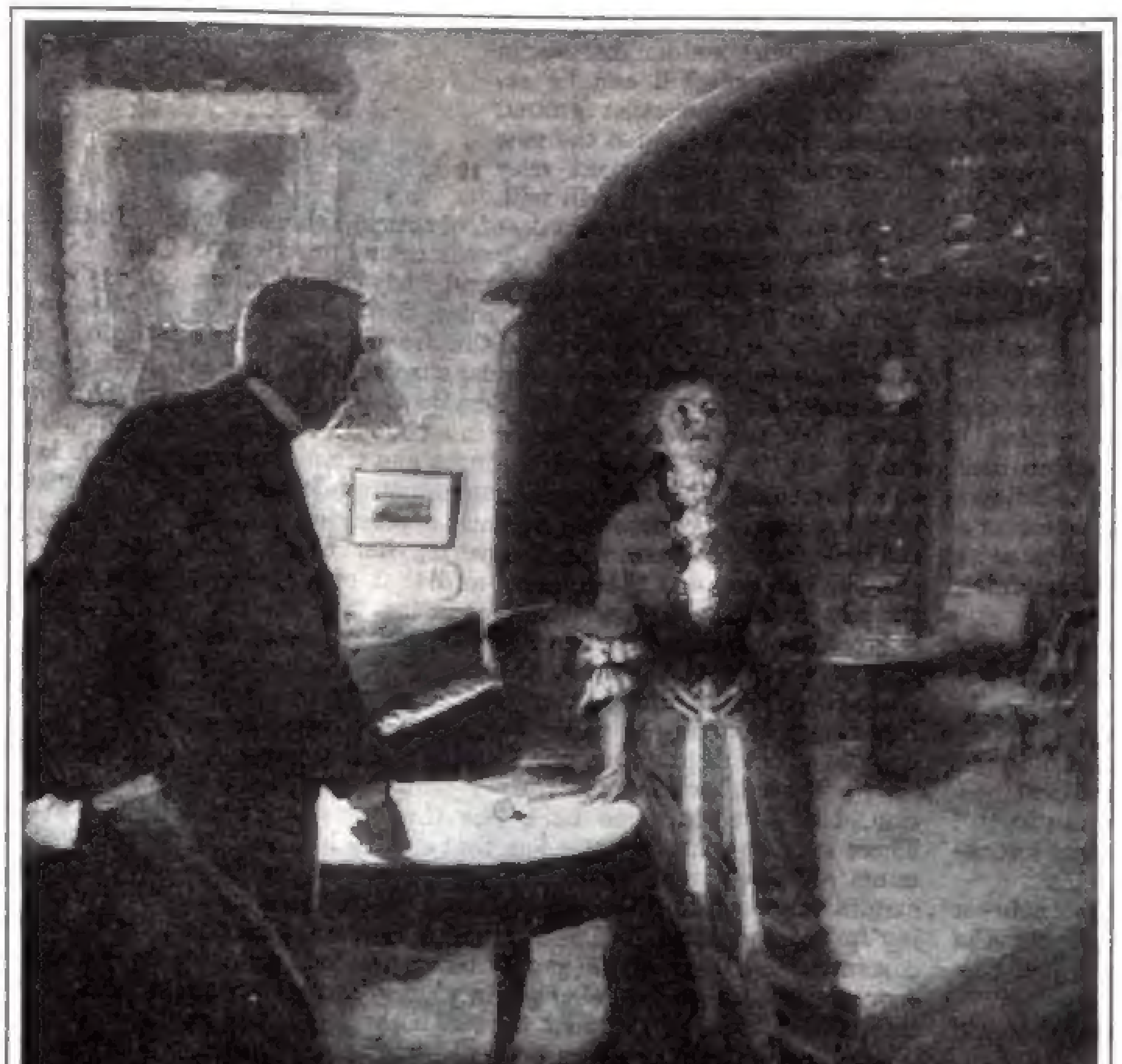
"Isn't he handsome?" Laura remarked.

The Colonel looked at the young lieutenant; he knew what was passing in Laura's mind, and for an instant, remarking how like the elder Baring he looked, a bitterness tinged the feeling in his heart. But he restrained this feeling and said with seeming irrelevance:

"Yes, we're growing old."

Laura looked at him in a sudden amazement, a sudden alarm. Then her eyes drooped and she busied herself with the sewing in her lap. And the Colonel, with lowered glance, looked at his hat which he was slowly turning over and over between his knees. In the minds of both was the thought of the sacrifice that had been made for that youth, for the ideal which had been evolved for him as his guiding star in the life on which he was entering.

Life just then, however, presented itself to Lieutenant Baring in the form of a young girl, indistinct, with a vague loveliness and infinite if somewhat indefinite charm; but this ideal soon fixed its abode in the slender form of a most indubitably physical body, and the ideal was connoted by a certain pretty name, Bessie Bell. This maiden was the daughter of that rich old citizen, Amos Bell, who still bore the hatred that had attached to him as a Copperhead during the war. Laura watched the advance of the passion with alarm. It was the first obstacle in the way of the realization of her ideal. The incongruity of an alliance between the noble scion of the patriotic house of Baring and the daughter of a Copperhead distressed her; it seemed to violate the sanctuary in which she had reared her idol.



"My Husband Was Killed at the Battle of Cedar Mountain"

The situation was one she did not know how to deal with and she did not try to deal with it. She ignored it, at first, adopting that method by which the tender, sentimental mothers of her generation and tradition dealt with all the unpleasant facts of a life which is arranged on the supposition that they may be shielded from its blows and spared its shocks. Having been governed by her feelings all her life, tender, delicate and pure as those feelings were, she had now no recourse of reason, no philosophy with which to comfort herself, and she simply refused to accept this unpleasant probability. She closed her eyes to it, pretended that things were otherwise, prayed for a miracle that would make them otherwise.

But the romance was rapid and insistent, and it was not long before the son forced the fact upon his mother's attention by informing her of his intention to marry Bessie Bell at no distant date. Mrs. Baring had no argument to urge against the girl; she was pretty, sensible and destined to be rich. The argument of her father's politics Laura could not bear to raise. She reminded the boy of his youth, of his inexperience, of his slender means, and ended by urging him to consult Colonel Clayton. She did consult the Colonel herself, but he only laughed. In fact, he did not try to thwart the purpose of the young lovers at all—having in his heart a natural sympathy for young lovers—nor did he try to allay the mother's fears. He saw, in this new arrangement of the parts in the drama that had been so long unfolding, a chance for himself.

It was not long before the Lieutenant induced Bessie to accompany him to his mother's house, where an embarrassed call was made. Laura was impressed and almost won by the girl's simplicity and prettiness, and as they walked away the Colonel himself appeared on the scene. He could have come at no more auspicious moment. He and Mrs. Baring stood in silence and watched Victor and Bessie stroll away. Just beyond the gate, in the quiet, leafy avenue, they paused, and beneath a lilac bush Victor put his arm about the girl and, thinking themselves obscured from view, perhaps so lost in their blissful young Elysium that they had no thought of any other world or the eyes in it, they gazed into each other's eyes and kissed.

Colonel Clayton had but come from a meeting of his Grand Army Post, where the final arrangements for the entertainment of his old regiment at its forthcoming reunion had been under discussion. And the memories those old soldiers always stirred, added to the implications of the hour and of the scene, produced in him strong emotions. A sense of loneliness, of despair and of failure overpowered him.

"We are growing old," he said, and the words startled Mrs. Baring, perhaps awakened her. As Victor strolled slowly away with the girl Clayton pressed Laura to tell him that when the lad married she would consent to become his.

She did not promise in words, but the flush that deepened the pink of her throat and the expression in the eyes she raised to him—these and the influences that are so subtly conveyed by the mysterious processes of the soul in certain profound moments—caused a great elation, as of victory and of desire achieved, to swell within his heart.

Thus, for perhaps the first time in twenty years, the Colonel began to feel that he was at last about to win her hand. He knew, however, that his own marriage could be hastened only by hastening the marriage of the younger lovers. To this event, so ardently longed for by three of the persons concerned and, perhaps, secretly by the fourth, there now appeared one of those obstacles which the Fates had so spitefully been throwing in the way of the Colonel's romantic aspirations all his life. The Colonel recognized the obstacle at once, even before the lean figure of Amos Bell had cast its long shadow over the doorsill of his law office that morning. The Colonel distrusted Bell, as did nearly every one in Macochee. I could understand that, for I had to see the old man in his pew every Sunday and to hear him pray in prayer-meeting. The Colonel might have forgiven him, perhaps, for being a Copperhead—the Colonel had not often waved the bloody shirt, even when it was politically most fashionable in Ohio to do so—

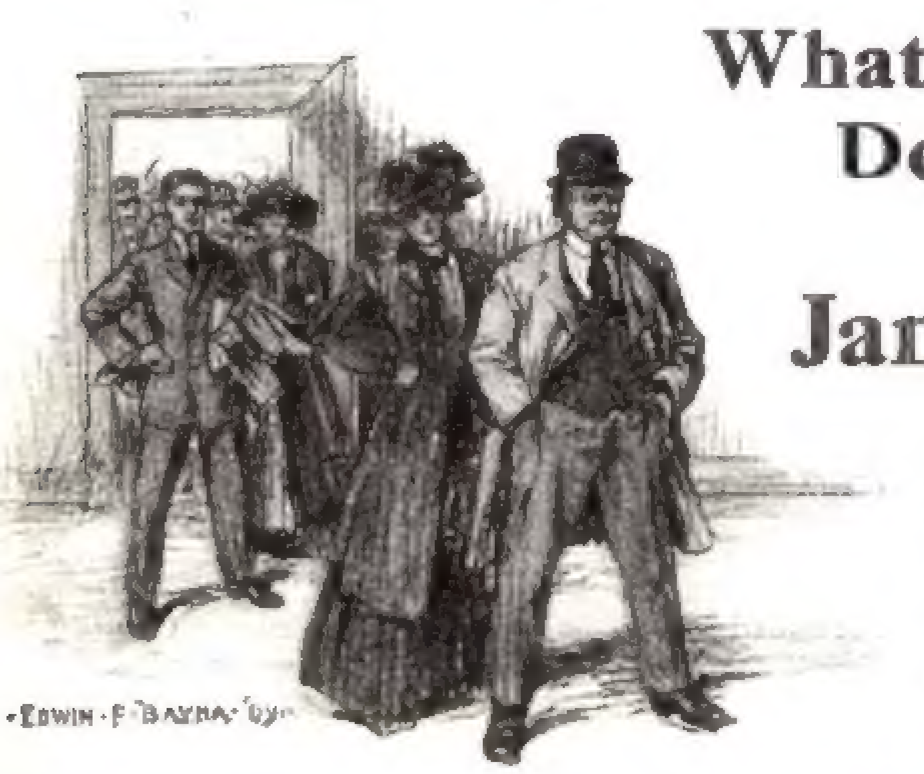
(Continued on Page 52)

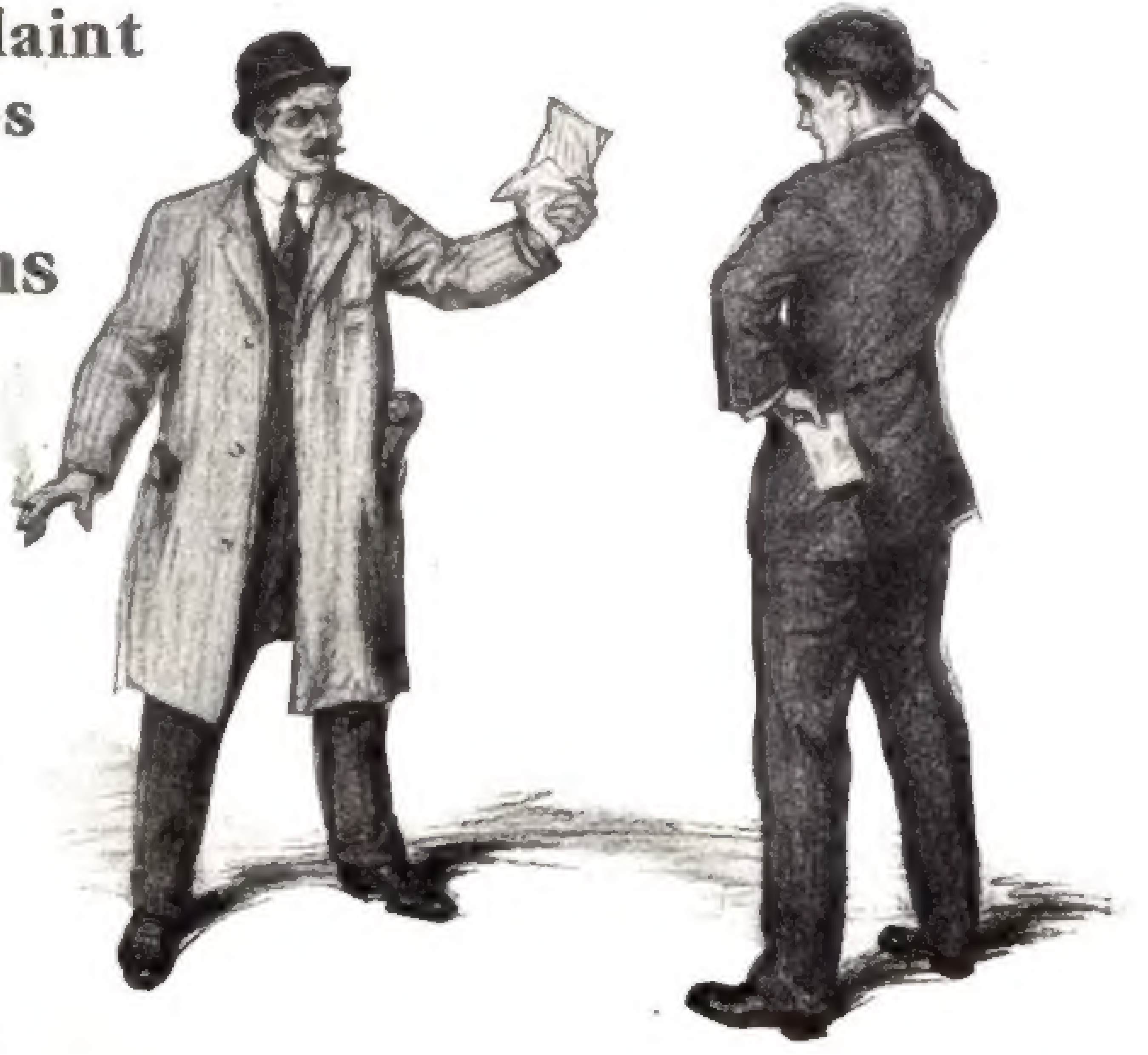
KICKS AND KICKERS

What a Good Complaint Department Does

By

James H. Collins





EVERY public-service corporation nowadays, and, in fact, every business large enough to have ramifications out of sight of its proprietor, maintains a complaint bureau where errors in bills, discourtesy of employees, defects in equipment and shortcomings in its service may be reported and righted, together with the growls, grumbles and grouches of every sort that develop in the daily friction of business.

Such a department may also deal with the complaints that are not reported, but which find an outlet through newspaper letters and general ill will on the part of the public. Beyond these, again, the complaint department tries to forestall trouble by creating good will for the company. When a patron reports trouble it is regarded as a symptom indicating some general defect in service which is probably bothering other patrons or making future trouble. The efficient complaint department aims to go deeper than the symptom and to cure the defect, and to prevent defects by keeping the organization healthy.

Complaint work is a good deal more complex than the public knows, and calls for shrewd diagnosis of troubles.

Some forms of trouble, of course, are on the surface and easily run down, as was that of the gentleman who bought his first automobile from a large selling agency, selecting a well-known domestic car. A week after the purchase he drove the automobile up to the agent's office, complaining bitterly:

"What a fool I was to buy a domestic car!" he lamented. "But I wouldn't take the advice of my friends and now look at me."

"What seems to be wrong?" inquired the agent.

"Oh, I was warned, all right. Everybody told me your car was no good. Why didn't I buy an imported car?"

"But tell us what's the matter—perhaps we can fix it."

"Matter? Everything's the matter! Hear that knocking? See how she shakes and rattles!"

Opening the bonnet the agent looked at the engine a moment and then went for an oil can. In five minutes the new car ran smoothly away. The owner had just forgotten to lubricate it.

But this very same variety of trouble may become highly complex.

A large machinery house, for instance, got persistent reports of defects in some of its heavy milling machines, though these were installed and run by experienced machinists. The trouble came from lack of proper oiling and care, but it took considerable investigation to show that the cause lay right at home, in the organization of the house itself. To guard valuable information this house had refused to furnish to purchasers blue-print drawings of machinery. As an outcome, its machines were not always properly lubricated before being started and might be badly damaged within a few days of installation. A salesman finally persuaded the house to send a skeleton blue print with each machine, showing where to oil it, and this immediately did away with most of the trouble.

The Much-Abused Meter

THE complexity of complaint causes is shown in a recent gas-company experience. It has been found, by skillful analysis of complaints from customers, that fully three-fourths of those made on account of high bills can be traced to causes in the company's own organization, and stopped there.

The man who reads meters may make an error, for instance. If he does, fortunately it is usually in decimal, owing to the dial arrangement. A sudden increase in a customer's bill of one, ten or a hundred thousand cubic feet is sufficient warning to an alert bookkeeping department, when the meter is read again and corrected. Then, where a reader cannot get access to the meter some month, two months' gas may be charged in the next bill. The consumer may have forgotten and resents this "skipped reading" unless it is explained to him. Whenever it is necessary to change his meter his bill may seem higher than usual, and that leads to complications unless explained.

One gas company found that complaints over high bills resulted in losses of revenue aggregating ten thousand dollars a year, through loss of customers and the making of ill will. By a better system of clerical routine sixty per cent of this loss was saved.

Even when a sudden increase in a consumer's gas bill can be accounted for on no other ground than that he has burned the gas, the complaint department may still do much to prevent ill will. The first thing a consumer thinks of, of course, is his meter, which he wishes to have tested. But in actual practice the much-abused gas meter is a simple and fairly reliable affair. One of the New York gas companies, for example, has 550,000 meters in Manhattan and the Bronx. During two years only 3460 of them came under suspicion to a degree that made a test by the Public Service Commission necessary, and only about one meter in a thousand annually was found "fast," or registering more gas than the consumer burned. The watt meter that measures electric current is a highly developed instrument of precision. So the efficient complaint bureau, on discovering that John Smith's gas bill has doubled this month, and that everything is straight in the meter and the accounting, will probably help the consumer find the cause. About thirty-two million dollars' worth of gas is wasted annually in this country, according to company figures. Tips may be wasteful. Pipes may be arranged badly. Dark wall papers absorb light to such a degree that where white blotting paper, by test, will give back eighty-two per cent of the illumination, black velvet gives back less than one per cent. There may be cellar or attic jets that can be left burning unnoticed for hours. It is not inconceivable that some careless member of a household leaves several jets burning in broad daylight. The complaint bureau helps the consumer find out where gas is being wasted, puts in economical tips, advises changes in piping, and above all things tries to show him that the gas company considers it good business to have him burn as little as possible.

Everything depends upon the tact with which complaints are handled. Many corporations still act on a complaint with almost fatal stupidity, nor is this true of corporations alone—mercantile houses, department stores and other business concerns all over the country have still to develop fair methods of dealing with customers who have grievances.

A man who lives in a large Brooklyn boarding-house bought a pair of shoes at the nearest branch store of a shoe-manufacturing company that maintains its own retail stores throughout the United States. He had worn that company's shoes for years and always found them satisfactory. This pair, however, burst open in less than a week, indicating some defect in the goods. He took them back. The moment the local manager saw the shoes he drew a long face. Then he tried to persuade the customer that the shoes had been burst through carelessness. Finally, he offered to repair them free of charge, and did so. But in a few days they burst again, and this time when he returned them the manager tried to avoid him. Driven into a corner, he declared that he had done all that could be expected in the matter.

This policy, of course, was discussed at the boarding-house, and the man with the damaged shoes was advised to write to the office of the company in Massachusetts. The shoe-manufacturing concern did not answer his letter direct, but two weeks later a boy came from the local store to say that the manager would take the damaged shoes back at half-price in part payment, if he wished to buy a new pair.

In this case there were only two or three dollars at stake, all told. The incident led to considerable loss in trade, for the whole boarding-house avoided that store thereafter.

As a contrast, there are several shoe manufacturers who, through complaint departments, instantly give the customer a new pair of shoes without question. It is worth much more than the wholesale cost of a new pair to create that good feeling, as well as to run down and correct defects in goods or shortcomings in factory routine.

There was a time in complaint practice, not so long ago, when the man with a grievance came to the company in the belief that he would get little sympathy. So he was prepared to fight. The complaint clerk who received him was probably working in the belief that no customer had any right to criticise the company's service, and he was willing to fight, too.

But this is becoming a less general practice.

An Abusive Butcher and a Civil Engineer

INVESTIGATION of a few hundred complaints in almost any business will show conclusively that each is fully justified from the standpoint of the man who makes it. If he is wrong in his assumptions it is all the more necessary to hear him patiently, to explain the facts, and to show him his error without wounding him.

A large electric light and power company handles complaints through an excellent routine. When a customer reports a grievance there is an exceptional opportunity to get better acquainted with him. When his case has passed through the complaint bureau it is assumed that he will have come close enough to the company to have better opinions of its methods, and, therefore, be a prime prospect for the selling department. So his name and address go from the complaint bureau to the selling department, and the latter works upon him to persuade him to increase his consumption of current by installing more equipment.

A large telephone company follows the practice of never replying immediately to a scolding letter from a subscriber. Instead, a representative visits him. There are always a number of young engineers around a telephone office, and these civil youngsters, lately out of technical schools, handle such cases with ability and tact. Usually the subscriber is sorry that he wrote hastily and in anger. When the case has been disposed of to his satisfaction the company replies courteously to the original letter, hoping that he will have no further difficulty and thanking him for his interest in bettering the service.

In one instance a young engineer was sent to investigate the complaint of a butcher who had written a very abusive letter and whose interest in the telephone service, when the engineer first saw him, amounted to a desire to take a cleaver and chop the telephone off the wall. He was losing his own customers, he said, because service was so poor that they could not get connections with his store and send in their meat orders. For three days the engineer worked to get this butcher to see where the trouble really lay—in his not having sufficient telephone equipment to handle his business. Eventually the butcher signed a contract for another instrument.

It usually takes a technical man to run down the actual cause behind a complaint. But sometimes the technical man's technicalities cloud a perfectly simple issue and create a difficult case.

This same telephone company had a "crank" subscriber with whom nobody apparently could deal. A telephone had been installed at his country residence a year before and it was his intention to have others installed. But a misunderstanding arose, and the subscriber not only refused to permit the company to complete the installation, but also would not sign a contract for the instrument actually in place. Without a contract the company could not render bills. So for more than a year this subscriber had been using a telephone without payment, and nobody seemed capable of getting him on a regular contract basis.

The "crank" maintained that the company would not carry out his own wishes in installation. One engineer after another visited him to find out what he wanted and explained what the company could do, but the more they explained the more obdurate he became. Better and yet better technical men were sent, but he only got angrier. Finally, when he ordered one of the officers of the company out of his office, the technical men gave him up as a bad job and turned him over to the selling department.

The selling end sent an unspoiled young man who had not been with the company long enough to pick up any engineering technicalities. When he stepped into the crank's office and explained that he represented the telephone company the latter said sourly:

"Another! Well, what do you want?"

"Why, it isn't a case of my wanting anything," replied the young man from the selling end guilelessly. "I'm here to find out what *you* want, and get it for you."

"Do you mean that?" asked the crank suspiciously.

"Absolutely."

"Now, see here!" protested the crank, raising a warning hand, "I don't want any more talk about switches, trunks, magnetos, extensions or push-buttons."

"Neither do I," agreed the naïve salesman, "for I can't talk those things—don't know anything about them. Suppose you explain the whole business in your own way."

"Well, then," said the subscriber, taking pencil and paper, "this is my house up in the country—see? This is my stable and this is my coachman's quarters and this is where my superintendent lives. Now, I want a telephone from here to there, and from there to here, and across here and across there. Do you get it?"

"All right, I'll fix that for you," declared the salesman. He hadn't the least idea in the world whether such an arrangement was feasible from an engineering standpoint, but added confidently, "Just leave that to me."

"Well, say, you talk like a man with some commonsense," said the crank warmly.

"If I get it for you will you pay for the year's service you've had?"

"Certainly, but I won't sign any contract."

Before the salesman left his office, however, he did sign a contract, and there was no further difficulty. The engineers were greatly relieved when the salesman showed them the crank's diagram.

"Was that all he wanted!" they exclaimed.

Dealing with popular ill will and grumbling against service is an interesting variety of complaint work.

Several years ago a new president came from the West to take charge of an Eastern railroad that had long borne a hard name. For years its old management had stood for everything that was stupid, parsimonious and ungracious, and popular prejudice had grown until the road's reputation was twice as bad as the service, bad as that was.

The new president is a man who worked his way up from a humble place as station agent. He knows how to get close to people. During the first three months after taking charge, while service was being reorganized, he investigated most of the complaints himself. John Jones wrote in from Smithville, protesting for the fifth time against some shortcoming or injustice, and next afternoon the president's private car stopped at Smithville, he got down and asked the agent to show him where John Jones lived, and walked over to talk with him in his own cornfield. If the distance was considerable he rode a bicycle. Soon the people who had real grievances learned that a complaint went straight to the Old Man, and before long this kind of complaints practically stopped.

That railroad also hauls a large suburban traffic, however, and commuters along the line had talked so long of its wretched service that a deep-rooted tradition had been created. The stock topic at every suburban bridge party was the unspeakable railroad service. Everybody had his own stories of late trains, cold cars, discourteous employees. Such gossip, seldom materializing in formal complaints, was hard to run down and deal with.

But the new president found a way. Many of his subordinates live in suburban towns along the line. A quiet suggestion went out. Some evening at a bridge party Mrs. Jones told how she had sat up till past one o'clock

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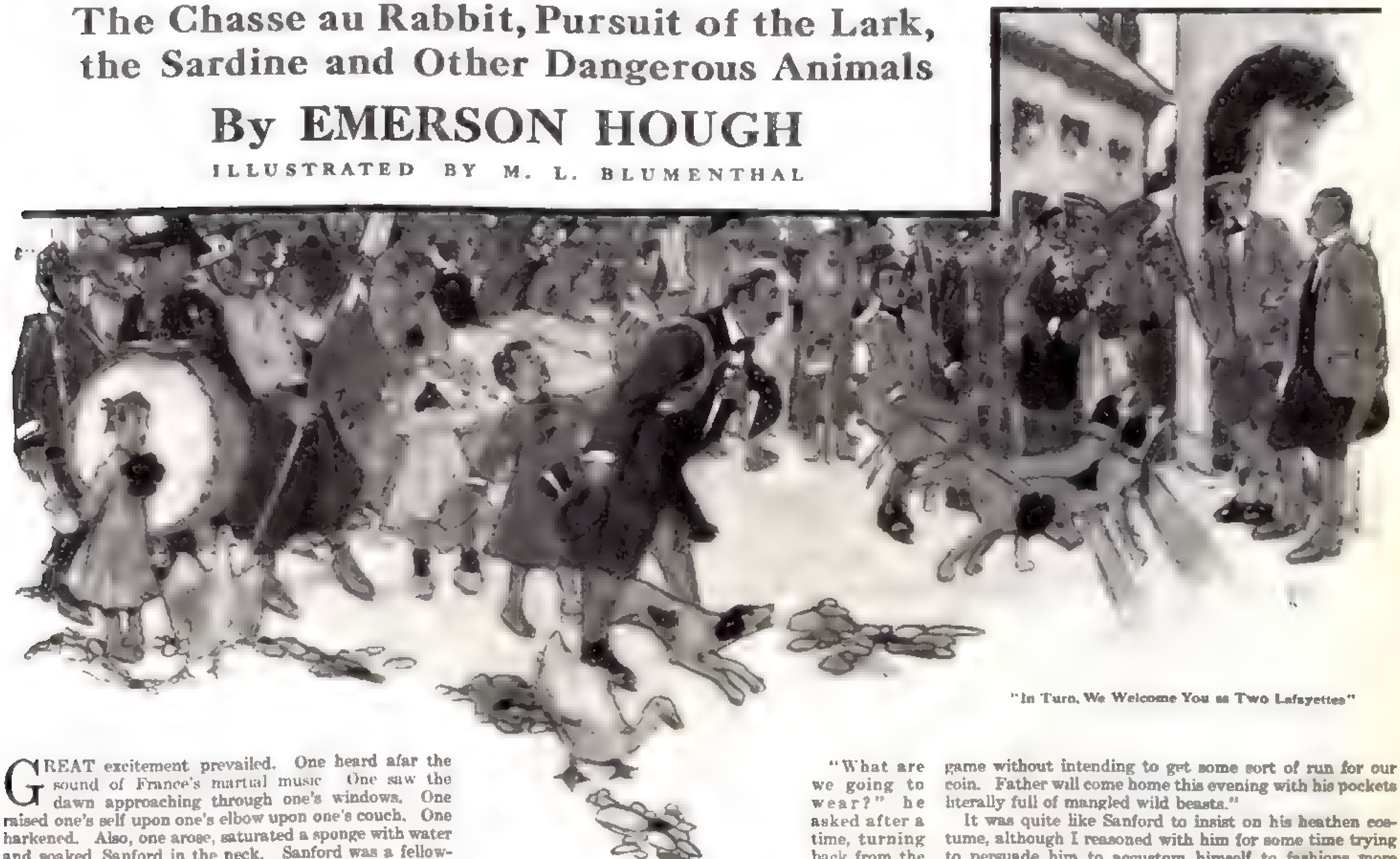
WILD SPORTS IN FRANCE

The Chasse au Rabbit, Pursuit of the Lark, the Sardine and Other Dangerous Animals

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



"In Turn, We Welcome You as Two Lafayettes"

GREAT excitement prevailed. One heard afar the sound of France's martial music. One saw the dawn approaching through one's windows. One raised one's self upon one's elbow upon one's couch. One harkened. Also, one arose, saturated a sponge with water and soaked Sanford in the neck. Sanford was a fellow-countryman who was sharing one's quarters at the time.

"Get up, Sanford," I said. "Don't you hear the Marseillaise in the streets? *Le jour de gloire est arrivé!* This is the day when we go hunting, and here you are asleep while the mayor and town council and all the distinguished citizens are waiting in the public square with the band and the grub wagon. Get up, or I'll soak you again!"

Sanford rolled over, groaned, looked at the window, and at last turned out to begin his morning preparations.

* * *

"What are we going to wear?" he asked after a time, turning back from the window. "A hat with a long green feather, a brown velveteen coat, pale green waistcoat and tight trousers seem to be about the proper thing. For your petite style of beauty I suggest a pink shirt, knickers with blue ribbons at the knees and patent-leathers. As for me, I think I am going to stick to the old canvas shooting-coat, come what may. We haven't come down here and blown our money against this French sporting game without intending to get some sort of run for our coin. Father will come home this evening with his pockets literally full of mangled wild beasts."

It was quite like Sanford to insist on his heathen costume, although I reasoned with him for some time trying to persuade him to accustom himself to fashions more in keeping with those that prevailed among the sportsmen of Vivien-sur-Rhône. None the less, the proverbial courtesy of the French people overlooked the carelessness of his attire. When at length we appeared in the public street a tumult of voices greeted us.

"*Les Américains!*" roared the crowd. "*Voilà les braves Américains!*" "See, they come to arrive! My faith!"

"Seems like they never saw forty dollars before in all their lives," said Sanford moodily.

"Nor shall we ever see our forty again in all our lives," I answered. "But, since things are as they are, we might as well make a break and get our feet wet. The mayor and the town council and the town treasurer and, for all I know, the President of the Republic, are here to take us shooting. Look!"

We glanced down the street. Although the hour was early it was not earlier than the usual business hour of opening, yet all the shops were closed. From countless windows craned the heads of the feminine population, not invited to join in the arduous—nay, dangerous—deeds of the day. A band of several pieces headed the column that now filled the central square, with wings debouching upon the side streets. Guns of all sorts were in evidence, most of them supported by straps slung over the shoulders of the bearers. A motley aggregation of hounds of all descriptions was held in leash. Four handcarts bearing hampers from which protruded the necks of bottles were deployed close behind the mayor. Resolution sat upon the faces of all. Although deeds of uncertainty and risk lay before them not a countenance blanched. The scene did not lack inspiration. The only jarring note was Sanford's hunting-coat.

The mayor presently advanced to us, sweeping his hat with a wide flourish as he bowed:

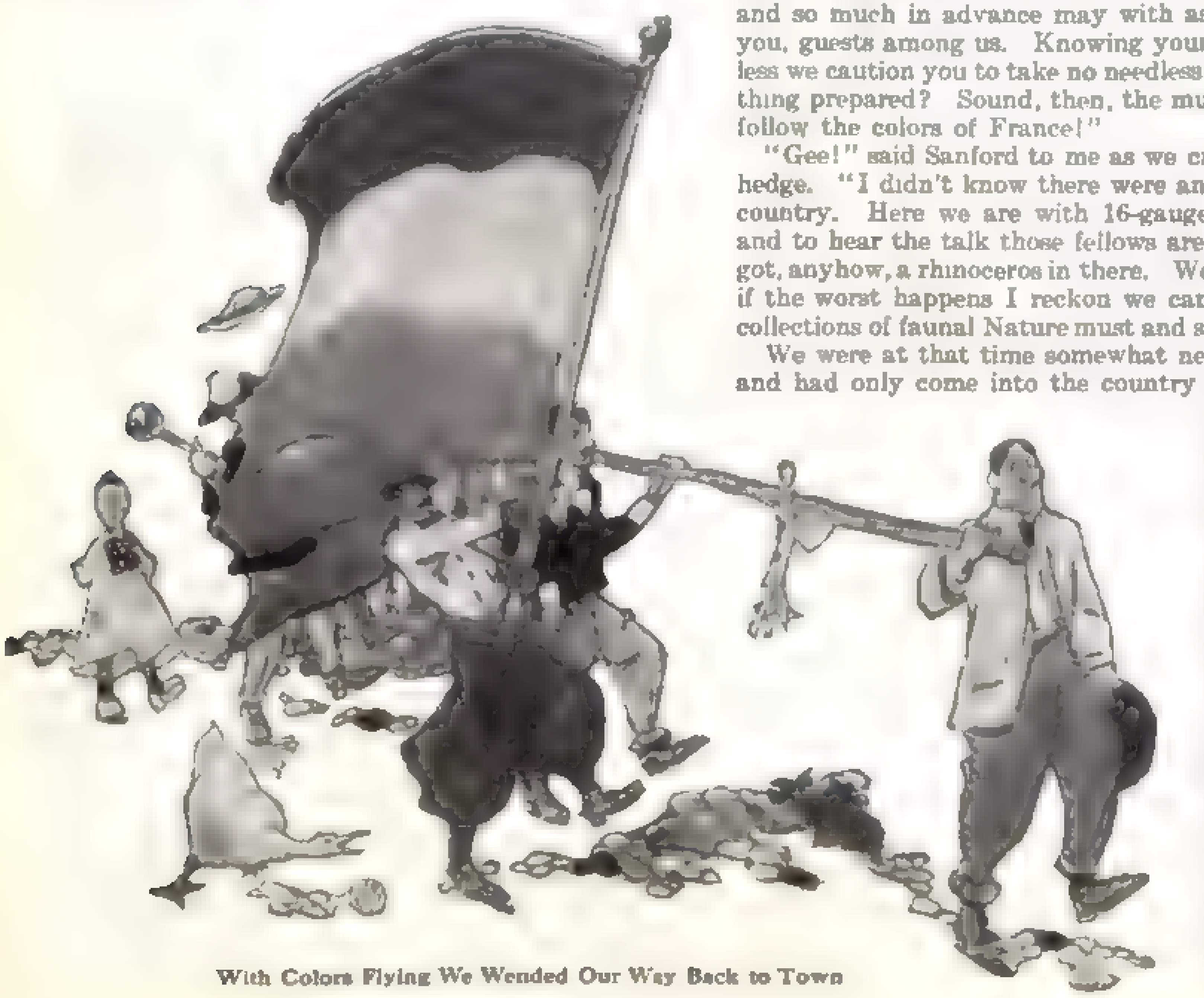
"Messieurs, I salute you. I welcome you. I greet you. In the name of the Republic of France, I invite you brave Americans to our country, whose aspirations coincide with the lofty patriotism of your own noble Republic beyond the sea. We lay to our souls the flattering remembrance that in days gone by our own Lafayette crossed that sea to render such aid as might be against the oppressor. In turn, we welcome you as two Lafayettes visiting our country with purposes not less patriotic and noble. You will bear back to your countrymen tales of the sport in France. Perhaps, even, you will send us other sportsmen as distinguished and rich as yourselves."

Monsieur Acquires the Goods

SANFORD waved a hand as he lit a cigarette. "Monsieur le Maire," he said, pushing out his chest, "you honor us; you flatter us. At the same time there is nothing in your remarks to surprise us, especially in the last remark. But, since the sun is getting hot, suppose we pull out for the field of glory, so to speak. It is something like half a league onward, as I understand it, to the edge of the municipal lands where we are going to shoot. *Vive la République Française! Vive Monsieur le Maire de Vivien-sur-Rhône! Vive le* band! *Vive le* chuck wagon! *Vive le* sport!"

Wild cheering greeted these remarks on the part of Sanford. The throng of determined men thickened in the vicinity of the lunch baskets. Hats were flung into the air and there was much hand-clapping, accompanied with loud exclamations of "'Ouray! 'Ouray!", which is as near as a Frenchman can get to a Fourth of July frame of mind. The mayor would have spoken further, but, carried away by the popular enthusiasm, he waved his hands in a wide gesture of encouragement to his people.

"Advance, then, *mes enfants! Formez aux bataillons!* Awake to glory! For-r-r-ward! Mar-r-r-ch-ons!"

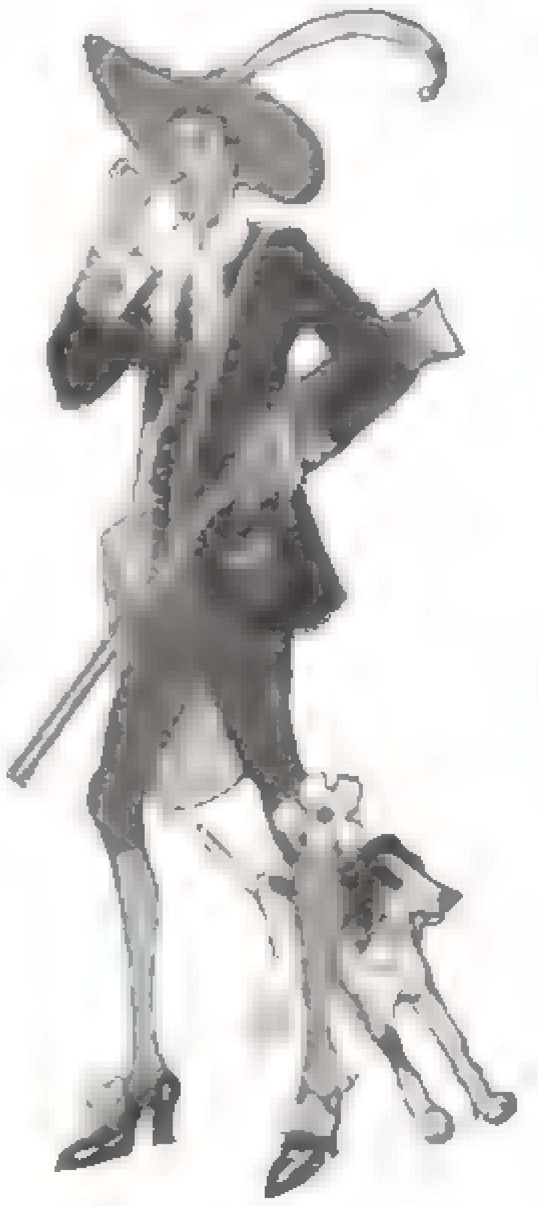


With Colors Flying We Wended Our Way Back to Town

At this command our color-bearer, a stalwart man in the picturesque uniform of the African chasseur, stepped to the head of the procession, bearing the national tricolor. Behind him came the band, the drum major walking backward, with inspiring gestures of his baton. Then came the mayor, the town council, the lunch carts, leading citizens, dogs and others. The scene was enough to call the dullest heart to faster beating. Thus we beat it down the street and toward the open field.

At length the mayor called a halt at the edge of the village. The open country lay before us. He twisted around on his shoulder the coils of the copious brass horn that he bore, and wound thereon a lusty note, as who should demand attention from those present.

"Comrades!" he cried, "yonder lies the field that is to witness our endeavor. In yonder wood at this very moment there may be concealed those whom we are about to encounter. Let none of us falter! Let us be resolved! Let us show these brave Americans that the sons of France have not lost their heritage of valor!" He pointed toward a strip of wood of, perhaps, ten or twenty acres flanked by a row of tall Lombardy poplars and edged by some fields of stubble. Even as we looked there came from the nearest field the figure of a man hurrying toward us. He was the sort of man who in New York is called a peasant or a yokel.



Monsieur Jacques is Ready to Take the Field

"*Regardez!*" cried the mayor, raising a restraining hand. "One comes. *Attendez!* One has a message it is, perhaps! *Eh bien*, Jean, what is it that it is it, then?"

The peasant took off his hat and bowed. The muscles of his face were set and tense. "Monsieur le Maire," he exclaimed, "it is of a surety! I have seen tracks! The creature went into the wood there, precisely at the edge of the field of Jacques Boncourt. It is but this very moment he also has seen the tracks. He awaits, fearless, to mark the spot where the creature went into the wood. Doubtless it lies there concealed at this moment! But, come; none the less, I will lead you to the very place!"

At this juncture there did not lack souls who seemed disposed to augment their courage at the lunch carts; but the mayor, pale and stern, checked them and ordered a general advance. Like the wise general he now announced his plans:

"You, my friends, you bold Americans, it is that it is it that it is that you shall have the post of danger as well as of honor. Advance, then, if you please, yonder to the left, where certain paths leave the woods and approach the cabbage patch. These others, under my own personal command, shall approach upon the right, then deploy with a line of skirmishers, followed by the main body of the army, entirely through the wood, let happen what may! When you hear our cries be on your guard. France expects her children to acquit themselves honorably, and so much in advance may with assurance be said of you, guests among us. Knowing your bravery, none the less we caution you to take no needless chances. Is everything prepared? Sound, then, the music! My children, follow the colors of France!"

"Gee!" said Sanford to me as we crawled through the hedge. "I didn't know there were any wild boar in this country. Here we are with 16-gauges and No. 6 shot, and to hear the talk those fellows are making they have got, anyhow, a rhinoceros in there. Well, here we are, and if the worst happens I reckon we can find a tree. Our collections of faunal Nature must and shall be preserved!"

We were at that time somewhat new in French sport, and had only come into the country through answer to a chance advertisement telling of choice sport in partridges and ground game in the vicinity of Vivien-sur-Rhône. We felt, however, that the dignity of our country must be maintained; and, finally, we took up our positions as directed at the farther edge of the wood, following Sanford's idea of keeping close to a bunch of shrubs which would offer some sort of a cover in case of a charge from a wounded animal, neither of us being very sure of the stopping quality of No. 6 on big game. Here we stood for some moments, listening to a silence which we later suspected was caused by a general application of the populace to the contents of the lunch carts on the farther side of the wood. This procedure was not without its wisdom, for presently we heard shouts and cries of the most courageous nature approaching us through the wood, the party having now evidently formed in line according to the general's commands and being in course of a general advance in our direction.

It was our first experience on a stand ahead of driven game, and we might have been pardoned for feeling a trifle nervous. We had, of course, no notion of the nature of the game that we might expect, but so great was our tension that when at last we heard a rustling in the leaves and saw a slow flash of brown fur, as some small animal hopped along at the edge of the wood, Sanford, in violation of all the laws of the hunt, cut loose at it and killed it out of sheer nervousness.

"It's only a jack-rabbit, or something that looks like it. But, gee! I can't stand waiting any longer. Where's the rhinoceros?"

A sudden silence fell in the wood at the sound of the shot, but as Sanford walked forward to pick up his hare there came a great shouting and a general crashing in the brush. It was not made, as we suspected, by the passage of any large animal, but by the line of beaters themselves, who an instant later were all about us, gesticulating and exclaiming in a language that we could not understand without a dictionary. On the face of the mayor there sat an expression of mingled emotion as he saw the long-eared creature dangling from Sanford's hand.

"Monsieur has fired?" he remarked in tones of freezing politeness.

"You bet your life Monsieur has," replied Sanford; "and also, Monsieur has the goods to show for it. I have killed more than a million of these things out in Colorado. Have a cigarette, old man? But, meantime, where did the wild boar go to, or the lion, or elephant, whatever it was you had in there?"

The Ancient Hare of Vivien-sur-Rhône

THE emotions of the mayor were too much for him. A large tear stole from each of his eyes. "Monsieur," said he, "you have not only ruined my future, but you have desolated this portion of France. You have killed the hare of Vivien-sur-Rhône!"

"You bet your sweet life I killed it," said Sanford. "And we'd have killed fifty more if they had come out. Ain't that what we're here for? But look here, old cock; is this little old yellow-backed French jack-rabbit all the run my friend and I are going to get for our money? Where's the rest of the game? Where are we going next?"

"Monsieur," said the mayor, "there is no next. There is no more. You have brought devastation into this valley, where once dwelt a contented and happy people. This what you call rabbit long has been the support of Vivien-sur-Rhône. It is a rabbit known well of my father. Often, when a little child, I have heard him tell of the many chases it has afforded the men of France and those sportsmen who, for a consideration, were allowed to share in the privilege of its pursuit. It was, I may say, the support, the hope, the consolation, the pride of this arrondissement. Now it is slain by your rash hand! How shall it be replaced? Above all, what hope may I have, what political future have I, when I shall come to face this bereaved and infuriated population at the time of the next voting for mayor? Monsieur, I cannot speak! You have ruined us."

"Well, bless my soul!" whispered Sanford, letting the cigarette fall from his lax and nerveless fingers. "What do you know about that? Forty dollars a throw to kill one measly yellow rabbit, and then you mustn't kill the rabbit! Why, by the time we foot up our lunch bill and the price of the band and the packs of hounds and the other leading citizens, we'll be in for four or five hundred dollars, anyhow. And they begrudge us this little rabbit!"

A sudden smile illuminated his face. "I'll tell you what I'll do, old party," he said to the mayor. "This has all been an accident. I didn't really mean to kill your stock rabbit at all, and only shot over in that direction thinking it was a wild boar coming. But from the looks of it I don't believe all of our tears could bring it to life, so I'll tell you what I'll do. We'll foot the bills, call the

"If the Worst Happens I Reckon We Can Find a Tree"

hunt off, and take the noon train back to Paris; and to show you there's no coldness I'll just give you your old jack-rabbit. Take my advice and have him embalmed and set up in the Palais de Justice on the public square—that is to say, use the hide that way. I'd make soup out of the rest of the remains if I were in your place."

Behold the amiability of the volatile French temperament! Those who a moment before had regarded us with scowls now saluted us with cheers. With colors flying and the band playing a gay march we formed in procession and wended our way back to town. That evening, methinks, if the full traditions of French cookery were observed, all Vivien-sur-Rhône had soup. As for Sanford and myself, we returned to Paris and had something else. Thus ended our first hunt in France, although thus began a rather more extended acquaintance with sporting ethics and methods in that country.

In the first place, sport, like everything else in France, is marked by economy. The French people are taught from the cradle to save their money, because nobody can ever tell when Germany is going to need another war indemnity, and it is best to have the cash ready in the stocking under the bed. Nothing is wasted in France and every little thing is used. In the eighty-seven different departments of the Republic there are estimated to be about one million fishermen. Their tackle is not of the most expensive sort on the average, nor are their methods the most sporting imaginable.

Fishing in Full Dress

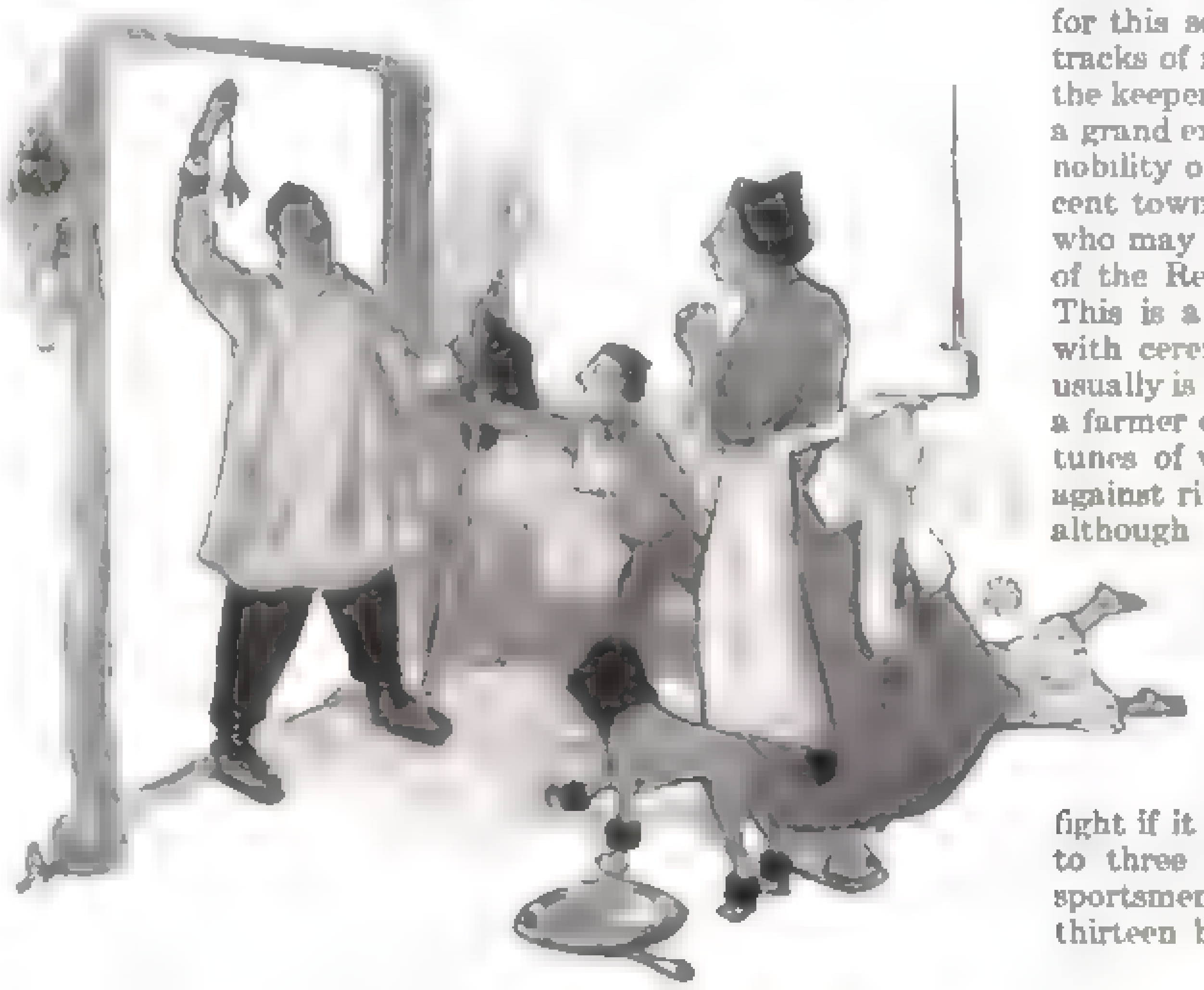
THE Frenchman fishes for something to eat, and takes chub, perch, bream, barbel, carp or any other common and coarse fish, whenever and wherever he gets a chance. The ceremony of sport, as it is known in England, is largely lacking in France, and sport is, in the latter country, reduced to a purely utilitarian basis. Poaching is more common than in England and is considered a more venial crime. The "rights of the people" are guarded by the politicians to such extent that the rights of wild game and fish are quite forgotten. As in England all the forces of the Government are enlisted in the cause of sport, so in France all the tendencies of the Government are arrayed against sport. In the latter country we have the curious situation that socialism, supposed to represent a square deal for everybody, is destroying all the opportunity for that sport which theoretically may be considered the equal heritage of the whole population.

In France all the public lands are, in a sense, open to the public, and even on a club preserve all men may angle with the floating line; so that at first blush it would seem that the average man has all sorts of chance for a little recreation in the open. Yet almost the opposite is the truth. The clubs plant and preserve to some extent, but the people grumble and threaten, and back of the people the politicians grimace and wink. Meantime, France reaps what she can from her waters, just as she does from her fields and her tourists. All along the quays of Paris you can on any day discover scores of fishermen, hour after hour watching their little quill floats on the turbid waters of the Seine. They are using light lines and tiny hooks baited with a bit of white worm, and they are angling for a sort of sardine not longer than your finger when you catch him. There is a tradition along the Seine that a lucky angler once caught half a dozen of these one afternoon, but some hours spent in studious regard of these anglers failed to bring out any confirmation of that report.

Of course, wealth buys privilege in France as it does in all the world. A few intelligent club preserves could secure some salmon-fishing on the Loire or the Vienne, for numbers of the fish ascend these streams. At a weir on the latter, one rod took seventeen good salmon, using shrimp and spinning baits, on one day's fishing of the past season. Against the amateur angler, however, are arrayed the personal rights of the longshoreman further down the stream, whose nets usually account for most of the salmon. The wealthier sportsmen of France go somewhere else for their salmon-fishing.

As in England and in Germany there are in France a great many streams cold enough to support the somewhat sluggish brown trout of Europe; but the trout-fishing of France, so far as open waters are concerned, is not very extensive or accessible for the average man. On the rapid waters in the Pyrénées they use the wet fly much as we do in America, but the English method of dry-fly fishing is well known on the quieter streams of Normandy, in the Vosges and Jura. There are some good anglers with the fly, but they total no large number.

In the department of the Ain there are a few grayling, but any good open fishing is soon exhausted by adherence to the doctrine of the general rights of man, and it is the long financial pole that usually takes the piscatorial persimmon in *la belle France*. Money well expended in leasing fishing water will bring returns. Thus, one gentleman of Paris pays a thousand francs for a mile and a half of water on the Eppe. He averages about one thousand trout each season of the year—which is to say that he pays about twenty cents for the privilege of catching each trout that he gets. These figures would seem rather high to Jacques, with his quill float on the Seine. For the latter, the good baskets of trout obtainable on the Eppe or the Brelle or kindred streams but a few hours from Paris are as impossible as though they belonged to another planet. In some of the lakes, just as on the estates of England, pike up to thirty pounds or more are once in a while taken, but they might as well be taken in New Zealand, so far as Jacques is concerned, and such fishing as sometimes is offered by our American muscallonge waters is a thing not even to be dreamed of by the most determined angler of France. Once in a while he may get on a run of bream while he is fishing, lunch basket close at hand, on the bank of some quiet stream, and cases have been known where a local angler has killed one hundred and fifty pounds of bream in a single day. That made him practically a demigod and invested him with traditions such as shall not fade for many a generation.



Jean Has Been Able to Haul Six Minnows Out of the Seine

There are in France six hundred protective societies of anglers, with memberships running from fifty to two thousand, and the main endeavor of these bodies is to prevent poaching with nets. Some of the societies stock the waters under their care, but all of them are handicapped by the socialistic tendencies of the plain people. The increase of even such coarse fishes as the carp and roach does not keep up with the improvement in angling tackle and methods. These latter, mostly, have been taken over from England; and, like the Englishman, the Frenchman will use anything to get his hands on his fish. The barbarous spinning minnow, surrounded with countless gangs of hooks, is commonly employed, and ledger fishing in baited swims is well understood. In type, the tackle of France is the same as that of England, and the leading dealers in tackle have come from north of the Channel. Even the larger cities will show not more than one or two sporting-goods shops worth the name, although in Paris there is a very good attempt to encourage sporting interest among the French people. Within the last four years the Kentucky casting reel has been introduced in Paris by an English sporting-goods dealer, and numbers of these reels are now used. One Parisian angler told me that he could readily cast sixty or seventy meters from the free reel, which, with the light bait used in this country, would be going some. Sporting angling, however, is the exception in France. Industry, economy and the rights of man; there you have the fisherman of France. Of course, the dignities must be preserved, and the proper angling costume in France is full dress, the preference rather leaning to the silk waistcoat. You never see the black necktie worn with the full length evening coat, as one so often does at Washington or Chicago.

Le Chasse au Pig

SPORT with the gun in France ranges somewhere between the wild pig and the wild field-lark, and the one is about as thrilling as the other from the viewpoint of the American grizzly hunter who has really met dangerous game face to face. In the north of France the wild boar is shot with the rifle, and any one who gets an opportunity for this sort of thing is going to pay for it. If the tracks of a boar are found going into a piece of cover the keeper of the estate notifies his master and at once a grand example of *le chasse au* pig is organized. The nobility of the neighborhood, the officials of the adjacent towns, any distinguished diplomatists or others who may be about, and even, perhaps, the President of the Republic, are invited to assist in the function. This is a full-dress sport and naturally surrounded with ceremony. At last the boar is driven out and usually is potted by the nearest rifles. Once in a while a farmer or so gets shot, but that is part of the fortunes of war and the French are a brave race. As against rifle-fire the wild boar is not very dangerous, although an instance to the contrary happened not long ago to the acquaintance of a friend of mine. He carelessly approached a boar which he had shot, when all at once the animal arose, snapped at his hand and bit off a finger as cleanly as a sausage-machine could have done it. A wounded boar of two hundred pounds could put up quite a fight if it liked. Old "solitaires" have been killed up to three hundred and fifty pounds. One party of sportsmen who had the run of a preserve tract killed thirteen boars in one season, all, of course, with the

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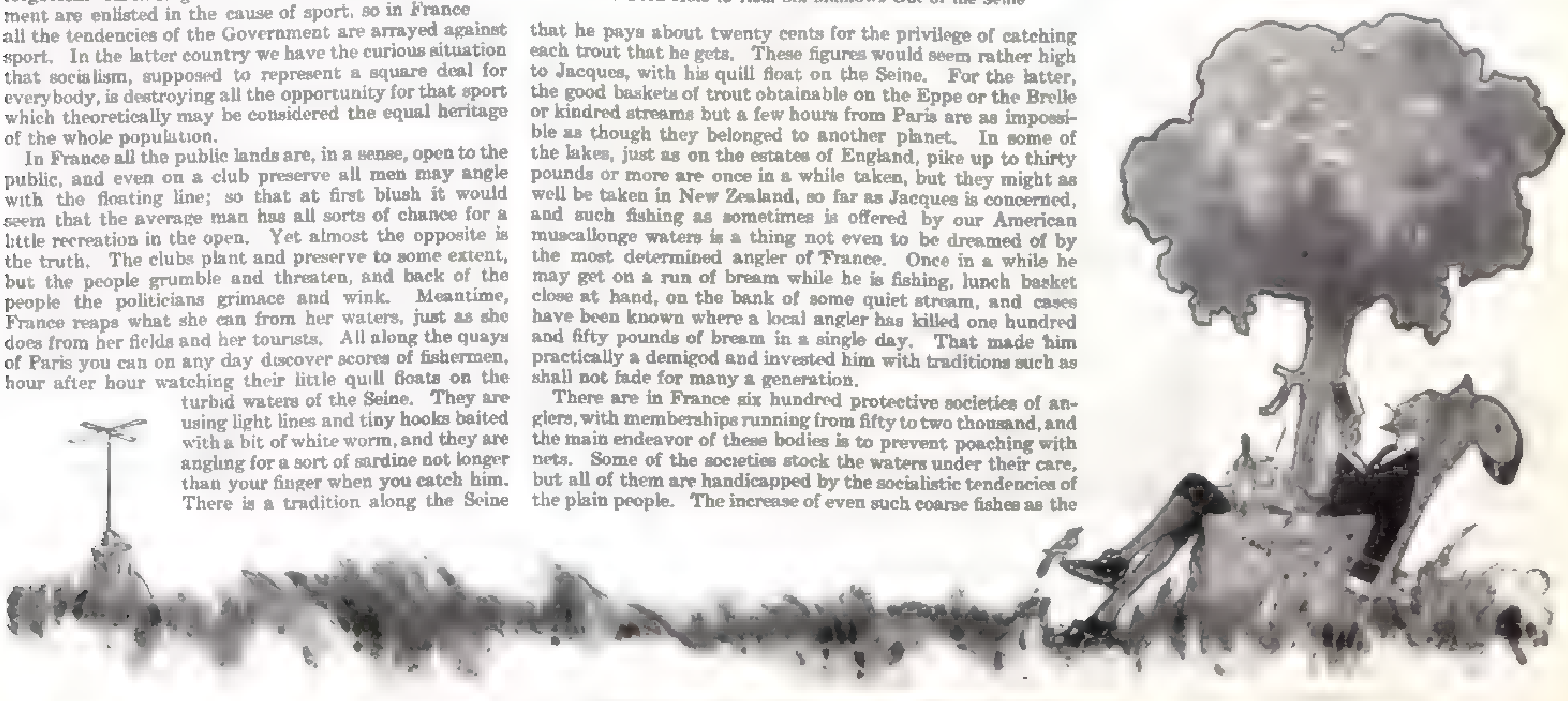


At the Psychological Moment Alphonse Lays Down His Book and Glass

White Muscats of Alexandria

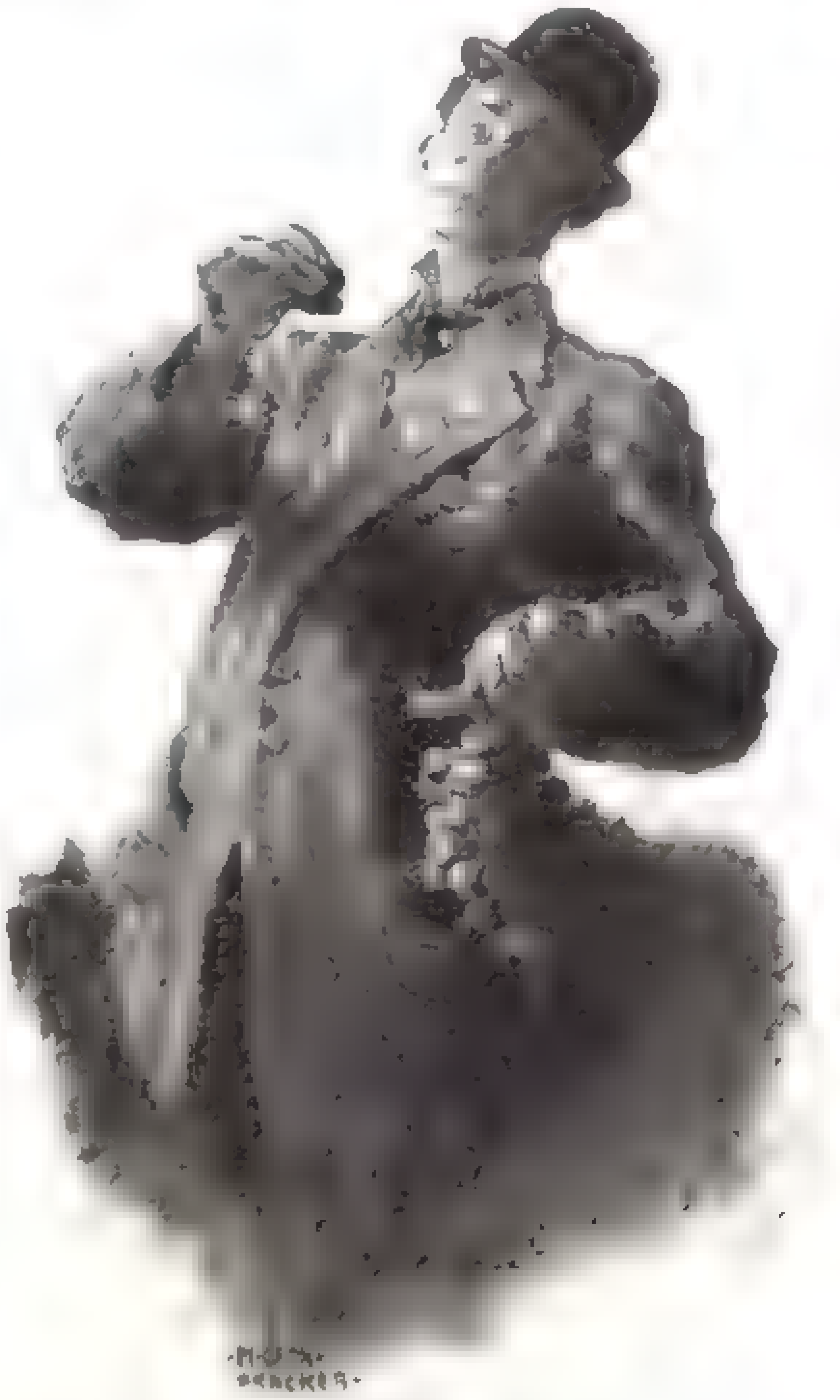
By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

MY WIFE, said the Pole, was a long time recovering from the birth of our second child. She was a normal and healthy woman, but Nature has a way in these matters of introducing the unnatural; science, too, mistook the ABC's of the case for the XYZ's; and our rooms were for many, many weary weeks like a cage in which the bird has ceased to sing. I did what I could. She was not without books, magazines and delicacies; but I had to attend to my business; so that time hung about her much like a millstone, and she would say: "All's well with me, Michael, but I am bored—bored—bored."

Our baby was put out to nurse and our older boy, Casimir, who was seven, began, for lack of his mother's care, to come and go as he pleased. The assurance and cheek of street boys began to develop in him. He startled me by his knowledge and his naïveté. But at the same time he was a natural innocent—a little dreamer. In the little matters of street life that arise among children he had, as a rule, the worst of it. He was a born believer of all that might be told him. Such children develop into artists or ne'er-do-wells. It was too soon to worry about him. But I was easiest in mind when I saw that he was fashioning anatomies with mud or drawing with chalk upon the sidewalk. "Wait a little," I would say to my wife, "and he will be old enough to go to school."

The happiest times were when it was dark and I had closed the store and could sit by my wife's bed with Casimir on my knee. Then we would talk over pleasant experiences, or I would tell them, who were both American born, stories of Poland, of fairies and sieges; or hum for them the tunes to which I had danced in my early youth. But oftenest my wife and I talked, for the child's benefit, of the wonderful city in whose slums we lived—upper central New York with its sables and its palaces. During our courtship and honeymoon we had made many excursions into those quarters of the city and the memory of them was dear. But if I remembered well and with happiness, my wife remembered photographically and with a kind of hectic eagerness in which, I fear, may have been bedded the roots of dissatisfaction. Details of wealth and luxury and manners that had escaped me, even at the time, were as facile to her as terms of endearment to a lover. "And, oh—do you remember," she would say, "the ruby that the Fifth Avenue bride had at her throat, and how for many, many blocks we thought we could still hear the organ going? That was fun, Michael, wasn't it, when we stood in front of Sherry's and counted how many real sables went in and how many fakes, and noticed that the fake sables were as proudly carried as the real?"



They Were My Grapes

One night she would not eat her supper. "Oh, Michael," she said, "I'm so bored with the same old soup—soup—soup, and the same old porridge—porridge—porridge, and I hate oranges and apples, and please don't spend any more money on silly, silly, silly me."

"But you must eat," I said. "What would you like? Think of something. Think of something that tempts your appetite. You seem better tonight—almost well. Your cheeks are like cherries and you keep stirring restlessly as if you wanted to get up instead of lying still—still like a woman that has been drowned, all but her great, dear eyes. . . . Now, make some decision, and were it ambrosia I will get it for you if it is to be had in the city. . . . Else if not these things what are savings-banks for, and thrift and a knowledge of furs?"

She answered me indirectly.

"Do you remember, Michael," she said, "the butcher shops uptown, the groceries and the fruit stores, where the commonest articles, the chops, the preserved strawberries, the apples were perfect and beautiful like works of art? In one window there was a great olive branch in a glass jar—do you remember? And in that fruit store near the Grand Central—do you remember?—we stood in the damp snow and looked in at great clean spaces flooded with white light—and there were baskets of strawberries—right there in January—and wonderful golden and red fruits that we did not know the names of, and many of the fruits peeped out from the bright-green leaves among which they had actually grown ——"

"I remember the two prize bunches of grapes," I said.

And my wife said:

"I was coming to those . . . they must have been eighteen inches long, every grape great and perfect. I remember you said that such grapes looked immortal. It was impossible to believe they could ever rot—there was a kind of joyous frostiness—we went in and asked a little man what kind of grapes they were, and he answered like a phonograph, without looking or showing politeness: 'Black Hamburgs and White Muscats of Alexandria—your old Sienkiewicz never said anything as beautiful as that, 'White Muscats of Alexandria ——'"

"Dear little heart," I said. "Childkin, is it the memory of those white grapes that tempts your appetite?"

"Oh, Michael," she exclaimed, clasping her hands over those disappointed breasts into which the milk had not come in sufficiency. "Oh, Michael—they were two dollars and a half a pound ——"

"Heart of my heart," I said, "Stag Eyes, it is now late, and there are no such grapes to be had in our part of the city—only the tasteless white grapes that are packed with sawdust into barrels, and those of an inferior quality—but in the morning I will go uptown and you shall have your White Muscats of Alexandria."

She put her arms about my neck with a sudden spasm of fervor, and drew my head that was already gray down to hers. I remember that in that moment I thought not of passion but of old age, parting and the grave.

. . . .

But she would not eat the grapes in my presence. There was to be an orgy, she said, a bacchanalian affair she was going to place the grapes where she could look at them, and look at them until she could stand the sight no more, when she would fall on them like a wolf on the fold and devour them. She talked morbidly of the grapes—almost neurotically. But, though her fancies did not please my sense of fitness, I only laughed at her, or smiled—for she had been ill a long time.

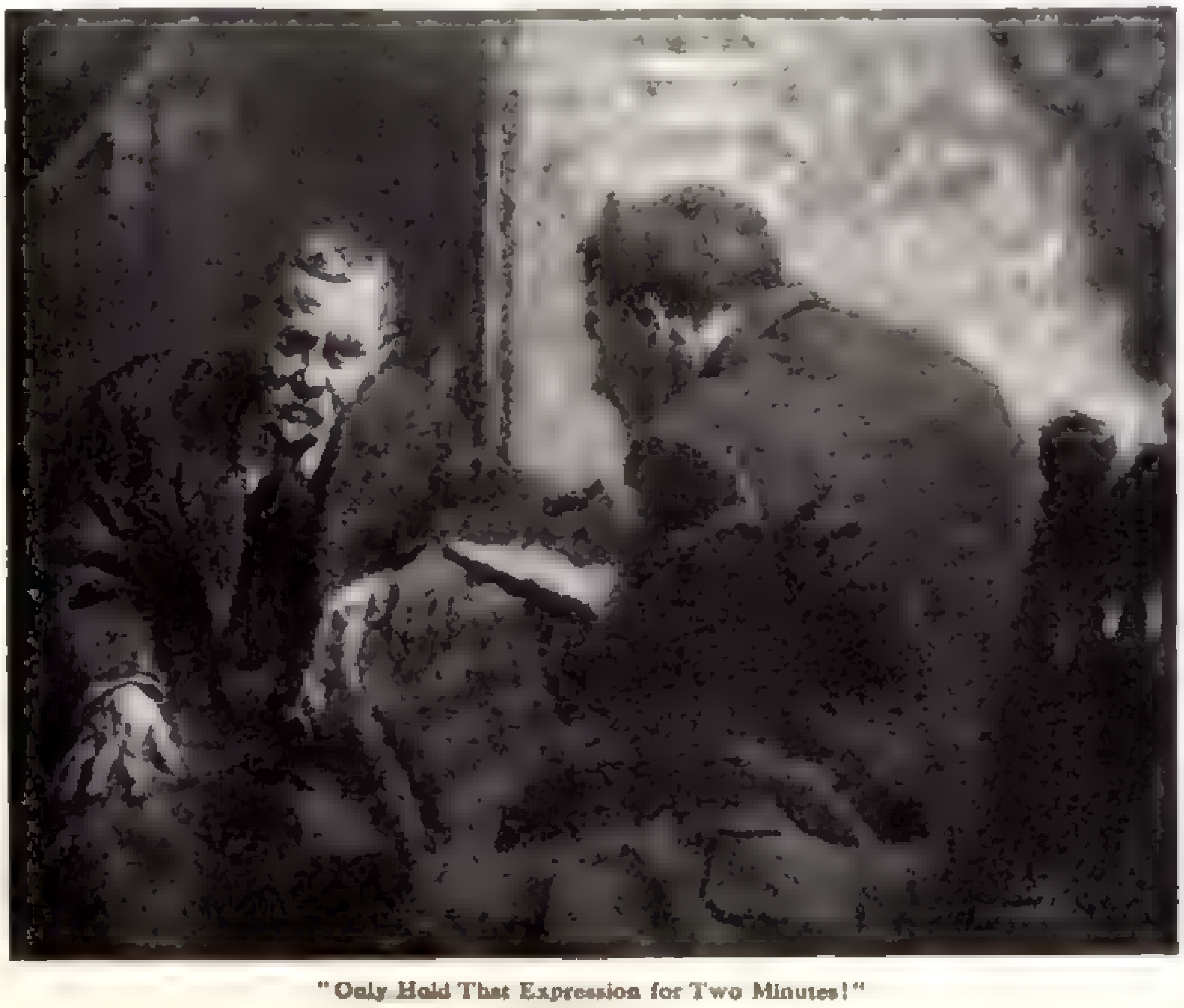
"But, at least, eat one now," I said, "so that I may see you enjoy it."

"Not even one," she said. "The bunch must be perfect for me to look at until—until I can resist no more. Hang them there, on the foot of the bed by the crook of the stem—is it strong enough to hold them? and then—aren't you going to be very late to your business? And, Michael, I feel better—I do. I shouldn't wonder if you found me up and dressed when you come back."

In your telling American phrase, "there was nothing doing" in my business that morning. It was one of those peaceful, sunny days in January, not cold and no wind stirring. The cheap furs displayed in the window of my shop attracted no attention from the young women of the neighborhood. The young are shallow-minded, especially the women. If a warm day falls in winter they do not stop to think that the next may be cold. Only hats interest them all the year round, and men.

So I got out one of my Cicero books and, placing my chair in a pool of sunshine in the front of the shop, I began to read, for the hundredth time, his comfortable generalities upon old age. But it seemed to me, for the first time, that he was all wrong—that old age is only dreadful, only a shade better than death itself. And this, I suppose, was because I, myself, during those long months of my wife's illness, had turned the corner. The sudden passions of youth had retreated like dragons into their dens. It took more, now, than the worse end of a bargain or the touch of my wife's lips to bring them flaming forth. On our wedding day we had been of an age. Now, after nine years, my heart had changed from a lover's into a father's, while she remained, as it were, a bride. There remained to me, perhaps, many useful years of business, of managing and of saving—enjoyable years. But life—life as I count life—I had lived out. One moment must pass as the next. There could be no more halting—no more moments of bliss so exquisite as to resemble pain. I had reached that point in life when it is the sun alone that matters, and no more the moon.

A shadow fell upon my pool of sunshine and, looking up, I perceived a handsome, flashy young man of the clever, almost Satanic type that is so common below Fourteenth Street; and he stood looking cynically over the cheap furs in my window and working his thin jaws. Then I saw him take, with his right hand, from a bunch that he carried in his left, a great white grape and thrust it into his mouth. They were my grapes, those which I had gone uptown to fetch for my wife. By the fact that



"Only Hold That Expression for Two Minutes!"

there were none such to be had in our neighborhood I might have known them. But the sure proof was a peculiar crook in the stem which I had noticed when I had hung them for my wife at the foot of her bed.

I rose and went quietly out of the shop.

"Happy to show you anything," I said, smiling.

"Don't need anything in the fur line today," said he; "much obliged."

"What fine grapes those are," I commented.

"Um," said he, "they call 'em white muskets of Alexander"; and he grimaced.

"Where are such to be had?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I got these just round the corner; but you'd have to visit some uptown fruit emporium and pay the price."

"So you bought the last bunch?"

"Bought nothin'," he said, and he smiled in a knowing and leering way.

"They were given to me," he said, "by a married woman. I happened to drop in and she happened to have sent her husband uptown to fetch these grapes for her because she's playing sick and works him in more ways than one—but she said the grapes sickened her conscience, and she made me take 'em away."

"So she has a conscience?" I said.

"They all have," said the young man. "Have one?"

I took one of the grapes with a hand that shook and ate it, and felt the red blood in my veins turn into acid.

There happened to be a man in the neighborhood who had been nibbling after my business for some time. I went to him now and made him a cheap sale for cash. This I deposited with my savings, keeping out a hundred dollars for myself, and put the whole in trust for my wife and children. Then I went away and, after many hardships, established myself in a new place. And, as is often the case with men who have nothing whatsoever to live for and who are sad, I prospered. God was ever presenting me with opportunities and the better ends of bargains.

When fifteen years had passed I returned once more to New York. I had reached a time of life when the possibility of death must be as steadily reckoned with as the processes of digestion. And I wished, before I lay down in the narrow house, to revisit the scenes of my former happiness. I took the same furnished lodging to which we had gone after our wedding. I lay all night, but did not sleep, in our nuptial bed. Alone, but rather in reverence and revery than sadness, I made all those little excursions upon which we had been so happy during the days of our honeymoon. I made a point of feeding the animals in the park, of dining at Claremont—I even stood for a long time before the fruit shop that is near the Grand Central. But I was too old to feel much. So it seemed

One day I sat on the steps of the lodging-house in the sun. I had been for a long walk and I was very tired, very sick of my mortal coil, very sure that I did not care if the end were to be sleep or life everlasting. Then came, slowly around the corner of the shabby street and toward me, a hansom cab. Its occupant, an alert, very young, eager man, kept glancing here and there as if he were looking for something or some one; for the old East Side street had still its old look, as if all the inhabitants of its houses had rushed out to watch an eclipse of the sun or the approach of a procession—and were patiently and idly awaiting the event.

The children, and even many of the older people, mocked at the young man in the hansom and flung him good-natured insults. But he knew the language of the East Side and returned better than he received. My old heart warmed a little to his young, brightly-colored face, his quick, flashing eyes and his ready repartees. And it seemed to me a pity that, like all the pleasant moments that I had known, he, too, must pass and be over.

But his great eyes flashed suddenly upon my face and rested; then he signaled to the driver to stop and, springing out, a big sketchbook under his arm, came toward me with long, frank strides.

"I know it's cheeky as the devil," he began in a quick cheerful voice, while he had yet some distance to come,

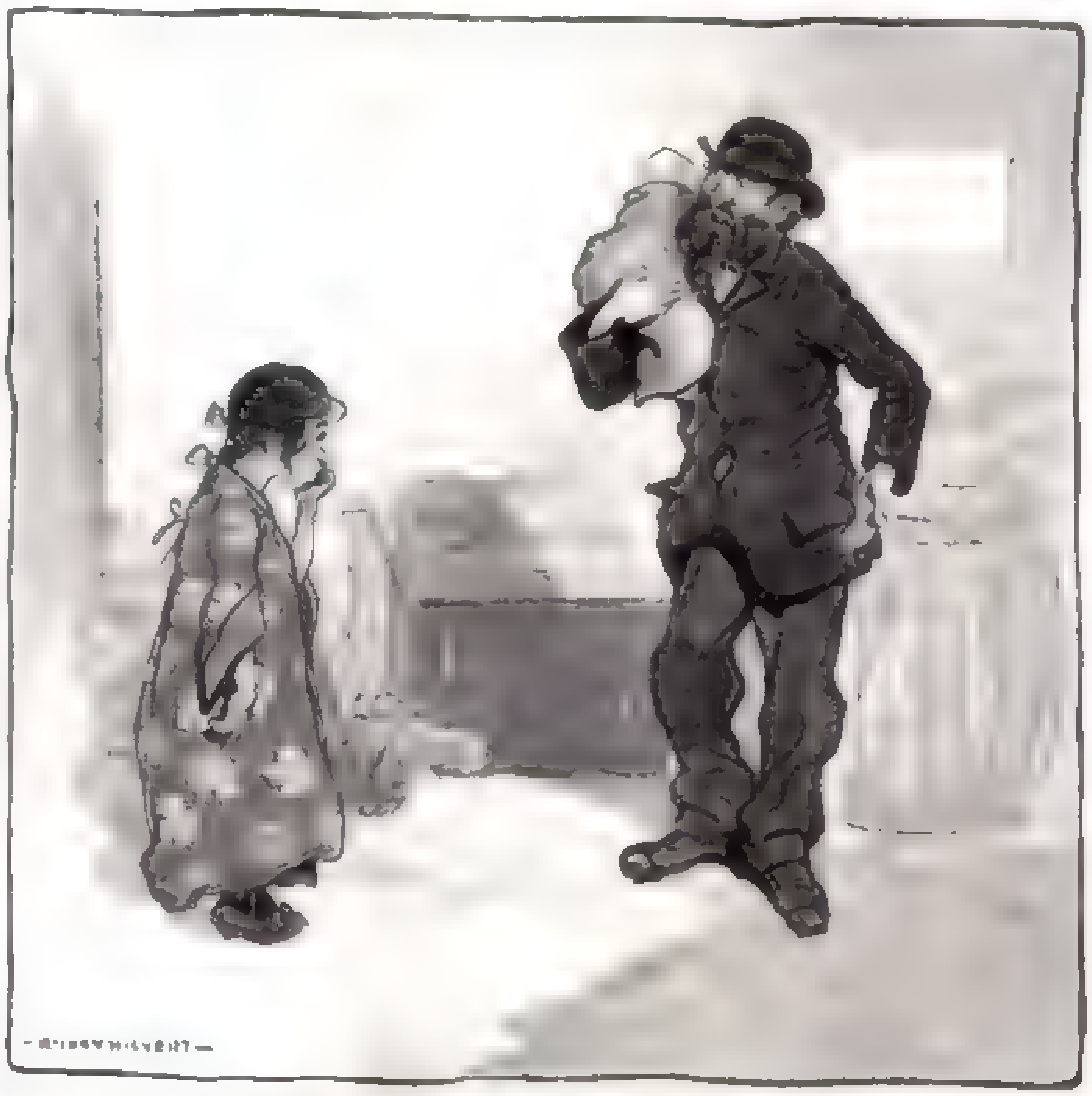
(Continued on Page 50)

YETTA'S ETIQUETTE

By Myra Kelly

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

The Story of an East Side Salome



"For Learn," Isidore Happily Acquiesced, "All Them Things What Makes American Ladies"

"STANDS a girl by our block," Eva Gonorowsky began, as she and her friend, Yetta Aaronsohn, wended their homeward way through the crowded purlieus of Gouverneur and Monroe Streets—"stands a girl by our block what don't never goes on the school."

Yetta was obediently shocked. She had but recently been rescued from a like benightment, but both she and her friend tactfully ignored this fact.

"Don't the truant officer gets her?" the convert questioned, remembering her own means to grace and the long struggle she had made against it. "Don't the truant officer comes on her house und says cheek on her mamma und brings her—by the hair, maybe—on the school?"

"He don't comes yet," Eva replied.

"Well, he's comin'," Yetta predicted. "He comes all times."

"I guess," commented Eva, "I guess Rosie Rashnowsky needs somebody shall make somethings like that mit her. In all my world I ain't never seen how she makes. She don't know what is polite. She puts her on mit funny clothes und 'fer-ladies shoes.' She is awful fresh und"—here Eva dropped her voice to a tone proper to a climax—"she dances on organs, even."

Now, Yetta Aaronsohn, in the days before the truant officer and the renaissance, would have run breathless blocks at the distant lure of a street organ and would have footed it merrily up and down the sidewalk in all the apparently spontaneous intricacies that make this kind of dancing so absorbing to the performer and so charming to the audience. Now, however, she shuddered under the shock of such depravity. School had taught her many things not laid down in the official course of her daily study.

"Ain't that fierce?" she murmured.

Not all subjects of gossip are as confirmative as Rosie Rashnowsky that day proved herself to be. For as Yetta and Eva turned into Clinton Street Rosie was discovered, dancing madly to the strains of a one-legged hurdy-gurdy, in the midst of an envious but not emulating crowd.

"That's her," said Eva briefly. "Sooner you stands on the stoop you shall see her better."

And when the two friends carried out this suggestion and mounted the nearest steps Eva pointed to what seemed a bundle of inanimate rags.

"It's her baby," she disapprovingly remarked. "She lays it all times on steps. Somebody could to set on it sometimes."

"It's fierce," repeated Yetta, this time with more conviction. She was herself the guardian of three small and ailing sisters and she knew that they should not be deposited on cold doorsteps. So she picked up Rosie's abandoned responsibility and turned to survey that conscienceless Salome.

Rosie was, as a dancer should be, startlingly arrayed. Her long, black-stockinged little legs ended in the "fer-ladies shoes" described by Eva. Her hair bobbed wildly in four tight little braids, each tied with a ribbon or a strip of cloth of a different color, and the rest of her visible attire consisted of a dirty kimono dressing-jacket, red with yellow flowers and outlined with bands of green. The "fer-ladies shoes" poised and pointed and twinkled in time to the wheezing of the one-legged hurdy-gurdy. The parti-colored braids waved free. The kimono flapped and fluttered and permitted indiscreet glimpses of a less gorgeous superstructure.

Miss Gonorowsky regarded these excesses with a cold and disapproving eye. "She don't know what is fer her," she remarked. "My mamma she wouldn't to leave me dance by no organs. It ain't fer ladies."

"It's fierce," agreed Miss Aaronsohn with a gulp; "it's something fierce."

The hurdy-gurdy coughed its way to the end of one tune, held its breath for an asthmatic moment and then wailed into The Sidewalks of New York. Fresh and amazing energy possessed the hair ribbons, the kimono and the "fer-ladies shoes." Fresh disdain possessed Miss Gonorowsky. The tune would have seemed, also, to work havoc upon the new propriety of Miss Aaronsohn.

"It's something fierce," she once more remarked, and then, casting decorum to the winds and the abandoned young Rashnowsky to Miss Gonorowsky's care, Miss Aaronsohn sped down the steps and through the crowd and out into the ring.

Rosie, though she had never seen Miss Aaronsohn before, recognized her talent instantly and welcomed her partnership with an ecstatic combination of the cakewalk and the Highland fling. Yetta returned the compliment in a few steps of the barn dance flavored with a dash of the Irish jig. Then eye to eye and hands on one another's shoulders they fell to "spieling" with occasional polka *divertissements*.

A passing stranger stopped to watch them and gave the organ man largess, so that still he played and still they danced until called back to duty and reality by the uproar of the baby now thrice abandoned. For Eva Gonorowsky had gone virtuously home, feeling that her traditions had been outraged, her friendship despised, and that her disciple had disgraced her.

Yetta and Rosie, with the heavy-headed baby, followed the organ for several blocks. They might have gone on forever, like the Pied Piper's rats, had not the howls of the youngest Rashnowsky anchored and steadied them. When at last they had recovered breath and the proprieties they sat amicably down upon an alien doorstep and went back to the early—and, in their case, neglected—preliminaries of friendship.

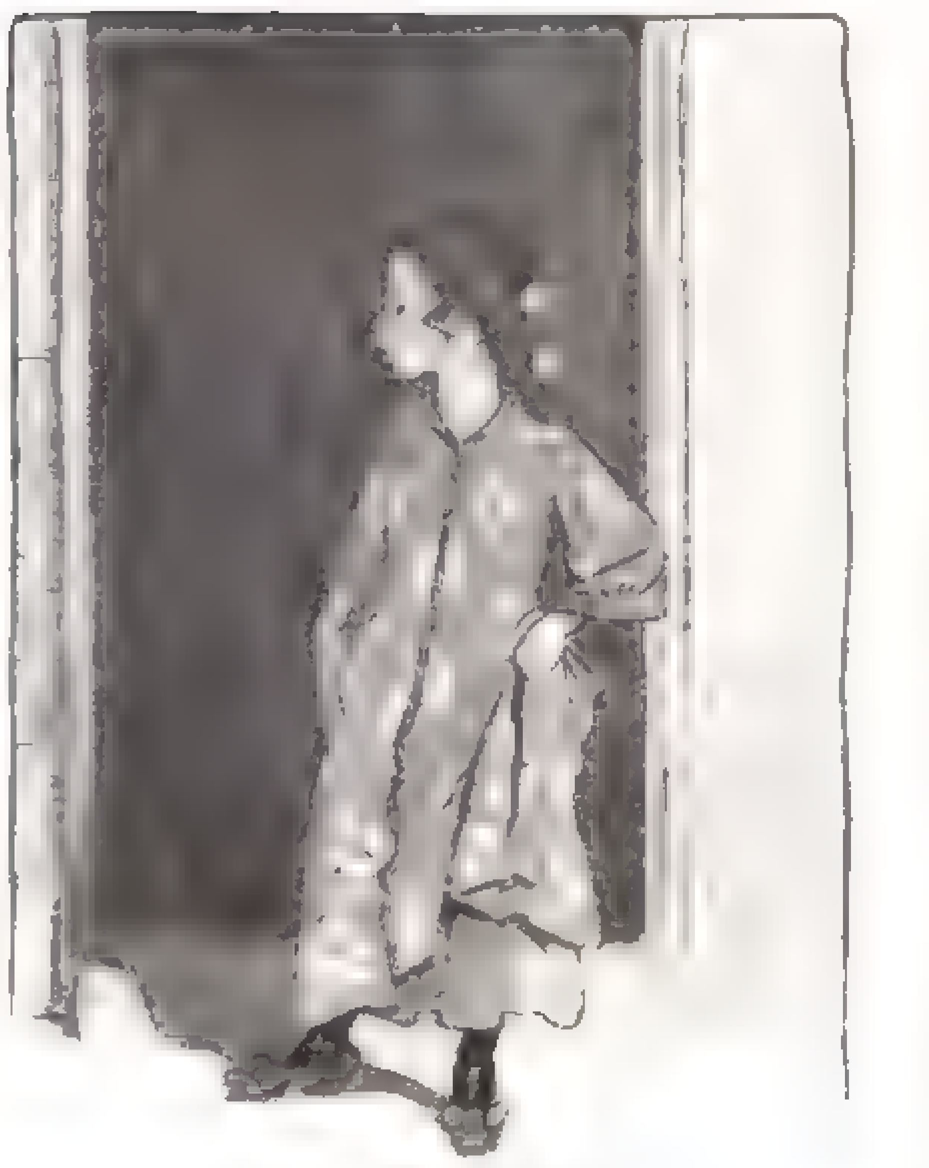
They exchanged names, ages, addresses, the numbers of their family and their own places in the scale. The baby had obligingly gone to sleep and these amenities were carried out in due form. It seemed that they were bound by many similarities of circumstance and fate: each was the eldest of a family, but whereas Rosie could boast but one baby Yetta's mother had three. Both mothers worked at low and ill-paid branches of the tailor's art. And both children were likewise fatherless, to all daily intents and purposes.

"Mine papa," Yetta told her new little friend, "is peddler mans on the country. Me und mine mamma don't know where he is, even. From long we ain't got no letters off of him, und no money. My mamma she has awful sads over it."

"Does she cry?" questioned the sympathetic Rosie, drawing her kimono closely about her in the enjoyment of this new and promising gossip.

Yetta shook her head. "She ain't got no time she shall cry. So my papa don't comes, und letters mit money from off of him don't comes, my mamma she ain't got time for nothings on'y sewing. She has it pretty hard."

"My mamma is got it hard, too," cried Rosie, not to be outdone. "She don't know where my papa is, neither. She don't know is he on the country, even. She don't know nothings over him. Me und my mamma we looks all times on blocks und streets und stores. On'y, we couldn't to find him. Und my mamma she works all day by factories, und by night she comes on the house und brings more work. She ain't got time for nothings, neither, on'y sewing und lookin' fer my papa."


"Stands a Girl by Our Block"

"Then your papa ain't really dead?" queried Yetta.

"No, he ain't dead; on'y, he loses him the job." Rosie's voice as she made this statement and Yetta's manner as she received it would seem to say that if this were not death it was very little better.

To Isidore Rashnowsky it had been the "sudden and unprovided death" of which the Prayer Book speaks. It had meant the destruction of the very delicate equilibrium by which he and his wife maintained their tiny but peaceful household. It threw the whole burden of four lives upon Mrs. Rashnowsky's thin and twisted shoulders. It drove him, after three weeks of unsuccessful quest for work, to cut himself off from all he cared for. Starvation was very close to them. He could contribute nothing and he determined to take nothing—to increase the niggardly supply by diminishing the hungry demand. Mrs. Rashnowsky's earnings—even when augmented by the home work which the law forbids, but life demands—was scant indeed for the maintenance of the mother and the two children. All these things Isidore explained to her patiently, resignedly and with what bravery he could muster. And she agreed, nodding wearily over her sewing. But from his conclusion, from his determination to remove himself and his hunger from her charge, she persistently dissented. Rather, she insisted, would she take the babies to the Children's Court and get them committed to some institution. Then he and she could face the world together. She could find courage for that, but not to live without him—never for that.

"It is but for a time," he hopefully remonstrated, "and if we give the children we cannot easily get them back. Children such as ours are not often found. They would be adopted by some rich man before, maybe, I could find my job."

This consideration had not occurred to Mrs. Rashnowsky, but when it was pointed out to her she was forced to admit its weight. The physical charm of Rosie, kimono-clad and dirty, might not have appealed as insistently to the rich adopter as her father feared, and the rag-wrapped baby would have been equally safe. But, to Mrs. Rashnowsky's fear and pride, to see these infants was to covet them.

And so, tearfully, fearfully, she promised to think again of Isidore's proposal. She thought all night and all through the hurried, steaming, driven day at the factory. When at last she was free she toiled home to tell him that she could not do without him and found that he had gone.

All these things had happened, as Rosie told her new friend, three months before. The mother had been forced into smaller, darker, cheaper quarters, and it was this transition that had so far saved Rosie from the truant officer. They had moved from one school district to another, and the authorities of their new habitat, for all their sharp eyes, had not yet tracked the light-falling "fer-ladies shoes."

"But that truant officer will get you sure," warned Yetta. "He comes in my house und he gets me und makes me I shall go on the school."

"He can go on mine house all he likes," responded the lawless Rosie, making careful inventory of her hair ribbons the while; "all he likes he can go. There ain't never nobody there. My mamma she is all times on factories und me und the baby is all times by the street. I don't needs I shall go on no school. I ain't got time."

Cassandra was unconvinced. "He'll get you on a rainy day," she maintained.

But the dread official never did discover Rosie. She was sufficiently wise to avoid any public display of her red and yellow charms until after school hours, unless she was well out of her own district. She would follow street organs and behave like any other member of a decorous audience until she was well out of the path of the ravening truant officer. Then she would abandon the baby to the cold stones and herself to the enchantment of the music. Thus she achieved that freedom of which her adopted country boasts and for which Yetta Aaronsohn—though basking in the rays of a free education with lunches, medical attendance and spectacles thrown in—still yearned.

There had been a time when life had been to Yetta, even as it now was to Rosie, a simple matter of loving and helping her mother, taking care of the babies and dancing to the organs in the street. Then entered the truant officer and life became a complicated affair of manners, dress, books, washing and friendships, with every day new laws to be met, new ideas to be assimilated, old pleasures and employments to be thrown aside.

That the end of his three months of wandering found Isidore alive bordered on the miraculous; that the end of these three months found him in congenial employment was altogether a miracle. Yet these things had occurred, and Isidore's long loneliness and self-imposed exile were nearly over when his daughter and Miss Aaronsohn melted their souls together in the languorous solvent of Silver Threads Among the Gold. On the ensuing Saturday he was to receive his first week's wages as janitor's assistant in a combination of restaurant, hall and Masonic lodge much patronized by small and earnest clubs or societies having no permanent stamping-ground of their own. On the Friday afternoon the large hall was occupied by The Cornelia Aid Society for the Instruction of Ignorant Parents Among the Poor. It had been the happy idea of one of the vice-presidents to hold the meeting within the citadel, as it were, of poor and ignorant parenthood, so that the members coming gingerly through unimagined streets and evidences of parenthood appallingly ignorant, might derive—the vice-president was fond of the vernacular—some idea of what the society was up against. Automobiles, victorias, disgusted footmen and blasphemous chauffeurs thronged the unaccustomed street, and the children of Israel thronged about them.

A genius for opportunity drew Giuseppi Pagamini and his new piano-organ to this sensational business opening, and the sweet strains of the piano-organ drew Rosie Rashnowsky after him. They had drawn her for many blocks, and the meeting of the Cornelias was in full swing when her kimono and hair ribbons came into play upon the sidewalk. She laid the baby upon the steps swept clean for her reception by Isidore, the conscientious, who had little idea—as he plied his broom and scrubbing-brush earlier in the day—that he was strewing the couch of his own small daughter's siesta. Then, to an audience composed of glorified gentlemen in silk hats and top boots and the quieter but still sumptuous chauffeur livery, Rosie threw herself into a very ecstasy of her art. Louder thrilled Giuseppi, quicker flew the "fer-ladies shoes," wilder waved ribbons and dressing-jacket. "Out o' sight," commented the footmen. "*Bravissimo!*" ejaculated the chauffeurs, and Rosie reached the climax of her career in a pirouette which brought her, madly whirring, under the aristocratic noses of a pair of chestnut cobs whose terrified plunges would have ended her gyrations for ever and a day if a footman had not interfered. Then Giuseppi passed his battered hat, and the audience, naturally inferring that the black-eyed child belonged to the black-eyed musician, threw him such encouragement as a week of ordinary days would not have brought him.

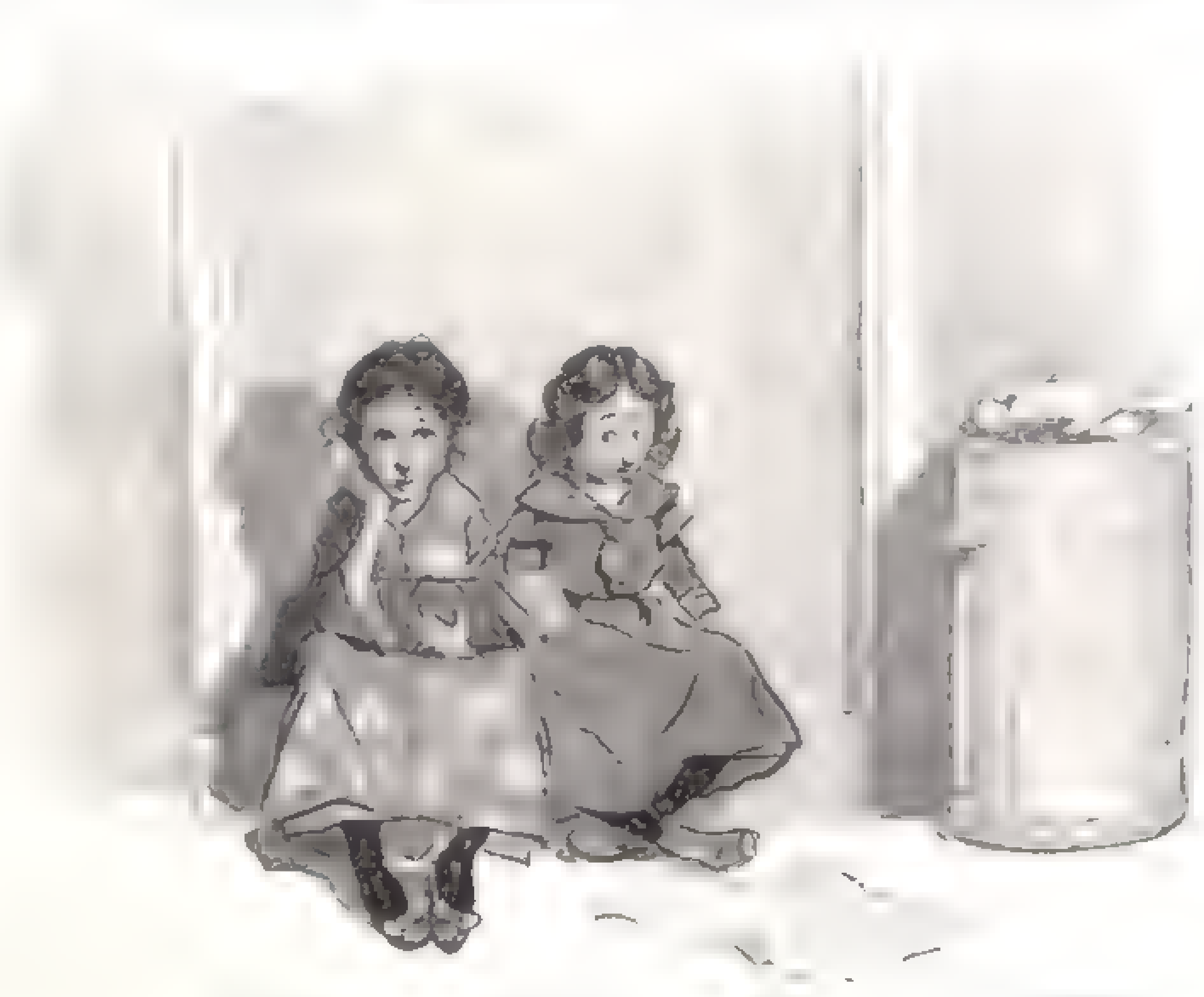
In a reckless moment he gave Rosie a nickel, and this wealth, combined with her recent danger and escape and with the intoxicating quality of her audience, made Rosie follow Giuseppi to the other end of the line of carriages, which trailed round the corner and half-way down the next block. Here fresh triumphs awaited her, while from the steps of Fraternity Hall her infant sister called aloud for instant speech with her. The infant was still making these inarticulate demands when Mrs. Ponsonby-Brown, holding her skirts well above her shoetops with one hand, while with the other she applied a bottle of lavender salts to her nose, approached the meeting. She was late, but unflurried. Her horses, somewhat racked by the elevated trains in Allen Street, had been entirely unnerved by the children, the pushcarts, the dogs and the flying papers which beset them from all sides and sprang up under their nervous feet. So the philanthropic Mrs. Ponsonby-Brown had alighted from her carriage, secured a small though knowing-looking guide, and walked to her destination. Presently she reached the hall, rewarded her guide and was stopped in her surge up the steps by the yells of the youngest Rashnowsky, who had broken free of its mummycloths and was battling for breath with two arms like slate-pencils—as cold, as thin, as gray and seemingly as brittle.

"Whose child is this?" she demanded of a near and large chauffeur. It was not the lady's fault that much philanthropic activity had so formed her manner that these simple words, as she said them, seemed to imply that the large, green-clad chauffeur was a Rousseau among parents, that the child was his, starved that he might grow fat, and abandoned that he might go free. His reply was all that her manner demanded. And when she repeated the question to other waiting men she was hardly answered at all.

Meanwhile, the youngest Rashnowsky banged its hairless head upon the cold stone and reiterated its demands for its guardian sister. Mrs. Ponsonby-Brown was puzzled and she did not enjoy the sensation. She picked up the child before she planned any further step for its disposition. She could not well drop it on the stone again and there was no one to whom she could give it. Realizing with a sudden sense of outrage that she was affording amusement to well-trained servants of her Cornelia associates she retreated into the building and into the hall with the screaming child in her arms.

Her advent and the clamor of her burden interrupted the reading of a paper upon Nursery Emergencies and How to Meet Them by a young lady who had exhausted the family physician and such books as he could be persuaded to lend her. Her remarks, though interesting and authoritative, could not prevail against the howling presence of a real nursery emergency, and the attention of the audience stampeded to Mrs. Ponsonby-Brown and her contribution to the meeting. That practiced and disgusted philanthropist relinquished the youngest Rashnowsky to the first pair of pitying arms extended in its direction. But pity was not what the sufferer craved and she repudiated it eloquently.

"What shall I do with it?" cried this young Cornelia, looking helplessly around upon her fellows. "Whenever



"My Mamma is Got it Hard, Too"

my Jimmie behaved like this I used simply to ring for Louise to take him. I never knew what she used to do with him."

Mrs. Ponsonby-Brown snorted. "A nurse!" said she "A hireling! You relegate a mother's sacred responsibilities to a servant?" Mrs. Ponsonby-Brown had never enjoyed these responsibilities, and so was eloquent and authoritative upon them.

Other Cornelias fluttered about, suggesting that the child was suffering from hunger, colic or misdirected pins. The expert upon emergencies snatched this one from its embarrassed guardian, inverted it across her knee and patted it manfully upon the back. The dirtiness of it, the thinness, the squalid wrappings and the blue little hands and feet touched and quickened the Cornelias as no lecture could have done, and the resourceful vice-president found cause to congratulate herself on the *milieu* of the meeting.

"If we knew," said a bespectacled Cornelia sensibly and practically, "what food they were giving it we could easily send out and get a meal for it."

"It hardly looks," interrupted another, "like the prepared-food babies one sees in so many of the advertisements."

"And yet," said the practical member, "we can't do anything until we know what it's accustomed to. With so young a child ——"

Here the door opened and an unenrolled Cornelia was added to the gathering. Her red and yellow kimono rose and fell with her quick breathing. Defiance shone in her black eyes.

"You got mine baby," declared Rosie Rashnowsky; "why couldn't you leave her be where I put her, you old Miss Fix-its? You scared me most to death until I heard her yellin'."

With these ungrateful remarks she advanced upon the ministering group and snatched the inverted infant from the colic theorist.

"This is the top of her," she pointed out. "I guess you didn't look very hard."

Before the discredited practitioner had formed a reply the Cornelia in spectacles was ready to remark:

"We think your baby is hungry."

"Sure is she," Rosie concurred; "ain't babies always hungry?"

"And if you will tell us what you feed her on," the lady continued, "we shall send out for some of it before you take her home."

Rosie by this time had established herself in a comfortable chair with the now only whimpering baby upon her lap.

"Don't you bother," she genially remonstrated; "I just bought her something."

And then, with many contortions, she produced from some inner recess of her kimono a large dill pickle imperfectly wrapped in moist newspaper. She dissevered a section of this with her own sharp teeth and put it into the baby's waiting mouth. The cries of the youngest Rashnowsky were supplanted by a chorus of remonstrating Cornelias. "Pickles!" they cried, and shuddered. "Do you often give that baby pickles?"

"I do when I can get 'em," Rosie answered; "but that ain't often."

And then this injudicious but warm-hearted audience drew from her the sordid little story which seemed such a matter of course to her and such a tragedy to them.

"Und I looks," said Rosie, "all times I looks on cellars und pushcarts und fire 'scapes und stores und sidewalks. Und I walks und I walks —all times I walks—mit that baby in mine hand und I couldn't to find me the papa. Mine poor mamma she looks, too, sooner she goes und comes on the factory; und by night me und mine mamma we comes by our house und we looks on ourselves und we don't says nothings, on'y makes so"—and Rosie shook a hopeless head—"und so we knows we ain't find him. Sometimes mine mamma cries over it. She is got all times awful sad looks."

By this time the more sentimental among the Cornelias were reduced to tears and the more practical were surveying such finances as they carried with them, and in a very short time an endowment fund of nearly fifty dollars had been collected. The *sang-froid* which had throughout the proceedings distinguished Rosie was a little shaken when this extraordinary shower of manna was made clear to her, but it vanished altogether when, upon the suggestion of the practical and bespectacled Cornelia, the assistant janitor was sent for to give safe conduct to the children and their bequest. And the amazement of Isidore Rashnowsky—summoned from the furnace-room for some uncomprehended reason—was hardly less ecstatic when he found himself in the close embrace of his frenzied daughter. For Rosie's joy was nothing less than frenzy.

"It's mine papa! Oh, it's mine papa!" she informed the now jubilant and sympathetic Cornelias, who were quite ready to pass a vote of thanks to their pioneering vice-president, whose plan had afforded them more emotion and more true human sensation than they had experienced for many a day.

Isidore floated toward Clinton Street through clouds and seas of gold. The endowment, together with his own first week's wages, made a larger sum than he had ever hoped to gather. He wafted the baby through this golden atmosphere, the baby wafted a second section of dill pickle, and Rosie in her red and yellow draperies gyrated around them.

"You shall go on the factory right away," babbled Isidore, "und brings the mamma on the house. She shall never no more work on no factories. She shall stay on the house und take care of the baby und be Jewish ladies."

"She don't needs she shall take care of no baby," Rosie, thus lightly deposed, remonstrated. "Ain't I takin' care of her all right?"

"Sure, sure," the placating Isidore made answer; "on'y, you won't have no time. You shall go on the school."

This last sinister word broke through all Rosie's dreams. "School?" she repeated in dismay. "Me on the school?"

"For learn," Isidore happily acquiesced, "all them things what makes American ladies."

Rosie's sentiments almost detached her from the triumphal procession, so rebellious were they, so hopeless, so battled and outraged. And in that moment of brainstorm they turned into Grand Street and came upon a piano-organ and Yetta Aaronsohn, the erstwhile censorious Yetta, in the enjoyment of a complicated *pas seul*.

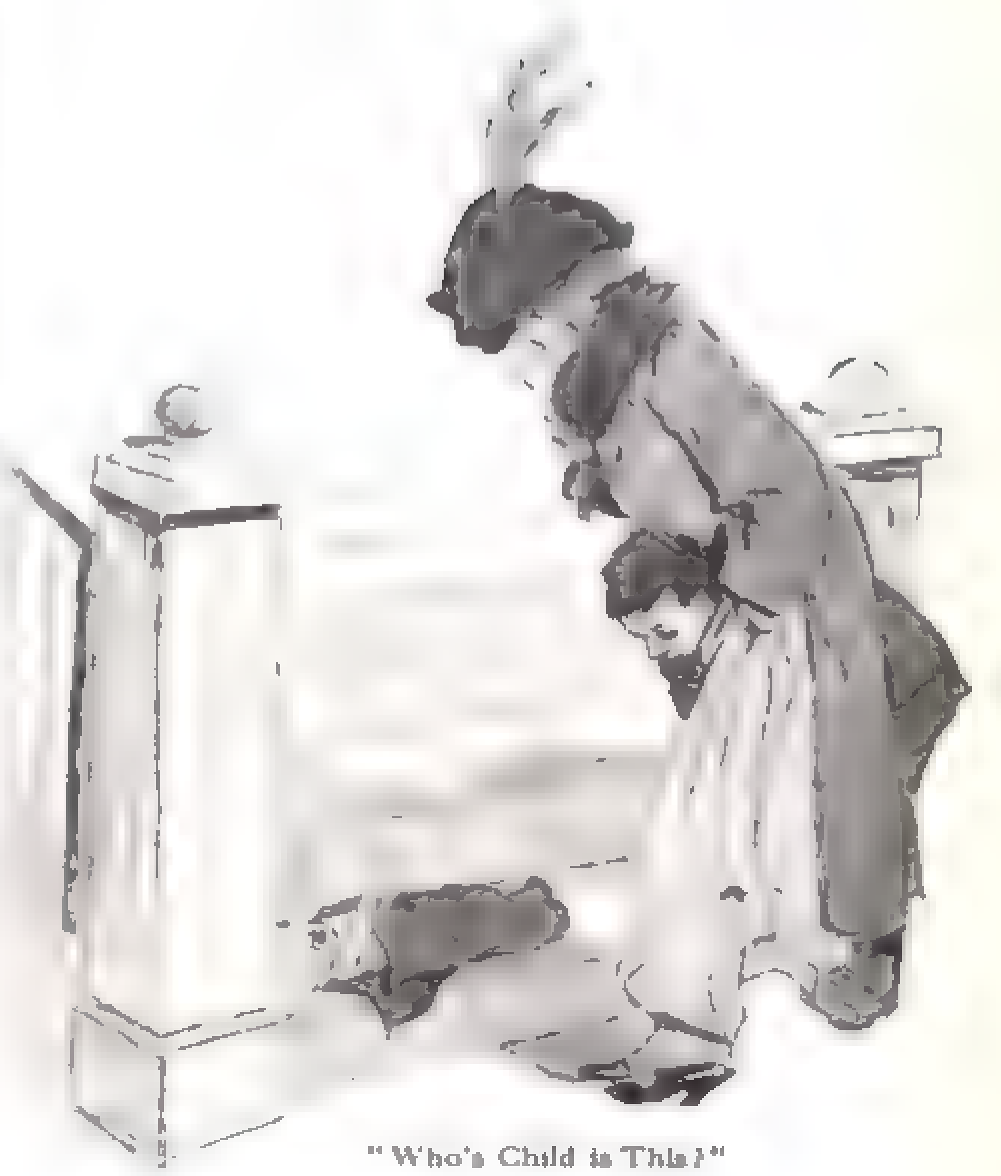
"For von things," Isidore ambled on, "American ladies they don't never dance by streets on organs. You shall that on the school learn und the reading und the writing und all things what is fer ladies. Monday you shall go on the school. Your mamma shall go by your side, she won't"—he broke out ecstatically—"have nothings else to do. You shall go now on the factory for tell her."

Rosie paused but an instant on this mission of joy. She overtook Yetta Aaronsohn homeward bound.

"I guess," said Rosie with fashionable languor, "I guess, maybe, I goes on the school Monday."

Yetta stared—then smiled. "Ain't I told you from long," said she, "that that truant officer could to make like that mit you?"

"I ain't never seen no truant officer," retorted Rosie. "In all my world I ain't never seen one. I don't know what are they, even. On'y, I finds me the papa mit bunches from money und a hall, und he says I shall go on the school to learn me all things what American ladies makes."



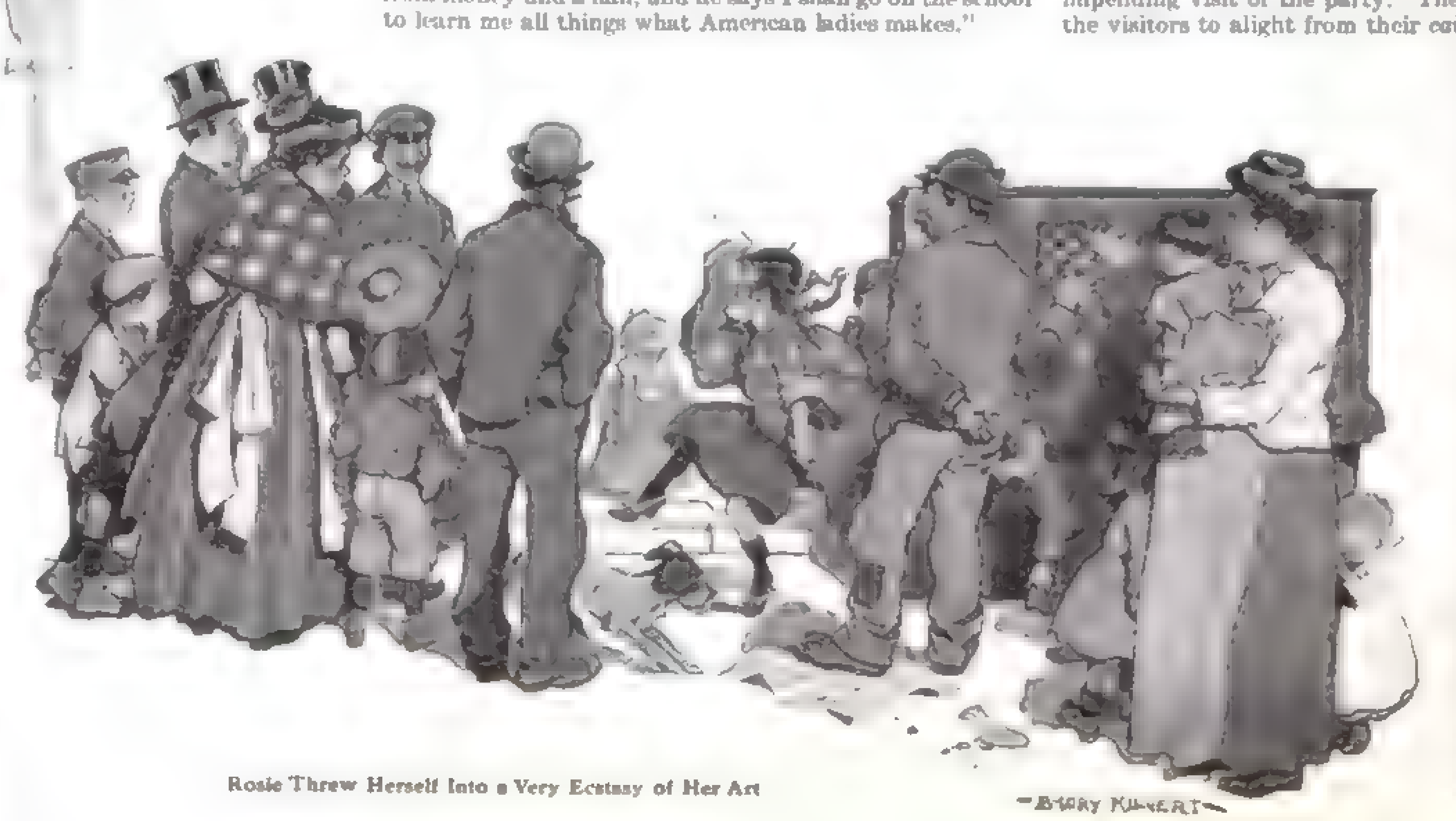
"Who's Child is This?"

"Come on my school," entreated Yetta. "You und me could to set beside ourselves."

Rosie pondered. She counted her four hair ribbons She wrapped her kimono togawise about her and pondered.

"I don't know," she said, "do I needs I shall set by somebody what dances on streets mit organs," and added, as Yetta's expression seemed to hint at instant parting: "Well, good-afternoon; I must be going."

Her evolution into "American ladies" had already begun. The manners of the Cornelias had not been lost upon her.



Rosie Threw Herself Into a Very Ecstasy of Her Art

Expensive Sightseeing

FOR many years the most interesting sight in Constantinople, and likewise the most inaccessible, has been the Imperial palace on the Golden Horn known as the Old Seraglio, within whose innermost precincts are kept the jealously-guarded beard, mantle and standard of the Prophet, the Imperial jewels and numerous examples of early Turkish and Byzantine art. Theoretically, the Old Seraglio has always been open to the inspection of such foreigners as made application through their respective embassies, but in practice admission could be obtained only by tips—paid in advance—which ranged from fifty to a hundred dollars, according to the size of the party. A party of a dozen tourists, for example, would make application through their Embassy to the Imperial chamberlain for permission to visit the Seraglio, from twenty to fifty dollars being given to the dragoman who conducted the negotiations for "preliminary expenses." In the course of two or three days the Imperial *irade* would be received —in the days of Abdul Hamid one required an *irade* for pretty much everything except eating, sleeping and breathing—and the chief eunuch would be notified of the impending visit of the party. The servants who assisted the visitors to alight from their *caiques* received two dollars, the guardian of the jewel-room from five to ten, the custodian of the museum a like amount, five dollars went to the servants who served the visitors with diminutive cups of coffee in the famous blue kiosk, and the chief eunuch expected anywhere from twenty to forty dollars for himself. The party was then taken up the Bosphorus in Imperial *caiques*—five dollars to the boatmen—to the palace stables, and here the same thing was again gone through with, every one of the establishment, from the Master of the Horse down to the smallest stable-boy, having his regular scale of *backsheesh* which he did not hesitate to demand.

A DEAL IN FIXTURES

Potash & Perlmutter Get a Bargain

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"YES, Mawruss," Abe Potash said to his partner as they stood together and surveyed the wild disorder of their business premises, "one removal is worser as a fire."

"Sure it is," Morris Perlmutter agreed. "A fire you can insure it, Abe, but a removal is a risk what you got to take yourself; and you're bound to make it a loss."

"Not if you got a little system, Mawruss," Abe went on. "The trouble with us is, Mawruss, we ain't got no system. In less than three weeks already we got to move into the loft on Nineteenth Street, Mawruss, and we ain't even made up our minds about the fixtures yet."

"The fixtures!" Morris cried. "For why should we make up our minds about the fixtures, Abe?"

"We need to have fixtures, Mawruss, ain't it?"

"What's the matter with the fixtures what we got it here, Abe?" Morris asked

"Them ain't fixtures what we got it here, Mawruss," Abe replied. "Junk is what we got it here, Mawruss, not fixtures. If we was to move them bum-looking racks and tables up to Nineteenth Street, Mawruss, it would be like an insult to our customers."

"Would it?" Morris replied. "Well, we ain't asking 'em to buy the fixtures, Abe; we only sell 'em the garments. Anyhow, if our customers was so touchy, Abe, they would of been insulted long since ago. For we got them fixtures six years already, and before we had 'em yet, Abe, Pincus Vesell bought 'em, way before the Spanish War, from Kupferman & Daiches, and then Kupferman & Daiches ——"

"'Senough, Mawruss," Abe protested. "I ain't asked you you should tell me the family history of them fixtures, Mawruss. I know it as well as you do, Mawruss, them fixtures is old-established back numbers, and I wouldn't have 'em in the store even if we was going to stay here yet."

"You wouldn't have 'em in the store," Morris broke in; "but how about me? Ain't I nobody here, Abe? I think I got something to say, too, Abe. So I made up my mind we're going to keep them fixtures and move 'em up to the new store. We done it always a good business with them fixtures, Abe."

"Yes, Mawruss, and we also lose it a good customer by 'em, too," Abe rejoined. "You know as well as I do that after one-eye Feigenbaum, of the H. F. Cloak Company, run into that big rack over by the door and busted his nose we couldn't sell him no more goods.'

"Was it the rack's fault that Henry Feigenbaum only got one eye, Abe?" Morris cried. "Anyhow, Abe, when a feller got a nose like Henry Feigenbaum, Abe, he's liable to knock it against most anything, Abe; so you couldn't blame it on the fixtures."

"I don't know who was to blame, Mawruss," Abe said, "but I do know that he buys it always a big bill of goods from H. Rifkin, what's got that loft on the next floor above where we took it on Nineteenth Street, and Rifkin does a big business by him. I bet yer Feigenbaum's account is easy worth two thousand a year net to Rifkin, Mawruss."

"Maybe it is and maybe it ain't, Abe," Morris rejoined, "but that ain't here nor there. Instead you should be estimating Rifkin's profits, Abe, you should better be going up to Nineteenth Street and see if them people gets through painting and cleaning up. I got it my hands full down here."

Abe reached for his hat.

"I bet yer you got your hands full, Mawruss," he grumbled. "The way it looks now, Mawruss, you got our sample line so mixed up it'll be out of date before you get it sorted outagain."

"All right," Morris retorted, "we'll get out a new one. We don't care nothing about the expenses, Abe. If the old fixtures ain't good enough our sample line ain't good enough, neither. Ain't it? What do we care about money, Abe?"

He paused to emphasize the irony.

"No, Abe," he concluded, "don't you worry about them samples, nor them fixtures, neither. You got worry enough if you tend to your own business, Abe. I'll see that them samples gets up to Nineteenth Street in good shape."

Abe shrugged his shoulders and made for the door.

"And them fixtures also, Abe," Morris shouted after him.

The loft building on Nineteenth Street into which Potash & Perlmutter proposed to move was an imposing fifteen-story structure. Burnished metal signs of its occupants flanked its wide doorway, and the entrance hall gleamed with gold leaf and plaster porphyry, while the uniform of each elevator attendant would have graced the high admiral of a South American navy.

So impressed was Abe with the magnificence of his surroundings that he forgot to call his floor when he entered one of the elevators, and instead of alighting at the fifth story he was carried up to the sixth floor before the car stopped.

Seven or eight men stepped out with him and passed through the door of H. Rifkin's loft, while Abe sought the stairs leading to the floor below. He walked to the westerly end of the hall, only to find that the staircase was at the extreme easterly end, and as he retraced his footsteps a young man whom he recognized as a clerk in the office of Henry D. Feldman, the prominent cloak and suit attorney, was pasting a large sheet of paper on H. Rifkin's door.

It bore the following legend:

CLOSED

BY ORDER OF THE FEDERAL RECEIVER

HENRY D. FELDMAN

Attorney for Petitioning Creditors

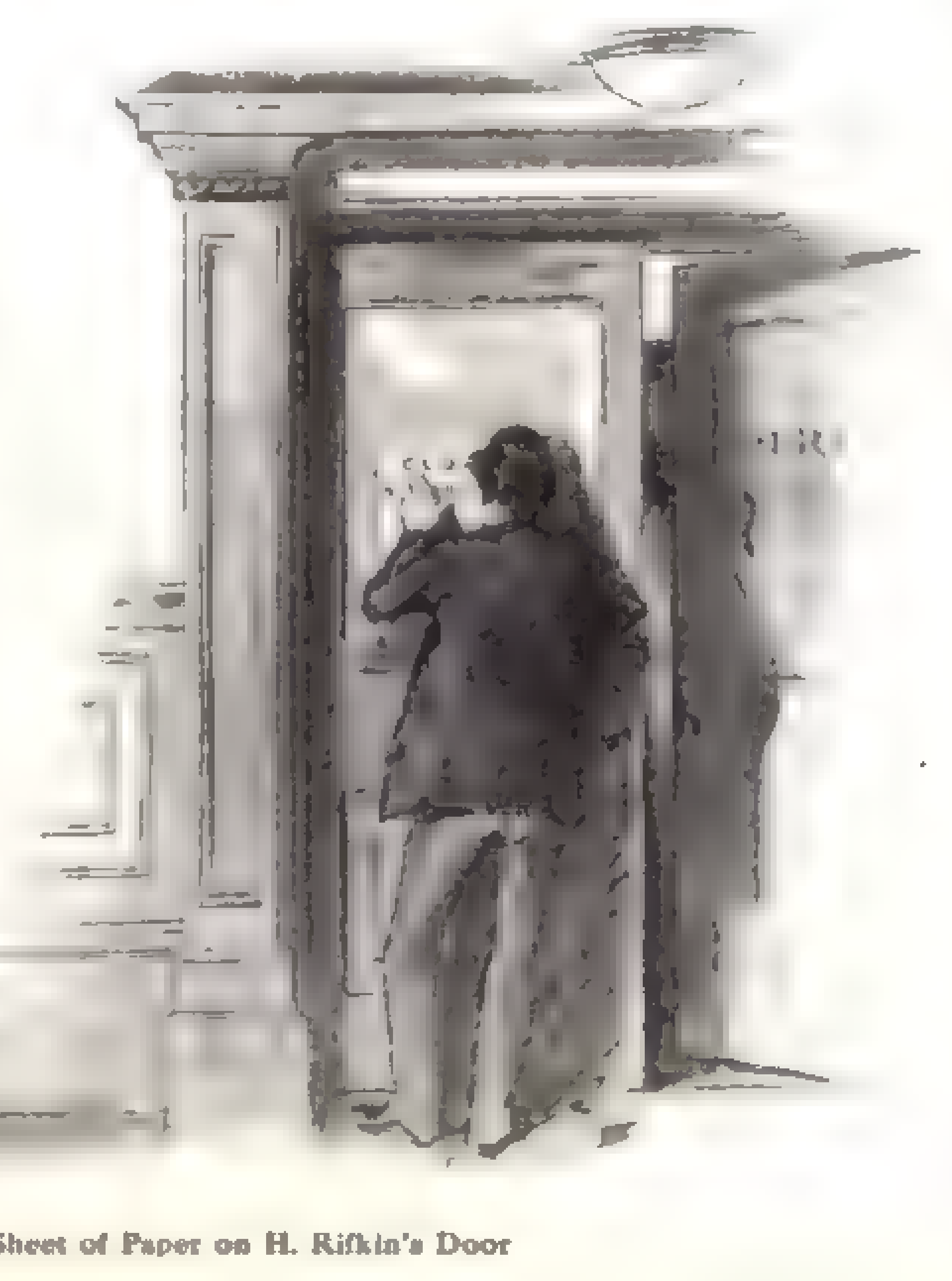
Abe stopped short and shook the sticky hand of the billposter.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Feinstein?" he said.

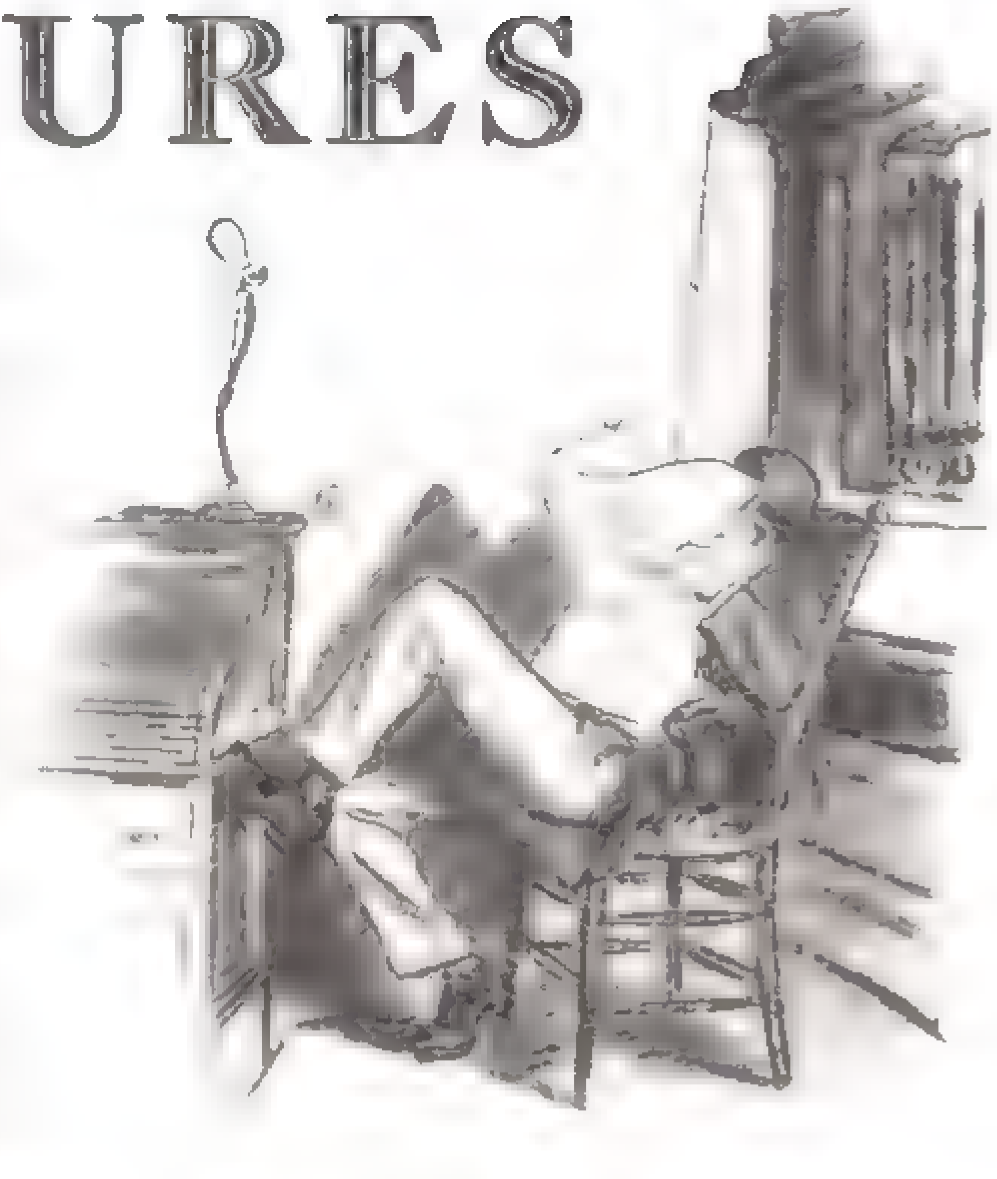
"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Potash," Feinstein cried in his employer's best tone and manner.

"What's the matter?" Abe asked. "Is Rifkin in trouble?"

"Oh, no," Feinstein replied ironically. "Rifkin ain't in trouble; his creditors is in trouble, Mr. Potash. The Federal Textile Company, ten thousand four hundred and eighty-two dollars; Miller, Field & Simpson, three thousand dollars; the Kosciusko Bank, two thousand and fifty."



A Young Man Was Pasting a Large Sheet of Paper on H. Rifkin's Door



Settled Down to His Duties as Keeper for the Federal Receiver

Abe whistled his astonishment.

"I always thought he done it such a fine business," he commented.

"Sure he done it a fine business," the law clerk said. "I should say he did done it a fine business. If he got away with a cent he got away with fifty thousand dollars."

"Don't nobody know where he skipped to?"

"Only his wife," Feinstein replied, "and she left home yesterday. Some says she went to Canada and some says to Mexico; but they mostly goes to Brooklyn, and who in blazes could find her there?"

Abe nodded solemnly.

"But come inside and give a look around," Feinstein said hospitably. "Maybe there's something you would like to buy it at the receiver's sale next week."

Abe handed Feinstein a cigar, and together they went into Rifkin's loft.

"He's got some fine fixtures, ain't it?" Abe said as he gazed upon the mahogany and plate-glass furnishings of Rifkin's office.

"Sure he has," Feinstein replied nonchalantly, scratching a parlor match on the veneered shelf under the cashier's window. The first attempt missed fire, and again he drew a match across the lower part of the partition, leaving a great scar on its polished surface.

"Ain't you afraid you spoil them fixtures?" Abe asked

"They wouldn't bring nothing at the receiver's sale, anyhow," Feinstein replied, "even though they are pretty near new."

"They must have costed him a pretty big sum, ain't it?" Abe said.

"They didn't cost him a cent," Feinstein answered, "because he ain't paid a cent for 'em. Flaum & Bingler sold 'em to him, and they're one of the petitioning creditors. Twenty-one hundred dollars they got stung for, and they ain't got no chattel mortgage nor nothing. Look at them racks there and all them mirrors and tables! Good enough for a saloon. I bet yer them green baize doors, what he put inside the regular door, is worth pretty near a hundred dollars."

Abe nodded again.

"And I bet the whole shooting-match don't fetch five hundred dollars at the receiver's sale," Feinstein said.

"Why, I'd give that much for it myself," Abe cried.

Feinstein puffed away at his cigar for a minute.

"Do you honestly mean you'd like to buy them fixtures?" he said at last.

"Sure I'd like to buy them," Abe replied. "When is the receiver's sale going to be?"

"Next week, right after the order of adjudication is signed. But that won't do you no good. The dealers would bid 'em up on you, and you wouldn't stand no show at all. What you want to do is to buy 'em from the receiver at private sale."

"So?" Abe commented. "Well, how would I go about that?"

Feinstein pulled his hat over his eyes and, resting his cigar on the top of Rifkin's desk with the lighted end next to the wood, he drew Abe toward the rear of the office.

"Leave that to me," he said mysteriously. "Of course, you couldn't expect to get them fixtures much under six hundred dollars at private sale, because it's got to be done under the direction of the court; but for fifty dollars I could undertake to let you in on 'em for, say, five hundred and seventy-five dollars. How's that?"

Abe puffed at his cigar before replying

"I got to see it my partner first," he said.

"That's all right, too," Feinstein rejoined "but there was one dealer in here this morning already As soon as the rest of 'em get on to this here failure they'll be buzzing around them fixtures like flies in a meat market, and maybe I won't be able to put it through for you at all."

"I tell you what I'll do," Abe said. "I'll go right down to the store and I'll be back here at two o'clock."

"You've got to hustle if you want them fixtures," he said.

"I bet yer I got to hustle," Abe said, his eyes fixed on the marred surface of the desk, "for if you're going to smoke many more cigars around here them fixtures won't be no more good to nobody."

"That don't harm 'em none," Feinstein replied. "A cabinetmaker could fix that up with a piece of putty and some shellac so as you wouldn't know it from new."

"But if I buy it them fixtures," Abe concluded, as he turned toward the door, "I'd as lief have 'em without putty, if it's all the same to you."

"Sure," Feinstein replied, and no sooner had Abe disappeared into the hall than he drew a morning paper from his pocket and settled down to his duties as keeper for the Federal receiver by selecting the most comfortable chair in the room and cocking up his feet against the side of Rifkin's desk.

II

"WELL, Abe," Morris cried as his partner entered the store half an hour later, "I give you right."

"You give me right?" Abe repeated. "What d'ye mean?"

"About them fixtures," Morris explained. "I give you right. Them fixtures is nothing but junk, and we got to get some new ones.

"Sure we got to get some new ones, Mawruss," Abe agreed, "and I seen it the very thing what we want up at H Rifkin's place."

"H Rifkin's place!" Morris exclaimed.

"That's what I said," Abe replied. "I got an idee, Mawruss, we should buy them fixtures what H. Rifkin got."

"Is that so?" Morris retorted. "Well, why should we buy it fixtures what H. Rifkin throws out?"

"He don't throw 'em out, Mawruss," Abe said. "He ain't got no more use for 'em, Mawruss. He busted up this morning."

"You can't make me feel bad by telling me that, Abe," Morris rejoined. "A sucker what takes from us a good customer like Henry Feigenbaum should of busted up long since already. But that ain't the point, Abe. If we're going to get it fixtures, we don't want no second-hand articles."

"They ain't no second-hand articles, Mawruss," Abe explained. "They're pretty near brand-new, and I got a particular reason why we should buy them fixtures, Mawruss."

He paused for some expression of curiosity from his partner, but Morris merely pursed his lips and looked bored.

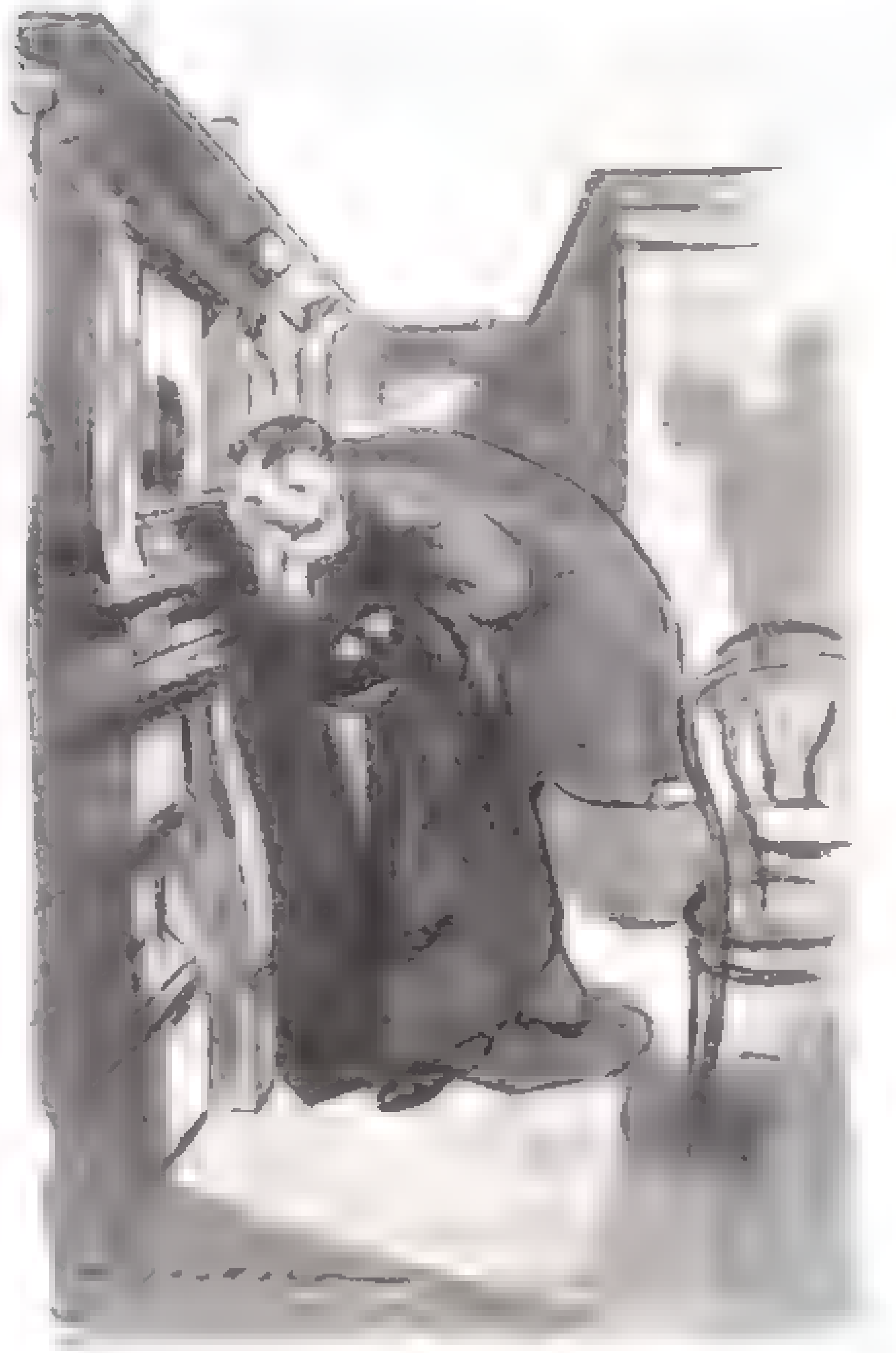
"Yes, Mawruss," Abe went on, "I got it a particular reason why we should buy them fixtures, Mawruss. You see, this here Rifkin got it the loft right upstairs one flight from us, Mawruss, and naturally he's got it lots of out-of-town trade what don't know he's busted yet, Mawruss."

"No?" Morris vouchsafed

"So these here out-of-town customers comes up to see Rifkin. They gets in the elevator and they says 'Sixth, see?' And the elevator man thinks they says 'Fifth,' and he lets 'em off at our floor because there ain't nobody on the sixth floor. Well, Mawruss, we leave our store door open, and the customer sees Rifkin's fixtures inside, so he walks in and thinks he's in Rifkin's place. Before he finds out he ain't, Mawruss, we sell him a bill of goods ourselves."

Morris stared at Abe in silent contempt.

"Of course, Mawruss," Abe went on, "I'm only saying they might do this, y'understand, and certainly it would only be for the first week or so what we are there, ain't it? But if we should only get it one or two customers that way, Mawruss, them fixtures would pay for themselves."



"I See it That Some Loafer Has Been Striking Matches on It"

"Dreams you got it, Abe," Morris cried. "You think them customers would be blind, Abe? Ain't they got eyes in their head? Since when would they mistake a back number like you for an up-to-date feller like Rifkin, Abe?"

"Maybe I am a back number, Mawruss," Abe replied, "but I know a bargain when I see it. Them fixtures is practically this season's goods already. Why, H. Rifkin ain't even paid for them yet."

"There ain't no seasons in fixtures, Abe," Morris replied, "and besides, a feller like Rifkin could have it fixtures for ten years without paying for 'em. He could get 'em on the installment plan and give back a chattel mortgage, Abe. You couldn't tell me nothing about fixtures, Abe, because I know all about it."

"You don't seem to know much about it this morning when I spoke to you, Mawruss," Abe retorted.

"Sure not," Morris said, "but I learned it a whole lot since. I got to thinking it over after you left. So I rings up a feller by the name Flachsman, what is corresponding secretary in the District Grand Lodge of the Independent Order Mattai Aaron, which I belong it. This here Flachsman got a fixture business over on West Broadway."

Abe nodded. He lit a fresh cigar to sustain himself against impending bad news.

"And this here Flachsman comes around here half an hour ago and shows me pictures from fixtures, Abe; and he got it such elegant fixtures like a bank or a saloon, which he could put it in for us for two thousand dollars."

"Two thousand dollars!" Abe cried

"Well, twenty-two fifty," Morris amended. "Comes to about the same with cash discount. Flachsman tells me he seen the kind of loft we got and knows it also the measurements; so I think to myself what's the use waiting. Abe wants it we should buy the fixtures, and we ain't got no time to lose. So I signed the contract."

Abe sat down heavily in the nearest chair and pushed his hat back from his forehead

"Yes, Mawruss," he said bitterly, "that's the way it goes when a feller's got a partner what is changeable like Paris fashions. You are all plain one minute, and the next you are all soutache and buttons. This morning you wouldn't buy no fixtures, not if you could get 'em for nix, and a couple hours later you throw it away two thousand dollars in the streets."

Morris glared indignantly at his partner.

"You are the changeable one, Abe," he cried, "not me. This morning old fixtures to you is junk. Ain't it? You got to have new fixtures and that's all there is to it. But now, Abe, new fixtures is poison to you, and you got to have second-hand fixtures. What's the matter with you, anyway, Abe?"

"I told it you a dozen times already, Mawruss," Abe replied, "them ain't no exactly second-hand fixtures what Rifkin got it. Them fixtures is like new—fine mahogany partitions and plated glass."

"That's what we bought it, Abe," Morris said, "fine mahogany partitions with plated glass. If you wouldn't jump so much over me, I would of told you about it."

Abe shrugged despairingly.

"Go ahead," he said. "I ain't jumping over you."

"Well, in the first place, Abe," Morris went on, "there's a couple of swinging doors inside the hall door."

"Just like Rifkin's," Abe interrupted.

"Better as Rifkin's," Morris exclaimed. "Them doors is covered with goods, Abe, and holes in each door with glass into it."

"Sure, I know," Abe replied. "Rifkin's doors got green cashmere onto 'em like a pool table."

"Only new, not second-hand," Morris added. "Then, when you get through them doors, on the left is the office with mahogany partitions and plated glass, with a hole into it like a bank already."

"Sure! The same what I seen it up at Rifkin's, Mawruss," Abe broke in again.

Morris drew himself up and scowled at Abe.

"How many times should I tell it you, Abe," he cried, "them fixtures what Flachsman sells it us is new, and not like Rifkin's."

"Go ahead, Mawruss," Abe replied. "Let's hear it."

"Over the hole is a sign, Cashier," Morris continued

Abe was about to nod again, but at a warning glance from Morris he thought better of it.

"But I told it Flachsman we ain't got no cashier, only a bookkeeper," Morris said, "and so he says he could put it Bookkeeper over the hole. Inside the office is two desks, one for you and me, and a high one for the bookkeeper behind the hole. On the right-hand side as you go inside them pool-table doors is another mahogany partition, and back of that is the cutting-room already. Then you walk right straight ahead, and between them two partitions is like a hallway, what leads to the front of the loft, and there is the sample-room with showcases, racks and tables like what I got it a list here."

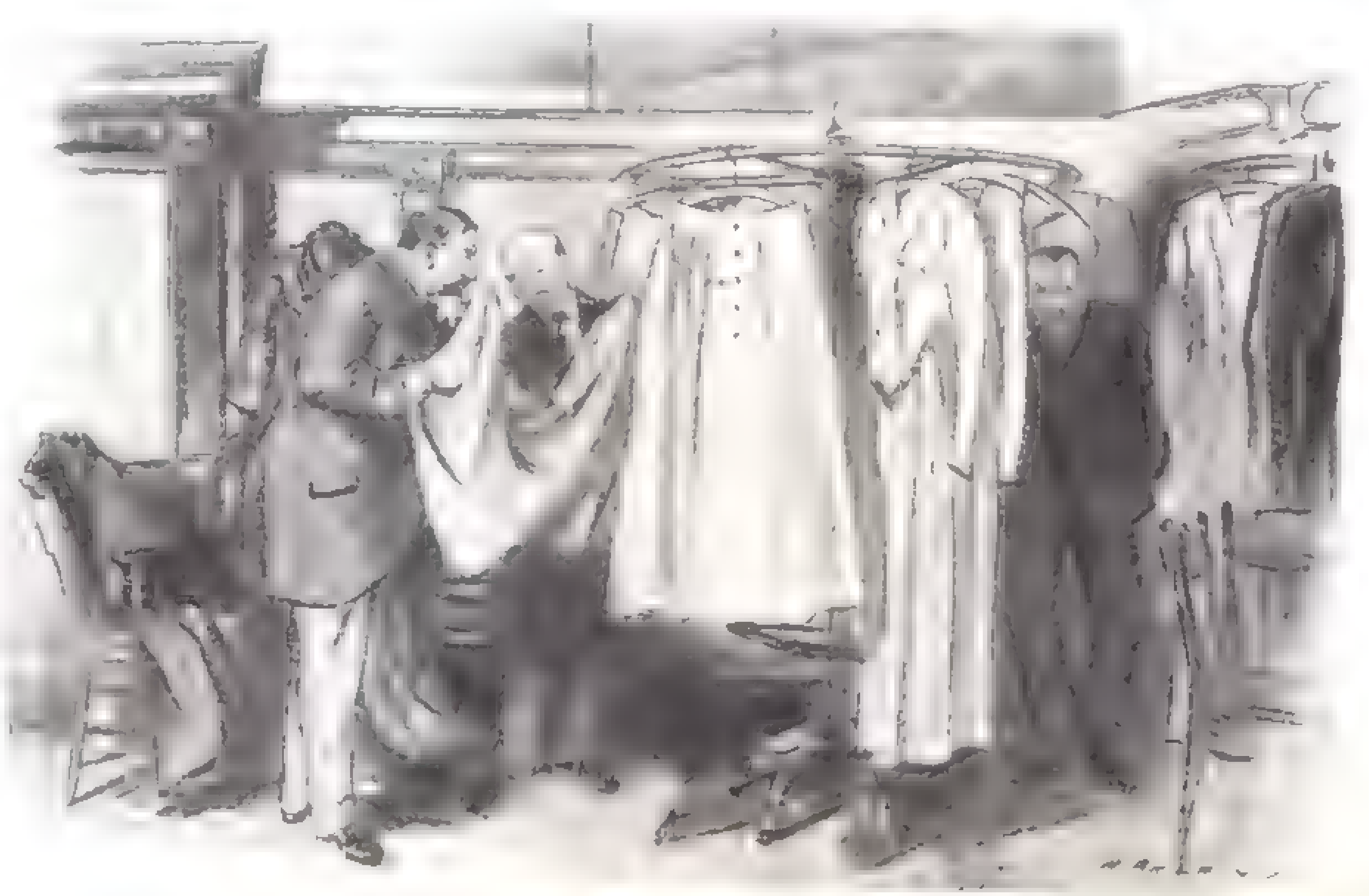
"And the whole business will cost it us two thousand dollars, Mawruss," Abe commented.

"Two thousand two hundred and fifty," Morris said.

"Well, all I got to say is we would get it the positively same identical thing by H. Rifkin's place for six hundred dollars," Abe concluded.

He rose to his feet and took off his hat and coat.

"What did you say this here feller Flachsman was in



"Look at Them Goods!" Abe Said

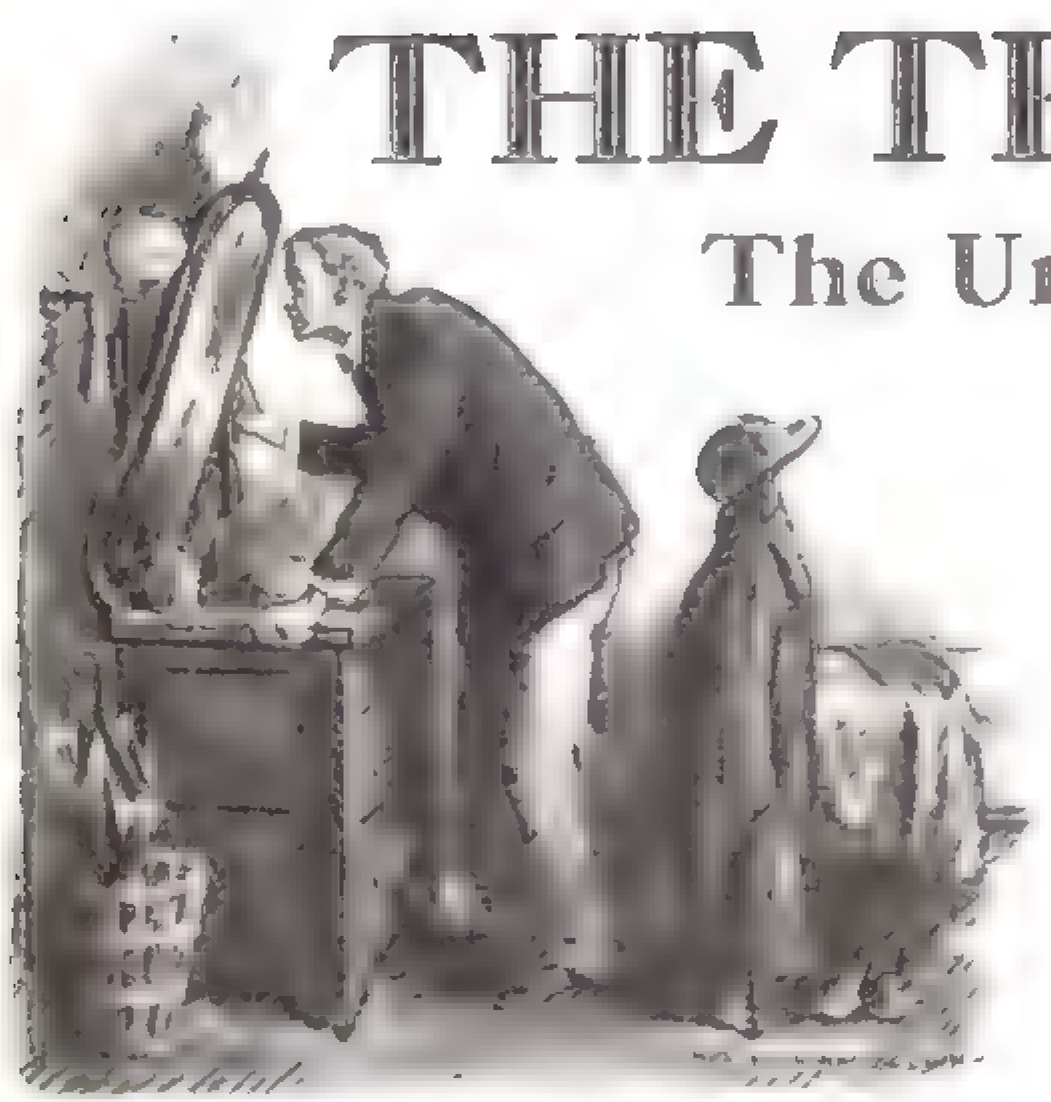
(Continued on Page 40)

THE TEN-DOLLAR RAISE

The Under-Dog Enjoys a Taste of Power

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



The Tragedy of the Bookkeeper

POOR old Wilkins was a drudge. Just a plain, ordinary, every-day drudge. In order that there may be no doubt as to what branch of the genus drudge Wilkins belonged, be it known that Wilkins was a bookkeeper

It seems strange that he should always have been referred to as "poor old Wilkins." Wilkins was so economical that everybody in the office of Bates & Stryker was agreed that Wilkins wasn't nearly so poor as he chose to appear. Perhaps it was because of the wistful, lost-dog expression on his face. As for being old—why, Wilkins wasn't so very old, as men figure their years. He was prematurely gray, that was all. He had fine wavy hair and lots of it.

The trouble with Wilkins was that he didn't know anything about anything except keeping books. That was his little world. He was a crackerjack accountant. If Wilkins had ever made a mistake nobody in the office of Bates & Stryker had ever been able to find it. He was a good, reliable old workhorse. And honest? Why, Wilkins was so honest that whenever he used one of the firm's stamped envelopes for a personal letter he dropped two cents into his cash and credited expense.

Bates & Stryker paid Wilkins a hundred a month and worked him fourteen hours a day and half a day Sundays. They thought the world of him—he was so reliable. He had been with them for twenty-odd years. Wilkins was a sort of human eight-day clock. Every Monday morning he would turn up at the office, apparently as fresh, after his half-day respite on Sunday afternoon, as new asparagus. He was all wound up for the week's work—as full of ginger and go as a runaway horse. You could bank on Wilkins. He never slipped a cog. Every morning of his life he rode down to work in the same seat of the same car, and opened up the vault at precisely one minute of eight. Then he worked like a fiend until ten o'clock. At the first stroke of ten Wilkins would wipe his pen carefully on the cuff of his office coat. He had finished the first lap of his daily grind and finished on time. Then he would produce a bag of tobacco and make a cigarette, after which he would put on his hat and his "other" coat and go out and walk rapidly once around the block. By that time he had finished the cigarette and would return to the office, where he worked until twelve.

At twelve o'clock Wilkins would go out to lunch—not luncheon. Wilkins was too foxy for luncheon. He knew that the relative difference was about four dollars and thirty-five cents—and that didn't include the waiter. So Wilkins lunched in a basement restaurant up an alley, where the patrons computed their own checks. A trusting Greek named Mike Dabovich ran this beanery on the principle that all men are honest. For lunch Wilkins would have a sardine and a cheese sandwich, with a glass of milk and a piece of the armor-clad pie of commerce by way of dessert. Twice a week he would have scrambled eggs. On egg days, however, Wilkins denied himself the pie. Twenty-five cents was his limit. He never overstepped it.

At exactly twelve-thirty Wilkins would take up the labor of life again. At two-thirty he went to bank. On his way up to bank he would smoke another cigarette. At three he was back in the office, where he worked until six, when he went to dinner. Bates & Stryker allowed Wilkins fifty cents for dinner. He would eat twenty-five cents' worth at Mike Dabovich's and save the other twenty-five. At the end of the week he would have saved a dollar and fifty cents, which he would spend on Sunday. Sunday was all that Wilkins had to look forward to. Wilkins lived on Sunday. He would arise late and partake of a hearty breakfast at his boarding-house, thus obviating the necessity for lunch. Then he would walk down to the office for exercise, where he would wrestle with a trial balance or try to catch up on his posting. At one-thirty Wilkins would close up shop. Two-thirty found him in the bleachers at the ball park. Here, at least, Wilkins was human. No fan that ever lived could equal Wilkins. He howled and yowled and raved and bought a nickel's worth of peanuts.

Sunday evening Wilkins dined. I repeat it—Wilkins dined. He went up into the Latin Quarter and at the Il Trovatore restaurant he ate a seventy-five-cent table d'hôte dinner, with a pint of St. Julien at fifty cents, extra. After dinner he smoked a twenty-five-cent cigar and built air castles in the smoke, while his being throbbed with the strains of Mendelssohn's Spring Song rendered by two long-haired exiles from sunny Italy.

Wilkins had entered the employ of Bates & Stryker at eighteen as a stenographer, in the days when typewriters were a luxury and stenographers viewed in the light of an experiment. Bates didn't want him. He was merely a grudging concession to Stryker, who liked to be abreast of the times. The first day Wilkins came he shuffled in timidly, hat in hand. He had the mild, propitiatory look and the sudden flush of the boy who takes what is given him and makes the most of it. Bates sized him up and took his measure. After all, the boy is father to the man. Poor old Wilkins! He was licked before he ever started.

It had taken Wilkins twelve years to work up to a hundred a month. He never asked for a raise. He accepted gratefully what was given him and said nothing beyond a mild "Thank you, Mr. Stryker, thank you very much indeed." It was Stryker who always went to the bat for Wilkins. It was Stryker who always told him privately that the raises were coming, few and far apart as these had been. Later, Mr. Bates told him. Mr. Bates would make quite a ceremony of it, as was his right, for Bates & Stryker was a corporation, and Mr. Bates held, in person and by proxy, sixty-five per cent of the capital stock. Wilkins always felt that if Stryker had had the upper hand he, Wilkins, would have been earning about two hundred a month. Stryker was a kind, courteous soul—really human. Wilkins liked him very much.

All those twelve years Wilkins had never had a vacation Bates & Stryker were too busy. They couldn't spare him. And in all those twelve years Wilkins had never failed to open up the vault at seven-fifty-nine o'clock A. M. Had he at any time failed to appear, Bates & Stryker would very probably have sent the porter over to his boarding-house to break in his door with an axe. They would have suspected asphyxiation or heart disease.

Every Christmas Mr. Bates would issue orders to Wilkins to go down to the Free Market and purchase a turkey for each employee of Bates & Stryker. Wilkins was not a family man. He had never married—very probably because he had lacked the time necessary to devote to a courtship. He could not use the turkey, so Bates & Stryker presented him with a five-dollar note instead. Then Mr. Bates, who always took the center of the stage at Christmastime, would make Wilkins a neat little speech, telling him how much they thought of him and how they earnestly hoped business would improve during the coming year in order that they might feel justified in raising his salary. After Mr. Bates had retired to his private office and wiped away his crocodile Christmas smile, Stryker would take Wilkins down to Tony's and they would have a small bottle. Then Stryker would shake hands with Wilkins and wish him a Merry Christmas, and Wilkins would go home. He never worked Christmas Eve. At home Wilkins would find a special-delivery letter awaiting him. And when, with eager, trembling fingers he opened the envelope, he would find Stryker's personal check for a hundred. Just the check. Not another scratch of a pen. Then the lost-dog expression would leave the face of poor old Wilkins and the tears would come into his eyes, and he would ask God to bless Stryker.

That night Wilkins would go out and buy ten dollars' worth of American Beauties and a glove order and send them up to Miss Connolly. Miss Connolly was Mr. Bates' private stenographer—successor to Wilkins when they put him on the books. She, too, was one of the assets of the business. She had worn out six typewriters in her day. She had brown hair and brown eyes and a winning smile—also, a bedridden mother. She was a sweet old maid and was always very nice to poor old Wilkins. She called him by his first name—which was Harvey.

It was upon the occasion of Mr. Bates' fifteenth outburst of Yuletide philanthropy. He had, for the fifteenth time, told Wilkins how much Bates & Stryker thought of him. For the fifteenth time he hoped that business next year would warrant an increase in Wilkins' salary. For the fifteenth time Mr. Bates wished Wilkins a Merry Christmas and proffered the annual handshake. It was then that Wilkins horrified the entire office by gently suggesting that a ten-dollar raise in the immediate present would be far more acceptable than a king's ransom in the dim and distant future.

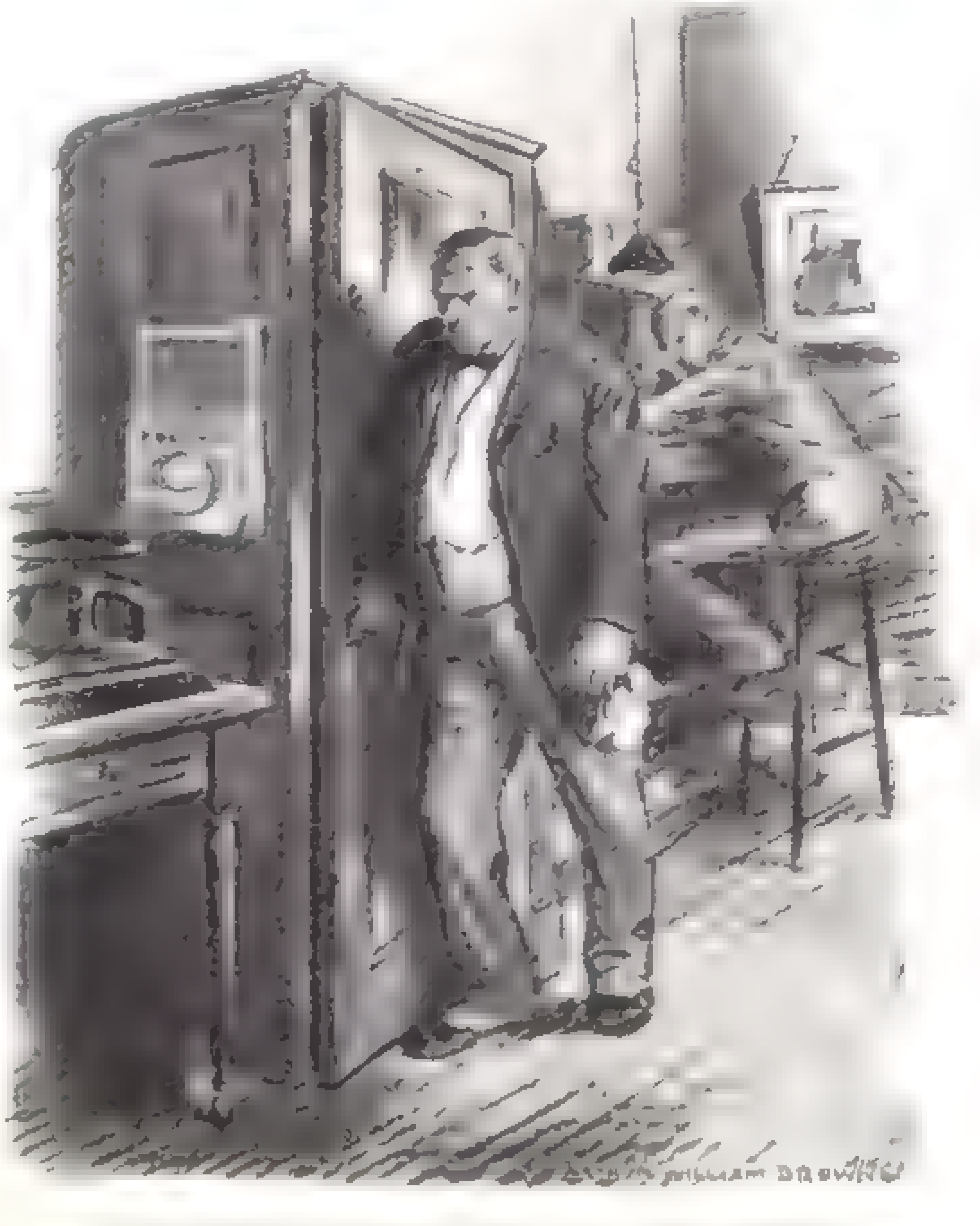
Mr. Bates was so nonplused that he forgot to assume his most majestic and impressive attitude preparatory to freezing Wilkins' suggestion in its infancy. He merely stared at Wilkins. Strange to relate, Wilkins stared at Mr. Bates. Whereupon Mr. Bates replied that he would think it over.

He did.

It took him just two minutes.

Now, Mr. Bates was a wolf. He measured every human emotion by the dollar sign, of which he, himself, was a product. He couldn't for the life of him see why Wilkins shouldn't take as lively an interest in the loss and gain account as if he were sharing in the profits. He resolved to curry Wilkins and curry him well. When Mr. Bates started anything he finished it. It were idle, indeed, for any one to go over the ground after him. He pressed the ivory button on his rosewood desk, and Wilkins entered with the old propitiatory shuffle.

Poor old Wilkins! Poor old drudge! Bates glared at him and Wilkins flushed. It was borne upon his



His Thirty-five-Thousand-Dollar Note to the Company Remained Unpaid inner consciousness very suddenly that this commercial wolf had secured a strangle-hold on him; that human flesh and blood were but the upholstering of the chocolate-colored six-cylinder auto in which Bates rode down to the office—that human hope and human comfort were as nothing to him compared with the state of the market.

Of course, Bates was very nice about it. His words were gentlemanly and all sanctioned by good usage. Nevertheless, they got under the cuticle. When Wilkins got back to his desk he knew that he had reached the limit. Any time he didn't like his job he had the great American privilege of saying so. There were lots of ambitious young fellows who would be glad to have his place at seventy-five a month. Bates had said so—and Bates ought to know.

Wilkins did not have a Merry Christmas that year. Stryker's check only made his poor, dumb, defeated soul the heavier. It seemed to weigh down his tired body. For Wilkins was tired. He realized it now. He had been tired for years, only he had never seemed to realize it before.

In the quiet of his little front room he sat down on the bed and thought it out. The cold facts presented themselves and Wilkins did not try to misinterpret them. He rose and scanned his sad and pensive features in the mirror. His hair was gray and a big wrinkle ran down his neck on either side. A little company of them flanked the corner of each eye—each of them a mute actor in a tragedy in which he seemed doomed to play a star part—the tragedy of the bookkeeper.

Wilkins knew just where he stood in the scheme of things. He had four assets—his job, a ten-thousand-dollar endowment policy on his life, $672.84 in the savings-bank, and a deed to two fifty-vara water lots over at North Beach. Wilkins hated to think of those lots. They represented an outlay of three hundred of his hard-earned dollars. In a moment of avarice, tempted by a nine-per-cent mortgage, he had loaned that sum on them to the foreman of the works, and the foreman had had the bad grace to fall into the main driving belt a week later. When the note fell due Wilkins foreclosed on the foreman's estate and went down to look at his property. It was high tide when he arrived. His real estate was covered with four feet of water and an Italian had trespassed on the lots and was fishing for crabs. Wilkins was sold and the knowledge broke him all up. He had always looked upon that foreman as an honest man.

But still, just because Wilkins wasn't going to have a Merry Christmas was no reason why Miss Connolly should not have one. Wilkins put on his hat and sallied forth for his annual visit to the florist's and the glove house. That matter attended to he did a strange—a desperate thing. He decided to take a Turkish bath. He had heard of such institutions, but had never been to one. Bates patronized them, particularly after a hard night with the country trade. Wilkins was feeling so tired and blue and desperate that he really must do something devilish. Many men in his predicament would have silenced their sorrows in drink. Wilkins felt that he must spend some money—spend it foolishly. All his life he had been saving it. Tonight the reaction had set in. He would spend. He would be luxurious for once, and the hammam seemed to him the acme of prodigality. He would stay out all night and spend his turkey money.

Half an hour later, as Wilkins sat in the hot room of the baths with a sheet around him, his feet in a tub of hot water and a glass of ice water in his hand, striving to appear as nonchalant as the ruddy rascals who frequent such places, he saw a man enter the steam room. How well Wilkins knew that heavy, sullen jaw, those beady eyes, cold and pitiless. As Bates toddled by on his huge pink legs a great desire came over Wilkins to make a strike for freedom. He would quit his job. But before he quit he would give Bates a trouncing that would keep him in bed for a week. He'd show him, the pirate. And the steam room was just the place to do it. Bates was alone in there and they could argue the matter undisturbed. Wilkins was trembling with rage, the bitter, ineffectual rage of the weak and oppressed. The sight of Bates, trotting by as if he owned the place, had set the soul of the drudge afire.

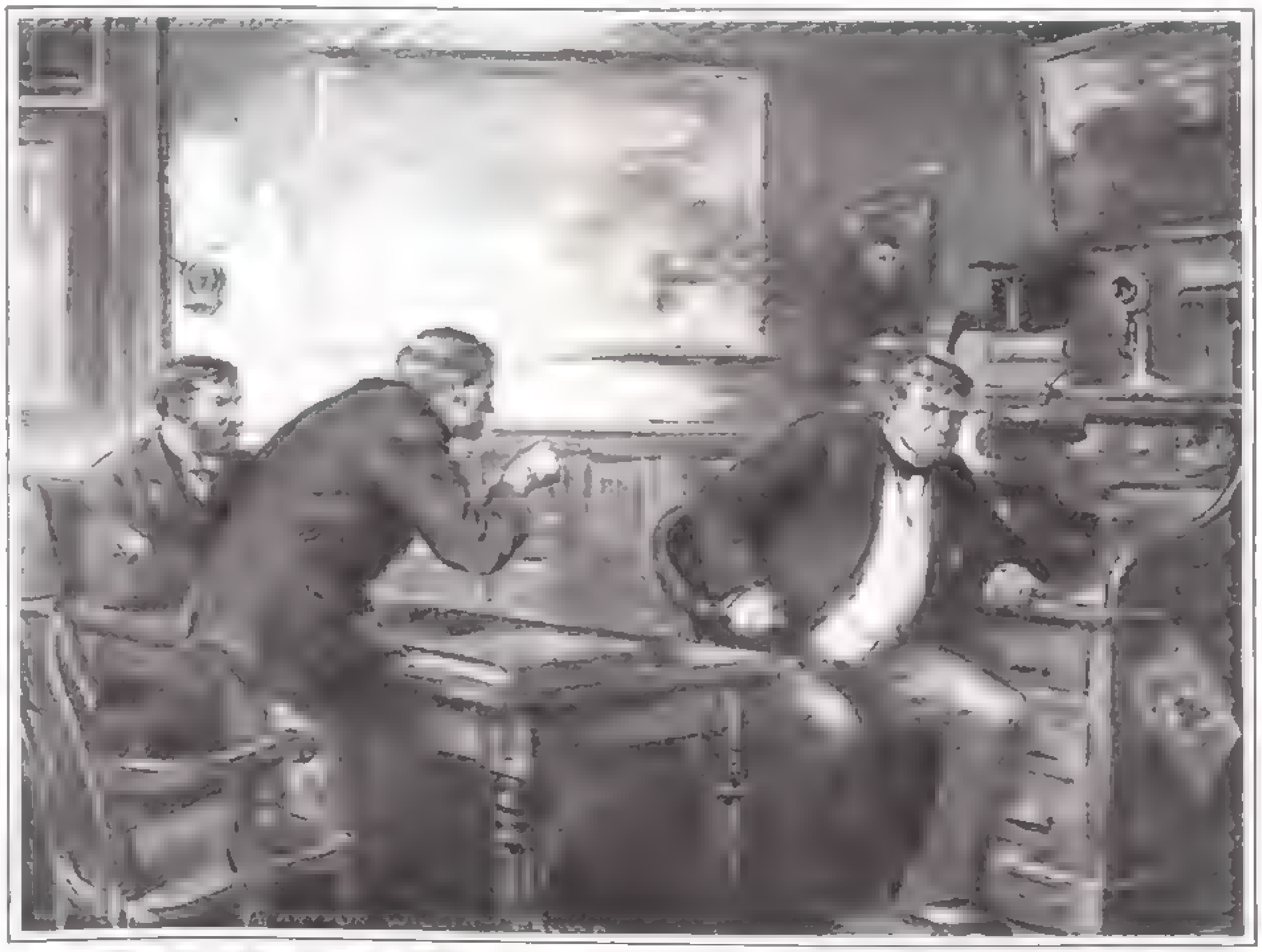
Wilkins arose and entered the steam room. Through the hot vapor he could discern the vague outlines of a man stretched out on a marble slab. But still he must make no mistake. So he circled the room until he was confident that there were but two men in it—Bates and himself. Just as he had made up his mind as to the exact location of Bates' nose and was raising his arm for the purpose of spreading that gentleman's olfactory apparatus all over his superior maxillary, Bates spoke:

"That you, Wilkins, old man?"

Wilkins shrank back. All his desire for battle was gone on the instant. He was no longer Mr. Wilkins, guest at a bath, but "our" Mr. Wilkins—Wilkins, the superannuated bookkeeper—the drudge. Wilkins was bluffed again. The voice of the master had cowed him.

"Yes, sir," he answered respectfully. "That you, Mr. Bates?"

"Yes; taking a little steam, Wilkins, a little steam. Trying to work out a cold. Settled in my back. But what are you doing here, Wilkins? If I didn't know you for such a steady old horse I'd suspect you'd been celebrating."



"Yes, I Bought You Out—Me—Wilkins. Poor Old Wilkins. Wilkins, Your Slave. Wilkins, the Truckhorse"

"No," the bookkeeper replied slowly. "I didn't feel very well tonight. Rather tired. So I just came here to get limbered up."

"Ah, yes," purred Bates, "you've been working pretty hard of late, haven't you? And that reminds me. I've been thinking about you and have about decided to make you secretary of the company. Of course, the position doesn't carry any more salary and you'll keep right on with the books, but it gives you a certain standing, Wilkins. Your name will appear on all the company stationery, and—er—it's a boost, you know, Wilkins, it's a boost. And maybe next year ——"

"Thank you, Mr. Bates," said Wilkins, "that will help out very nicely. Do you think I could manage to have a vacation this year?"

"By all means, yes," replied Mr. Bates. "You must take care of yourself, Wilkins. Remind me of it when the time comes. I'm going in to get a rub now. Good-night, Wilkins, my boy."

As he lumbered away the drudge looked after him with blazing eyes.

"Huh! Make me secretary so I can see my name on the company letterhead! A little pap thrown out to poor old Wilkins! All right, Mister Bates. If I ever pull the strings you'll perform. You'll dance the hopsy waltz to my music if I ever get a crack at you."

That night marked the beginning of the change in Wilkins. He had always been an economical man, but now he developed into a downright miser. Fifteen cents was his limit for lunch and he developed a mania for beans. The clothes he bought were cheap and shoddy and he wore them until they turned green. He blacked his own shoes. He bought his socks by the dozen, because by so doing they cost him net ten cents a pair. Formerly Wilkins had been very fond of comic opera, which he attended at rare intervals with Miss Connolly. He discarded the theater for the nickelodeon. In short, he developed into the stingiest, quietest, shabbiest old fossil imaginable.

In the fifth year of his martyrdom and the twentieth of his service with Bates & Stryker Wilkins broke down and had to take two months' vacation. Stryker had quite a quarrel with Bates over his condition. He declared that Wilkins should be allowed his salary and that the company should send him to Tahiti for a trip; that they were killing Wilkins, and he wouldn't stand for it a day longer. Bates was frightened for the moment and gave Wilkins five hundred dollars—two hundred salary and three hundred to go away on. Wilkins took it and disappeared. Sixty days later he turned up at the office looking like a ten-time winner. He never said much about Tahiti, but Bates & Stryker noticed he looked ten years younger. They asked few questions and Wilkins evaded the few they asked. It was months before Stryker learned that Wilkins had never left town, but had spent every afternoon at the ball park, rooting for the home team.

Two years passed. Wilkins was now forty years old, and he looked it. Those two years told heavily on Bates & Stryker. Business had been dull. For six months Stryker had been urging upon Bates the imperative need of retrenchment. They should pass the semi-annual dividend and appropriate the money to erect a new factory in a better location. Stryker proposed an assessment of ten dollars per share to be used for the purchase of modern, up-to-date machinery. To his amazement Bates, usually progressive and quick to see the advantages of a situation, refused to entertain any suggestion that called for an outlay of money. The time was not ripe, he claimed; money was too tight. The market didn't warrant it. They would wait until next year and see if things picked up. His temper, always irascible, flared up whenever Stryker broached the subject.

About this time a stout man with whiskers called to see Wilkins. That night Wilkins left the office at five o'clock—something he had not done in years. Bates noted it and frowned. He resolved to watch Wilkins. Wilkins did it again the following day. So Bates told him brutally he didn't want him imposing on the firm, stealing the time that belonged to them and for which they were paying him. Wilkins said he wouldn't do it again. Bates told him he had better not.

In April the earthquake and fire came. Luckily the factory of Bates & Stryker was not burned, and when the smoke cleared away they did a tremendous business. At intervals the stout man with the whiskers called at the office to see Wilkins and engaged him in low-voiced conversation. Bates wondered what the fellow could possibly want, but as he was having his own worries he dismissed the matter without taking the trouble to remind Wilkins of the impropriety of transacting his private business on the company's time. Bates seemed to have something on his mind. Wilkins wondered if he were sleeping well. Wilkins wasn't sleeping well himself. Bates' personal account worried him. Three times within the year Bates had drawn heavily on the company funds, giving his note to the company to cover his overdraft. Three times he had taken up his notes by giving a check large enough to pay the notes and leave a comfortable balance to his credit. But Wilkins was worried. He didn't like it. He wondered why Stryker didn't object to such flagrant use of the stockholders' money.

In the summer of the following year Bates again dipped into the treasury. In the course of three weeks Bates drew for his personal account from the funds of Bates & Stryker thirty-five thousand dollars, giving Wilkins his promissory note to cover the overdraft. Wilkins noted that Bates drew this amount in sums ranging from a thousand to five thousand dollars.

The June dividend was again passed—luckily for Bates & Stryker, as subsequent events proved. Collections were very poor and, as the weeks dragged on, became worse. One by one the banks, of late grown very conservative, refused to extend loans except on absolutely gilt-edged security. A month passed and they refused loans of every kind and nature.

Bates was worried, and as his worry increased his temper grew more and more unmanageable. He was smoking altogether too many cigars, and Bates always smoked them big and black. Heavy, dark pouches appeared under his eyes. Several times he appeared at the office bearing unmistakable signs of drink. Every few days a man called him up on the telephone. Wilkins noticed that upon such occasions Bates went into the telephone booth instead of using his desk 'phone. When Bates would emerge from the booth he would look a little paler, more haggard. In the mean time his thirty-five-thousand-dollar note to the company remained unpaid. One evening when they were alone in the office Wilkins broached the subject to Stryker. They had a long talk, with the result that Stryker demanded of Bates next day that he either pay his note or put up the collateral. Bates argued and snarled. He bluffed and bullied, but Stryker was firm. In the end he won, and Bates secured his note by a first mortgage on his beautiful mansion on Presidio Heights.

In October the panic came. Bates acted like a madman. He shut himself up in his office and refused to see any one except on the most pressing matters of business. He abused poor old Wilkins on the slightest pretext. Wilkins answered never a word. But his somber eyes noted everything. He began watching the mail. One morning he noticed a letter from the City National Bank. It was addressed to Bates. The next day he noted another letter from the City National. Two days passed, then came another letter—registered. Bates immediately left the office, stating that he was going out of town and would not be back until the following afternoon.

At three-ten that afternoon Wilkins sent in his card to Rollins, president of the City National. After a few minutes' wait a clerk ushered him into the presence of the banker. There was no timidity, no beaten look about Wilkins now. He came briskly to the point.

"I am Mr. Wilkins, secretary of Bates & Stryker. You hold a collateral note of our Mr. Bates. You wrote him yesterday either to reduce his indebtedness or to take up his note by three o'clock today, or you would be forced to levy upon the two thousand shares of stock in Bates & Stryker which you hold as security for his note. I have called, Mr. Rollins, to see if I cannot induce you to pursue some other course."

Rollins signed a letter of credit before he looked up.

"Quite right, Mr. Wilkins; you state the situation to a nicety. But, as I wrote Mr. Bates last night, we have been very lenient in this matter. He has put us off from month to month until we are convinced that he is not acting in perfect good faith. As you are aware, Mr. Wilkins, we are in the midst of a panic and must have the cash. Our own financial standing must be maintained. Under present financial conditions the stock in Bates & Stryker is, to say the least, very slim security. We must have the money, and that is absolutely final."

"The stock is an excellent one, I assure you, Mr. Rollins," replied Wilkins; "it carries a book valuation of seventy-eight dollars a share and the assets of the company are listed at an extremely conservative figure."

"My dear sir," snapped Rollins, "I'm not here to discuss with you the value of your company's stock. It is now a quarter past three. Mr. Bates has not made good, and the stock is for sale."

"Mr. Rollins," said Wilkins softly, "I sincerely trust you will not find it necessary to resort to such extreme measures. The fact of the matter is that it is simply impossible for Mr. Bates to take up that note today. He has gone out of town in a final effort to raise the money from a relative. I have been with Bates & Stryker for the past twenty-odd years. Hence, I am rather conversant with the business affairs of both Mr. Bates and Mr. Stryker. I know that Mr. Bates cannot take up that note. For a great many reasons, chief of which is my loyalty to the company, owing to the quarter of a century during which I have been associated with Mr. Bates very intimately, I feel that my position would be prejudiced, not to mention that of both Mr. Bates and Mr. Stryker, if this stock should fall into unfriendly hands. Mr. Bates naturally feels very sensitive on this point and is deeply distressed over his inability to meet the note. It was only this morning that the matter came to my attention. When this little financial flurry is over I feel quite confident that Mr. Bates will be in position to meet his obligations."

"Mr. Wilkins, I must remind you again that this stock is for sale. If you desire to purchase it I will consider an offer. If not I must beg of you to excuse me from further argument. I am extremely busy."

"I'll buy it," said Wilkins; "what's the price?"

"The loan, with four months' interest at six per cent, amounts to seventy-six thousand five hundred dollars."

Wilkins drew out a checkbook and reached for a pen. Rollins pressed a button and a clerk entered.

"Bring me loan file B-57," he said. Then, turning to Wilkins: "A certified check will, of course, be necessary, Mr. Wilkins."

"I opened an account with your bank three days ago, Mr. Rollins. If you will just send this check around to your cashier I think he will certify it. And by the way, Mr. Rollins, if Mr. Bates should call up I wish you would kindly be absent. I want this little matter to come to him somewhat in the nature of a surprise. I cannot begin to tell you of the treatment Mr. Bates has always accorded me. This is the first opportunity I have had to reciprocate."

"How very, very nice, indeed," said Mr. Rollins. He smiled expansively. He could afford to. He had his money. "It is most gratifying, I assure you, my dear Mr. Wilkins, to be the silent witness of such a beautiful example of loyalty and devotion on the part of an employee to his employer. Such instances are far too rare, Mr. Wilkins, far too rare. Mr. Bates is to be congratulated upon the possession of such a devoted servant. I am delighted to have met you. Any time we can be of service to you through the medium of up-to-date banking, pray command us. Good-afternoon, and thank you."

The first thing that Wilkins did upon his return to the office was to write three letters: one to William F. Bates, one to Charles P. Stryker and one to Harvey E. Wilkins, giving due notice of a special meeting of the stockholders of Bates & Stryker to be held at three P. M. next day. These he deposited solemnly in the mail in accordance with the by-laws of the company. That night he asked Stryker to remain after five, and in Stryker's office they had a long talk together.

Bates was back in town at two-thirty, looking worried and dangerous. Immediately upon his return he went into the telephone booth and called up Rollins. Evidently Rollins was not in, for presently Bates came out of the booth and sat down at his desk, where he dictated a number of letters to Miss Connolly. Promptly at three o'clock the door leading to the general office opened and Stryker, followed by Wilkins, looking, if possible, more shabby and threadbare than ever, entered. Wilkins carried a stock-certificate book, the stock ledger, stock journal and minute book under his arm. The two sat down and glanced inquiringly at Bates.

"What's up with you fellows?" growled Bates. "What do you want?"

"It's the special meeting of the stockholders," Wilkins answered timidly. "Didn't you read that notice I sent you?"

"No, I didn't," snapped Bates. "Who called this meeting without consulting me?"

"I did," the bookkeeper answered apologetically.

"You did? Are you expecting to be elected president of the company? Upon my word you're dressed for the part."

Wilkins flushed and his lower lip trembled ever so slightly.

"Well, I hadn't thought of being president," he replied quietly. "I'm going to leave that to Mr. Stryker and be content with the vice-presidency myself. Still, I must confess that I hunger for the cares of office. So I suggest that we proceed with the stockholders' meeting."

"Don't get too fly," rasped Mr. Bates, "or you may find yourself out of a job. I'm in no mood for trifling today. Your levity, sir, is out of place. If we are to have a stockholders' meeting at the request of some disgruntled stockholder, suppose we wait until the stockholders arrive."

"Ah," murmured Wilkins, "I perceive, Mr. Bates, that you haven't consulted the stock ledger of late. If you had you would observe that the stockholders are all present. You, Mr. Stryker and myself constitute a quorum, with the full issue of stock represented. I suggest, Mr. President, that the meeting come to order."

"What kind of old woman's business is this?" demanded Bates angrily. "For two cents, Wilkins, I'd fire you. You're a fool. If you hadn't been I wouldn't have kept you around all these years. Stryker, what in the fiend's name is he talking about? Hand me that stock-certificate book and the ledger and journal." He pounded the table with his big fist. "The meeting will come to order!" he roared. "The secretary will read the minutes of the previous meeting."

"I move that we dispense with the reading of the minutes," said Wilkins amiably.

"Shut up!" snapped Bates. "Who asked you to move anything? You're a dummy."

"I second the motion," interjected Stryker—"to dispense with the reading of the minutes," he added.

Wilkins looked up and winked at Stryker, and Bates sprang to his feet with an oath.

"What is this, anyhow?" he bellowed. "A stockholders' meeting or a Punch and Judy show? I'll have none of this infernal winking. Wilkins, you will present your resignation directly after the stockholders' meeting. If you aren't out of here by four o'clock I'll kick you out! Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Wilkins weakly.

"The motion is carried," said Bates, without going to the formality of putting the motion to a vote. "The secretary will ascertain the amount of stock represented at the meeting."

Wilkins consulted a slip of paper and read:

Mr. Stryker	1,000 shares
Mr. Wilkins	2,499 shares
Mr. Bates	1 share
Total	3,500 shares

"Mr. Bates, here is your certificate, No. 1683, for one share. It is my property, but I have issued it in your name in order that the books may show you as a stockholder, in which case you are, of course, eligible as a director. Will you kindly indorse the certificate? Mr Stryker has signed it as vice-president and my own name appears as secretary."

"Wha-a-t's that?" Bates' face was a sickly green. The stock-certificate book lay open before him. Pasted to one of the stubs he saw a canceled certificate for two thousand shares of stock issued in his name. For nearly a minute he stared at it, and when he raised his eyes the old, hunted look was in his face.

"I see," he muttered thickly. "Rollins sold me out."

"Precisely," said Wilkins.

"And you, you cringing cur, you —— '

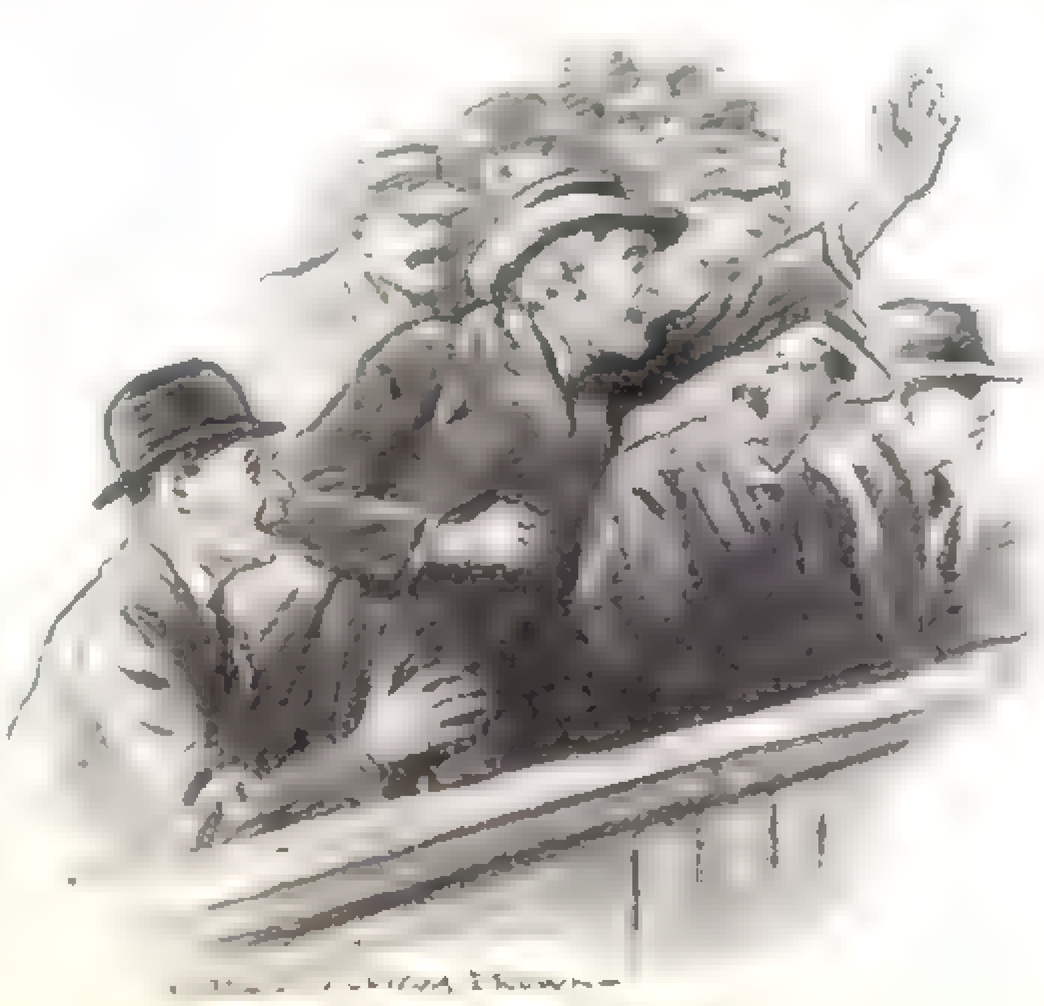
"I bought you out." Wilkins was leaning across the table and his long, white finger was pointed at Bates. "Yes, I bought you out—me—Wilkins—poor old Wilkins. Wilkins, your slave. Wilkins, the truckhorse. Wilkins, poor old Wilkins, to whom you fed honeyed promises for fifteen years, while you fattened on the toil of his tired brain. Wilkins, who never had any time to marry and have children and a home of his own, and live like a human being; who listened to your hypocritical twaddle until he was too old to start out to look for a new job because he'd lost the courage to start the fight again. And his hair was gray. He was just an old bookkeeper. No one wanted to engage a man past his prime. They wanted 'new blood' in their offices."

Wilkins' voice was raised, hoarse and vibrant. His slight frame quivered with vehemence. Suddenly he flushed and the old, beaten look came into his eyes. He sat down and continued in his usual soft, amiable tones.

"I'll tell you a story, Mr. Bates. Do you recall that Christmas Eve some years ago when you refused me a ten-dollar raise? That same night I met you at the baths. I followed you into the steam room where nobody could see us and where I could maul you unmolested. I had made up my mind to quit Bates & Stryker that night, but before I left I wanted to give you a thrashing. Oh, I could have done it then, Mr. Bates. You were big and overfed and your liver was bad. But you recognized me, and when you spoke I hesitated. Then you made the first serious blunder of your existence. You promised to make me secretary of the company. You thought to tickle my vanity through the sight of my name on the company letterhead

"Right then I got what Jimmy Duffy calls a hunch. By the way, Mr. Stryker, we must take care of Jimmy. He's been with us five years now, assisting me on the books. He's a lightning striker, that Jimmy. As I say, Mr. Bates, I got a hunch. I felt that somehow, somewhere, I'd get you. So I decided to accept the secretaryship and hang on. I learned the names of all the outside stockholders. I had some money saved up. I starved and skimped and saved up some more

(Continued on Page 48)



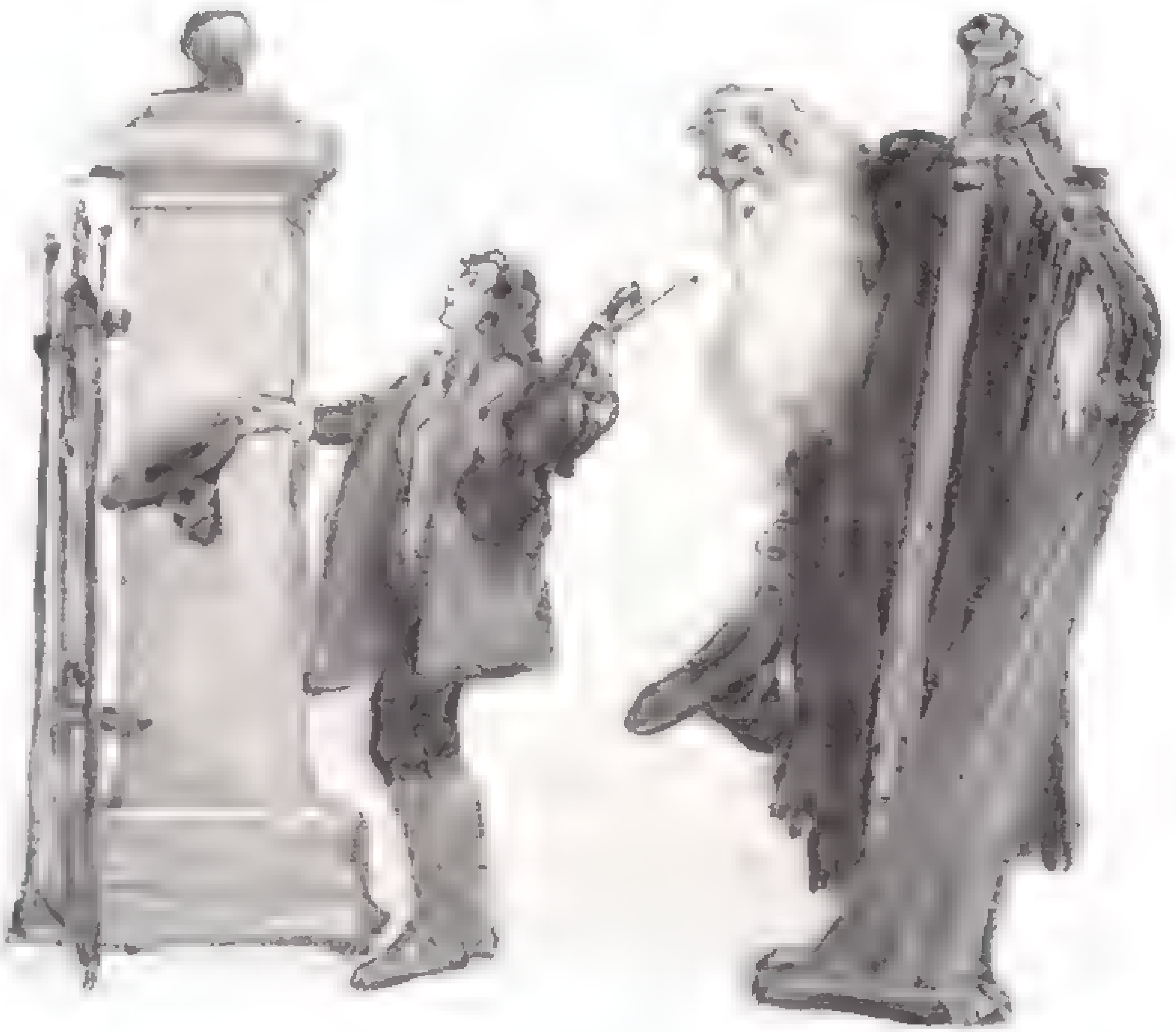
Here, at Least, Wilkins Was Human

WHITE MAGIC

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

III



TOWARD four the next afternoon Wade, at the studio, heard a knock on the door. He recognized it so promptly that one might almost have suspected he had been expecting it—or, would hoping for it be a more exactly accurate phrase? By way of answer he tiptoed across the floor, rested his full weight against the door, as there was no bolt, indeed no fastening of any kind but the unused outside bar and padlock. If that assault was to be repelled he must rely wholly upon his own unaided strength. He was not content with resting his weight; he braced himself and pushed.

The knock came again—right between his shoulder-blades with only the inch plank between.

It was as if those pretty knuckles of hers were tapping him on the back, on the spinal cord, which, as every one knows, immediately radiates sensation to all parts of even such a huge body as was Chang's. He grew quite pale, then an absurdly boyish red. He muttered something that sounded like "damn fool"—and it certainly must have been addressed to himself.

The knock came the third time, quickly—a triumphant knock, seeming to say: "So you're in there, are you? Well, surrender at once!"

He wondered how she had found out, for he certainly had made no sound she could have heard. With the fourth and most vigorous knock he discovered the secret. He noted that his body against the door made the knock sound differently. He hastily lifted himself away, put his hands against the door high up above where she, merely a person of medium height, and woman's medium height at that, could reach. When she knocked again he felt utterly absurd. For the sound, hollow once more, must reveal to her that there was indeed some change of conditions within, proving beyond doubt the presence of some intelligent—or, at least, brain-using—being.

His poor opinion of himself and his fear of her sagacity were forthwith justified. "It's only I," she called. "So you can open."

The impudence! As if he were eager to see her, would instantly open for her! Why, she was positively brazen, this sweet, innocent young girl. No—that was unjust. Just because she was innocent she did these outlandish, outrageous things. Yet how could a girl of twenty-two, out four years, extremely intelligent—how could she be thus unaware of what was proper and modest for a young woman dealing with a bachelor? How could she venture upon—no, not merely venture upon, but boldly tackle, grapple with—the subject which the maiden should never so much as hint until the man has forced it upon her? "I don't understand it," he muttered. "She's some queer mixture of craft and innocence. And where the one begins and the other ends I'm blest if I know. There's some mystery in this. She's got some notion—some false notion—or something—Heaven knows what. All I know is, she's got to stop hounding me—and she's not going to get in."

As if she had heard these angry but cautious undertones she said: "Now, Chang, don't be a silly. I know you're against the other side of the door. I could tell by the way the knocks sounded. Besides, I've just peeped through the crack underneath and I saw your big feet."

Then he did feel like an ass! Caught holding a door, like a ten-year-old boy—he, a great, huge, grown man, no less than thirty-two years old! Still, of the two absurd courses open to him—to let her in and to continue to bar her out—the less absurd was the latter. To face her with a red and sheepish countenance—to face her mocking smile—that was not to be thought of.

"Don't be afraid, Chang," she scoffed. "I haven't got a clergyman with me."

"Run along home, you foolish child," he cried. "I'm busy and mustn't be interrupted."

"I must see you—for just a minute," she pleaded—the kind of pleading that is command. "Don't be so vain. Don't take yourself so seriously."

That voice of hers—it sounded sanely humorous. And he certainly was putting himself in the position of having egotistically believed to the uttermost her remarks of yesterday, which were probably nothing but a fantastic mood. But he simply could not open that door and face her plump off. He made three or four steps away from it on tiptoe, then walked heavily, calling out in a tone of gruff indifference: "Come on! But don't forget I'm busy." Luckily he happened to glance at the picture; he had just time hastily to fling a drape over it. He went to the fireplace and busied himself with the fire—for the day after the heavy rain was of an almost winter coolness. He heard the door open and close.

"Your manners are simply shocking," came in her voice.

He turned round to face her. No, she was not in the least abashed, as one would have expected her to be on seeing him for the first time after her proposal. What did it mean? What was in that industrious, agile mind? She was much better dressed than she had been as his model. She was wearing a most becoming gray gown with a small, gray walking hat to match. Yes, she looked prettier, more ladylike, but ——

"How do you like my new spring suit?" asked she.

"Very good," replied he. "But while you've gained something, you've lost more."

"I know it," admitted she. "I saw it the instant I looked at myself in the glass, and I've felt it all the way here. I've lost what you like best in me. That is, I've not exactly lost it, but covered it up. But it's still here." This last in a tone gay with enjoyment in teasing him.

He stood with his back to the fire, and waited. She came slowly toward him, halting at every second step. Her smile was mysterious—and disquieting. It was a mocking smile, yet behind it there lurked—what? *What* was the mystery of that proposal?

"Well, I suppose you'll be satisfied now," said she. "I'm engaged."

"I don't care anything about it," declared he. "Let's talk of something else."

They were facing each other now, not many steps apart; and the sight of her, in such high good humor, made it simply impossible for him to remain grumpy, or to pretend that he was. She went on: "I did it this morning—instead of coming to pose for you. I hope I didn't put you out too much. I couldn't send word."

"I wasn't there," said he. "I can finish the picture up here."

"Then you don't need me any more?" inquired she. And the little hands she was stretching out to the blaze dropped pathetically to her side and up went her face to gaze into his mournfully.

"I've done with models in America!" said he, laughing—not in very mirthful fashion, however.

Her eyes—they were utterly innocent today—remained serious. "I don't see why you were so upset by what I said," observed she reflectively, warming her palms. "You can't have had much experience with women or you'd not have been."

It was a notable proof of Chang's fundamental simplicity of character that this usually sure thrust at masculine vanity did not reach him, though he was only thirty-two. "You're not a woman," replied he. "You're a girl—a child—a stray from the nursery."

She shook her head. "No, I'm a woman. You've made me a woman."

"There you go again!" cried he. "Blaming me!"

"Thanking you!" corrected she gently. "But please don't get so excited about—yesterday. How can we be friends if you begin to fuss and fume every time you think of it? Really, I didn't do anything out of the ordinary."

He dropped into a chair and laughed heartily.

"I simply proposed to you," said she.

"So you think it is ordinary for a girl to propose to a man—and to insist on it, in spite of his protests? Well—maybe it is—in America."

"I don't know," said she reflectively. "I never did it before."

"Really?"

"No," she answered him unsmilingly. "But I'm sure I'll do it again—if I feel like it."

"I wouldn't—if I were you. The next man might misunderstand."

"*You* didn't?" The gray eyes were not interrogative, but affirmative.

"Certainly not. I'm not so vain; and, besides, I knew you."

"That had a great deal to do with it—I mean, the fact that we knew each other so well. I shouldn't, of course, do such a thing to a perfect stranger." There was no suggestion of irony, of any kind of humor, in her voice. But he felt uneasy. She proceeded tranquilly: "I suppose any girl would—in the same circumstances—any sensible girl."

"I've never heard of it," confessed he. What did she mean by "in the same circumstances"? There seemed a chance to penetrate into the mystery, but he would venture no questions. He contented himself with repeating: "No, I never heard of it."

"Naturally," observed she. "A girl wouldn't tell it afterward—and the man couldn't—if he were a gentleman. I'm sure if any one ever asks me whether I ever proposed to a man I'll say no. And, in a way, it is true. Really, you were the one that proposed to me."

"I?" he exclaimed in derision.

"Yes, you," she affirmed, meeting his gaze gravely.

His eyes wavered; he confusedly sought and lit a cigarette.

"Of course," pursued she, "I never could have done such a thing if I hadn't known it would be—agreeable."

That word agreeable struck him as being peculiarly happily chosen. He chuckled. Her smile showed that she herself regarded it as a rhetorical triumph. "You'll have chocolate—won't you?" said he.

"Thank you," she accepted, with eager gratitude. "Won't you let me make it?"

He was already busy. "I can't have you mussing in my closet," he laughed. "Though, Heaven knows, I feel as if you were at home here." It slipped out, before he realized what he was saying. He hoped she had not heard.

But she had. "That's it!" cried she. "*Don't* we feel at home and at ease with each other! I never felt that way with anybody in my life before. And I've a feeling that you never did, either—never so much so. . . . What's the matter?"

He had turned in the closet doorway, was gazing gloomily at her, and, being so big and so dark, his gloom was indeed somber—suggested the darkness of an enchanted forest. "After all my resolutions!" he exclaimed, with bitterness of self-reproach. He shut the closet. "No chocolate," he said firmly. "You must go home and let me work."

"Why, what are you afraid of?" cried she, an angry light in her eyes. "You told me yesterday you weren't in love with me. And now I'm engaged."

"You must go."

She stamped her foot, and in poise of head, in curve of brow and lip showed for the first time the imperiousness she had told him about. "If I didn't like you so well!" she cried. "Do be sensible. You're always calling me a baby. It's you that are the baby."

"I think so, myself," said he, the more quietly but also the more strongly for her threatening outburst of temper. "Listen to me, Rix. This nonsense has got to stop. We're going to keep away from each other. We're not in love —

and we're not going to put ourselves in the way of temptation." He looked reproachfully at her. "Why in thunder did you have to go and spoil everything with that chatter of yours yesterday? We were getting along beautifully, and the idea of you as a girl in the ordinary sense never had entered my head."

"You didn't understand yourself," said she. "Women are wiser about those things than men—the most foolish women than the wisest men. Besides, if you knew the circumstances as I know them, you'd not attach so much importance to what was perfectly natural."

He puzzled with this an instant, dismissed it. "Anyhow, the milk's spilt," said he with determination. "And you must go and not come back."

"But now that I'm engaged ——"

"Engaged be hanged!" exclaimed he violently. "I'm not as stupid as you think. Can't I see that you're up to the same tricks as yesterday. What do you mean by it? What's going on in the back of your head? No—never mind. I don't want to know. I want you to go."

She sat on the long, low bench and began to cry. "You're brutal to me," she sobbed. "Here I went and got engaged just to oblige you and so that we could be friends. And now you won't be friends!"

He fretted about, glancing angrily at her from time to time until he could endure her unhappiness no longer. He rushed for the closet and began rattling the pots and dishes. "You are making an ass of me!" he cried. "I never heard of such a woman! No matter what I say or do, you put me in the wrong. . . . Dry those tears and I'll give you chocolate. But, mind you, this is the last time."

She removed the traces of grief with celerity and cheerfulness. She beamed on him. "I simply won't let us not be friends," said she. "I never had a friend before. I couldn't get along without you. You teach me so much, and give me such good advice."

"Which you take," said he, grumpily ironical.

"All of it that's good," replied she. "You wouldn't want me to take the bad advice, would you?"

In the end he let her help him make the chocolate, guided her as she investigated the secrets of the closet—the easels and paints, the canvases and drawing paper. And she laughed at his pair of big, old slippers, and insisted on trying on a working-coat full of holes and smelling fiercely of stale tobacco. Before he realized what was going on he was submitting joyously while she combed his hair in a new way—"one that'll bring out the artist in you." And then they had a picnic before the fire, and neither said a single word that would not have sounded foolish from the lips of twelve years old—foolish, mind you, not silly; there's a world of difference between foolish and silly, between folly and flatness. They had a tremendously good time, like the two attractive grown-up children that they were—both brimming with the joy of life, both eager for laughter as only intelligent, imaginative people with no blight of solemn-ass false dignity upon them are. And how thoroughly congenial they were! He did not awaken until she cried: "Good gracious! What time is it? Six o'clock? I must go this minute."

"Don't hurry. I'll take you home," said he. Then, with sudden virtue, "You know, this is to be the last."

She shook her head, laughing. "Oh, no. I'll be down at the lake, as usual, tomorrow morning."

"I'll not be there."

"Then I'll come on here."

"Now, Rix, that isn't square."

"Square? To whom?"

"To me—to yourself—to that chap you're engaged to."

"Are you afraid of falling in love with me?"

"No—not in the least," replied he, hasty and vigorous. "I don't think of you at all in that way."

"You think you'll hurt my vanity and make me angry."

"Nothing of the kind!" protested he crossly. "You simply can't get it through your head that I don't love you—that my life is settled along other lines."

"Then why shouldn't I come?"

His mouth opened to reply, closed again. His expression was foolish.

She laughed. "You *are* vain!" she cried. "You think the more I see of you the more I'll love you. Oh, Chang, Chang—what a peacock!"

"You've got a positive genius for putting me in the wrong. You ——"

"Now, isn't it sensible," she interrupted, "for you to let me come—and get cured of my romantic nonsense, as you call it?"

"I don't need you any more. You only interrupt my work. And I've got a hard fight, making a career in this country. I ——"

"You know you do need me. The picture isn't done."

"Why do you say that?"

"I saw it in your face when I first came and spoke about the picture."

She had him there. The picture did indeed need several days more with the model. He took another tack. "It's a mean trick for you to play on that—that fellow you're going to marry."

"He and I understand each other," said she with dignity.

"Does he know about—about this ——"

"As much as is good for him. He isn't the kind of man that can be told the whole truth. A person has to be careful, you know, and judge the character of the person she's dealing with."

Her manner was so wise and serious that he could not but laugh. "I'm afraid Rix is—just a little deceitful."

"You seem very much interested," said she. "Well, I'll tell you all about it. Perhaps you can advise me better, if ——"

He put up his hands. "Not a word!" he cried. "I don't want to know. I don't care anything about it."

"Please let me say just one thing. If you'll let me come ——"

"But I won't ——"

"Oh, yes, you will," cried she, looking mockingly at him, her head on one side. "You say you are devoted to your art. Then you've no right to sacrifice your picture to your vanity."

"My vanity! Well, I like that!"

"Your vanity. Your idea that on acquaintance you are more and more fascinating, instead of less and less so."

"I can take care of the picture."

"Oughtn't I to pose till it's done? Honestly, Chang?"

He could not lie when she put it to him that way. "Well, I will admit," he conceded with much reluctance, "the picture would be the better for a few more sittings. But they're not absolutely necessary."

"I have my right, too, Chang," continued she. "We're doing that picture together. I've got a share in it—haven't I?"

He had grown still and thoughtful. He nodded.

"So I insist that it must be done right. . . . Have you noticed that I haven't once today said anything about loving you?"

"For Heaven's sake, Rix, don't talk that way. It gets on my nerves. It makes me feel like a jumping idiot."

"But have I said anything?" persisted she.

"Not in so many words," he admitted. "But ——"

"I'm not responsible for what you may have read into my looks and voice, Chang. You know, you are so vain! . . . I haven't said anything, and I'll promise not to—to get on those shaky nerves of yours when I come to pose."

"That's a bargain?"

"Shake hands."

And they shook hands. "Now, I must go," said she. When he began to get ready to accompany her she forbade him in a tone that admitted of no discussion. "It's an hour from even dusk," said she. "Anyhow, I'm afraid of nothing."

"I should say!" laughed he.

"Because I'm not afraid of you? Oh, you *are* vain!"

"Till tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow."

"And no more nonsense?"

"I thought it all out last night," said she. "I understand that you haven't got the money to support a wife ——"

"Stop right there!" commanded he. "Can't you ever get it straight? I don't love you—and you don't love me. That's all."

"Is my hat on straight? . . . I must hurry. . . . Well, I've no time to discuss. Only I do admire and respect you for not wanting to marry a girl when you couldn't support her properly. Now, don't get red and cross and begin to bluster at me. I must go. Good-by."

And, without giving him a chance to collect words for a reply, she darted lightly and gracefully away.

IV

THE picture progressed steadily. There were no interruptions from the weather, and a paid model would not have been so regular as was Rix. But progress was slow. Roger blamed himself in part for this; he was a slow workman, growing slower always as his work neared completion. "I never saw anybody so painstaking," said Rix. "And you're just the opposite in everything else but your painting." The chief reason, however, for the snail's pace of this particular work was the model. Rix came early and stayed late; but, after their plain talk and agreement, her strength seemed to fail rapidly. She looked just the same; she had every sign of perfect health; but after ten or fifteen minutes of posing she would insist on a rest—a good, long rest. As he had no right to criticise or control this voluntary model, he could not protest. And, it being essential to the picture that the model keep on till the end, was he not merely doing his simple duty by his picture in trying to amuse and interest her during the long pauses? Not that talking with her was a disagreeable task—no, indeed, or a task at all. But his conscience, as a serious man bent upon a career, needed constant reassurance that he was really not trifling away the gorgeous lights of those long mornings in dawdling with a foolish, frivolous girl who cared only for laughter—that he was not encouraging his liking for her and failing in his duty as an honorable man, as her friend, to discourage her liking for him.

"Don't be cross with me," she said one morning when he fell into an obviously depressed reverie during a rest. She had the habit of observing him as a woman observes only the man of whom she believes that he is more worth while as a subject for thought than herself.

"I'm not cross with you," replied he.

"Then, with yourself."

"Can't help it. I work so infernally slow—slower all the time."

He thought he saw the diaphanous gossamer of a smile flit swiftly across her face. But he could not be sure. "I read somewhere," observed she, "that genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains."

"I'm hanged if I know whether I'm taking pains, as I hope, or am just dawdling, as I fear and as you believe. However, we'll soon be done."

"You say that as if you were glad."

"Oh, of course I'm pleased to work in such charming company," said he politely. His face took on the expression that always made her uneasy as he added: "Still, I never lose sight of my career."

"No danger of that," declared she, with a conviction of tone which she could have found it in her heart to wish insincere. "I never saw any one so persistent and so—so hard."

He laughed at the absurdity of her calling him hard. What would she think if she knew what a relentless taskmaster he usually was!

"How much longer do you think you'll need me?" asked she.

"Not many days. Three or four, perhaps."

It was her turn to drop into depressed abstraction. She roused herself to say, "Won't you use me in another picture?"

He frowned—it was nearly a scowl. "No, indeed," said he. "I've—that is, I've imposed on you enough."

"You sounded as if you were going to say *I* had imposed on *you* enough," she reproached suspiciously.

"What are you laughing at?"

"I?" cried she with the utmost innocence. "I feel like anything but laughing."

He subsided. "Well, if you weren't laughing you ought to have been."

She rather disappointed him by refusing to take the bait. Instead of asking why, she returned to her original point. "Don't you think pictures with figures in them—especially women—are more interesting than just grass and leaves and things?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then you've got to have *some* model. Why not me? Haven't I been giving satisfaction?"

"Indeed, you have. But I'll get a model who isn't so interesting to talk with—one who doesn't demand such high pay. Time is the most valuable thing in the world."

"Not mine. It's dirt cheap." She sighed. "I don't know what I'll do with myself when you get through with me," she said dolefully. "I've always been so restless before. I see now I was right in thinking it was because I didn't have something to do—something useful."

The subject dropped. While he was as inexpert as the next strongly masculine man in the ways of women, he had intuitions that more than replaced analysis. And there was something in her increasing tendency to reverie that made him uneasy—that made him wonder whether this idle child were not plotting some new device for stealing more of his time from his career. "She'll get left, if she is," he said to himself. But he continued to have qualms of nervousness. She was so crafty, this innocent maiden; she was always taking him by surprise.

There came a stage in his work when it did not especially matter whether he had a model or not. He let her continue to come, however, while he revolved how best to effect the separation. He felt certain that she was simply utilizing him in whiling away leisure hours that would otherwise bore her; still, courtesy demanded that, in ridding himself of her, he show consideration for her. After all, she had been most useful to him, had helped him to make what he hoped would be regarded as far and away the best picture he had ever produced. "Never again!" he swore solemnly. "Never again will I work with any one I can't pay off and discharge. Free labor is the most expensive. Something for nothing takes the shirt off your back when you come to pay."

She was posing in her canoe, well out from the shore. He was laboring at an effect of luminous shadow which would better bring out the poetry he had been striving to put into the expression of her face. A slight sound made him glance at the other shore of the lake—about two hundred yards away, in that little bay. At a point where his model's back was full toward them, two young men were standing staring at her. The expression of their faces, of their bodies, made them a living tableau of the phrase, "rooted to the spot." At first glance he was angered by their impertinence; but directly came an intuition that something out of the ordinary was about to happen. Swift upon the intuition followed its realization. One of the young men—the shorter, much the shorter—shouted in a voice of angry amazement:

"Beatrice!"

That shout acted upon Roger's model like the shot from a gun it so strongly suggested. She glanced over her shoulder, lost her balance. Up went her arms wildly; with a shriek of dismay she rolled most ungracefully into the water. Her flying heels gave the capsized canoe a kick that sent it skimming and bobbing a dozen yards away. Roger flung down palette and brush, dashed into the shallow water, strode rapidly toward where Rix was struggling to right herself. He soon arrived, reached under, seized her by the shoulder and brought her right side up. She splashed and spluttered and gasped, clinging to him, he holding her in his arms.

"What a mess!" she exclaimed as soon as she could articulate. "Where are those two?"

He glanced across the bay, located them running along the shore, making the wide detour necessary to getting to where he had stood painting her. "They're coming," said he.

Still clinging to him she cleared her eyes of water and looked. "Yes, I see," gasped she. "[illegible] The one ahead is my brother. About the only thing he can do is sprint. So he'll get here first. You must act as if you knew him—must call him Heck—that's the short for Hector. I'll prompt him all right."

"Come on. Let's wade ashore." He tried to release himself from her. "The water's not four feet deep."

"Don't let go of me," pleaded she. "I'm a little weak—and oh, horribly cold!" And she took a firmer hold.

He did not argue or hesitate, but decided for the most expeditious way ashore. That is, he gathered her up in his arms as easily as if she had weighed thirty pounds instead of nearly a hundred and thirty—making no account of the hundred pounds or so of water she was carrying in her garments. As she had predicted, Hector distanced his taller and heavier companion and arrived well in advance of him. When he came panting to within a hundred yards or so of where she was wringing out her skirts Roger sung out, loudly enough for his voice to reach the ears of the still distant other youth: "Hello, Heck. She's all right."

"Heck" stopped short in astonishment. Then he came on, but at a slower gait. "Who are *you?*" he said to Roger.

Rix looked up from her clothes-wringing. "Call him Chang," she said tranquilly to her brother. "Hank mustn't know."

"What the dev——" began Heck.

"Shut up, Heck," Beatrice ordered in the tone members of the same family do not hesitate to use to one another in moments of extreme provocation. "Don't try to think. You know you can't. You've certainly got sense enough to see that Hank must be made to believe that Chang and you are old friends." She added in a still lower tone: "Drop that hit-on-the-head look. He's not ten seconds away."

Hector had barely time for an indifferently successful but passable rearrangement of his expression when up dashed Hank, puffing, all solicitude. "You're not hurt very much, dear—are you?" he panted. "Might know—Heck's such an awful fool."

"Mr. Chang, Mr. Vanderkief," interrupted Beatrice.

Vanderkief, big and heavy, red and breathless, mechanically bowed. The effort of that conventional gesture seemed suddenly to recall to him the state of mind suspended by the catastrophe. He gave the big artist a second and longer and unpleasantly sharp stare. Roger returned it with polite affability of eye. "We must build a fire," said he, "and dry this young lady. Come on, Heck." The way "Heck" winced seemed to delight him; and Beatrice and he exchanged one of those furtive looks of sympathetic enjoyment of a secret joke that proclaim a high degree of intimacy and understanding. Said Roger to the stiff and uneasy "Hank": "Will you help, Mr. Vandersniff?"

"Mr. Vanderkief," corrected Beatrice. "While you three are building the fire I'll retire into the bushes and squeeze out all I can of the lake."

Not without making Hank's eyes glint jealously and her brother's eyes angrily, but without either's overhearing, she contrived to say to Roger, "You'll help me out, won't you?"

"Sure," said he. "But my name's Roger Wade—not Chang."

"And mine's Beatrice Richmond."

"That's plenty to go on. Now, hide in the bushes. We must hurry up the fire." And he cried to Hank: "Come on, Vanderkief!"

Miss Richmond's teeth were chattering; but she delayed long enough to engage her brother aside a moment. "His name's Wade, not Chang."

"Good Heaven!" muttered Heck. "What's the meaning of all this? Beatrice, who on earth is the fellow? Why, you aren't even sure of the man's name!"

"Mind your own business," said Beatrice tranquilly. "He's an old friend of yours—of mine—of the family—an artist we met in Paris. Don't forget that."

Heck clinched his fists and drew his features into a frown that would have looked dangerous had his chin been stronger. "I'll not stand for it. I'm going to take you bang off home."

"And put Hank on to the whole business?—and end the engagement?—and disgrace me?—and yourself?—and the family?" Every one of these cumulative reasons why Heck could not refuse to conspire she emphasized with a little laugh. She ended: "Oh, I guess not. I care less about it than you do. Be careful, or I'll give it away, myself. It would be such fun!"

Hector, despite his anger, gave an appreciative grin, for he had a sense of humor.

"Behave yourself," said Beatrice. "Go help get wood."

"But what'll mother say—and father! Holy cat! How father will scream!"

"Don't you worry. Do your part!" And Beatrice vanished among the bushes and huge glacial rocks.

Roger conducted his part in the deception with signal distinction. He so busied himself collecting huge pieces of wood and bearing them to the central pile they were making in an open space that he had no breath or time for conversation; and as the other two men could not but follow so worthy an example, not a word was said. Besides, a glance at the face of either big Hank or little Heck was enough to disclose how industriously they were thinking. Once Hank, finding himself near the picture, began to edge round for a look at it. He thought Roger was busy far away. He literally jumped when Roger's voice—authoritative, anything but friendly—hurled at him:

"I say there, you! Keep away from that picture! I don't let anybody look at my unfinished things."

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered Vanderkief, hastily putting himself where no suspicion of even peeping could possibly lie against him.

The fire was a monster, and Roger and Beatrice—who addressed him alternately as Chang and Mr. Wade—were soon drying out. They talked and laughed in the highest spirits, not unmindful of the gloominess of the silent, listening brother and fiancé, but positively enjoying it. Presently Beatrice turned to her brother and said, "I've persuaded Mr. Wade to accept mother's invitation."

Roger smiled agreeably. "Not exactly, Miss Richmond," parried he, as skillfully as if the stroke had not come without the least warning. "I couldn't be sure, you know."

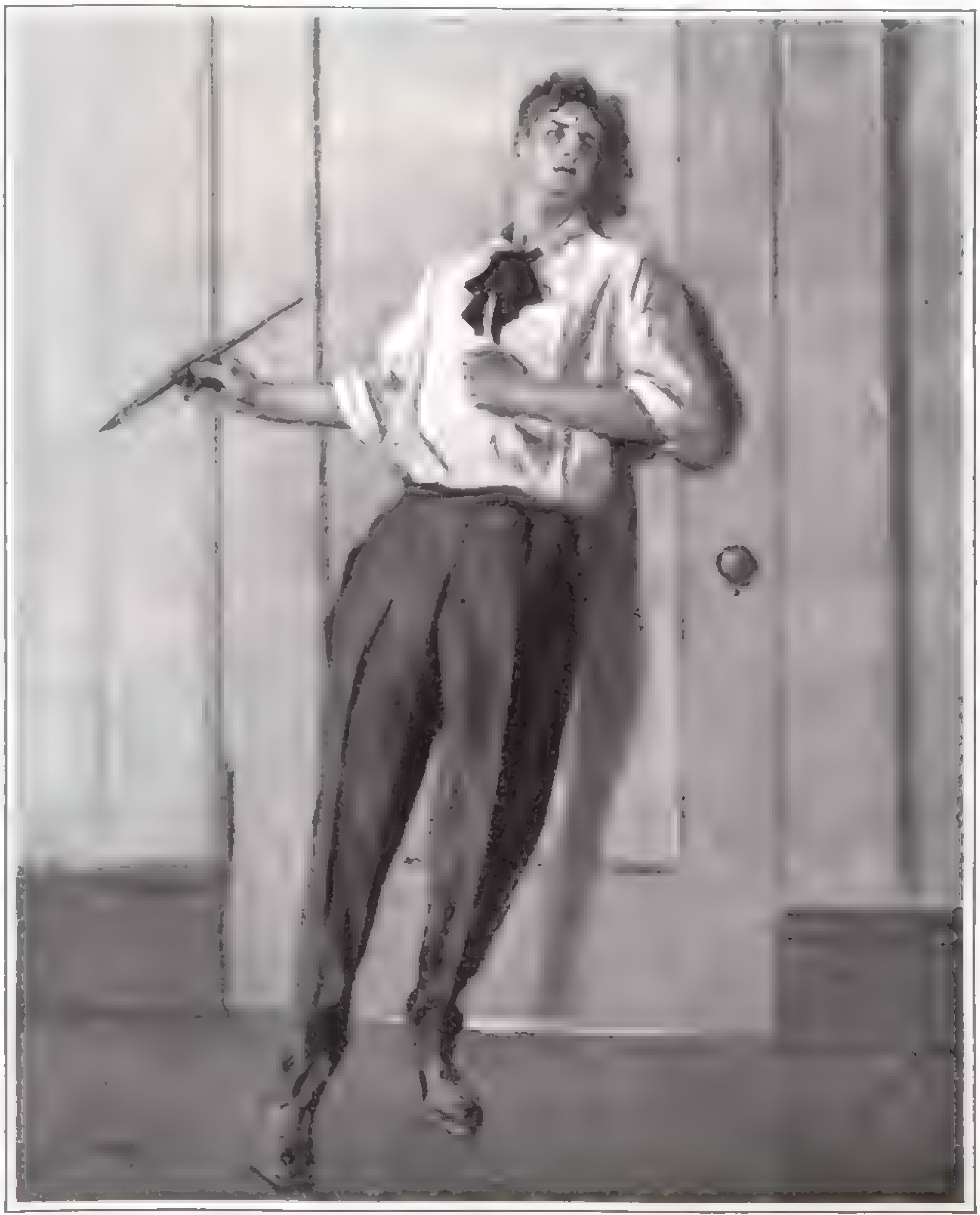
Beatrice looked at the watchful Vanderkief—a handsome fellow, almost as big as Roger, but having the patterned air of a fashionable man instead of Roger's air of unscissored individuality. "Chang is still the toiling hermit," said she. "Mother's having hard work to get him even for dinner." She turned to Roger. "You must come, this once, Chang," pleaded she. In an undertone she added, "You owe it to me—to help me out."

"There's no resisting that," said he, but he did not conceal his dissatisfaction.

Vanderkief's jealousy would no longer permit him to be silent. He blurted out: "I don't see why you annoy Mr.—Mr.——"

"Wade," assisted Roger easily.

(Continued on Page 44)



"It Was as if Those Pretty Knuckles of Hers Were Tapping Him on the Back"

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A Lesson for Steelmakers

TWELVE years ago England exported more than three times as much iron and steel as Germany. At present Germany exports almost as much as England. Moreover, a third of England's exports are in the comparatively raw form of pig iron, which forms only a twelfth of German exports. In sales abroad of the more highly-finished products, then, Germany considerably exceeds England.

That raw materials, assembled at the furnace, cost more in Germany than in England is maintained by a writer in the London Financial Times. He shows also that labor cost is fully as high in Germany, or even somewhat higher.

Whence, then, comes Germany's advantage? Simply, this critic answers, from a highly-developed organization of the industry. The iron and steel trade there is closely consolidated—not in the same way that ours is, but through syndicates embracing practically all the mills. Orders for products are allotted by the syndicates in such a way that each mill will do the work that it can handle to best advantage, regard being had to its location and special facilities, to freight charges and so on. In a word, the wastes of competition are eliminated. The syndicates also systematically cut prices on products for export, especially when the home demand is slack. To this thorough organization alone the English writer attributes Germany's ability to overtake England in foreign trade, though paying more for raw materials and as much for labor.

As to organization, we have the same advantage that Germany enjoys. We have cheaper raw materials, and labor cost probably as low or even lower. Yet in addition to all this our manufacturers say that they must have a forty-three-per-cent tariff, though Germany gets along with an eighteen-per-cent one.

The Selling of Books

A NEW book admittedly is one of the hardest articles to sell and one of the hardest to buy in the United States. Several thousand of them are prepared for sale every year. In the very largest cities there will be only two or three shops that keep anything like a complete stock. Outside of the very largest cities nothing even remotely approximating a complete stock is to be found. In towns, even big, thriving towns, only a few of the most popular new books are to be had except by sending away for them. The person who wants a new book, except the few most popular ones, must take considerable pains to get it.

Books are not comparable to kerosene or to tobacco or to soda crackers; but in lines other than those whoever harbors an inclination to buy finds the object of the inclination thrust under his nose with an inviting smile.

To the acknowledged decay of the bookshop publishers attribute much of their trouble. But nothing decays without a reason; and the publishers' effort of several years ago to foster bookselling by arbitrarily holding up the price to the purchaser, so as to insure the retail seller a good profit, was obviously mistaken. To prove that the reading public is not decaying we might mention the little legend that generally appears on the front cover of this magazine; but the fact is not disputed.

Publishers do not admit that the price is at fault—this almost invariable minimum of a dollar and a half, which becomes a dollar eight, say, if you happen to find the book in a shop. If only a few hundred or a few thousand copies are sold that price does leave little profit for anybody concerned. How it would be if the price were a half or a third as much and the sales six or eight times as great nobody seems definitely to know.

The Price of Money

THE recent novelty of Government bonds selling below par provoked some comment that was wide of the mark. Since 1900 nearly the whole interest-bearing debt of the United States has been funded at two per cent and until this fall the issues sold above par.

In modern times no Government had borrowed on long-time bonds at so low a rate, nor could this country have done it on the simple merit of the bonds as an investment. It was the special privilege attaching to the two per cents as a basis for banknote circulation and their particular availability in that regard that maintained them above par.

It is doubtful whether interest rates do, on the whole, tend to fall. The funded debt of England began in 1694, with the founding of the Bank of England, and the English Government then paid eight per cent for money. But fourteen years later the rate was reduced to six per cent; in 1727 to four per cent, and in 1757 to three per cent. In spite of the enormous accumulation of capital in the ensuing century and a half this three-per-cent rate seems about bed rock—about the minimum rate at which money can be had for long time on the strongest Government security. Once at least in the eighteenth century Holland borrowed at two per cent, and prior to the Boer war English Government bonds bearing two and three-quarters per cent sold well above par. But since that war her two-and-a-half-per-cent bonds have sold far below par. They now net the investor a little more than three per cent, and French Government bonds, bearing three per cent, sell slightly below par.

The experience of a hundred and fifty years seems to show that, although the accumulation of capital goes forward at a great rate, three per cent is about bed rock for the best permanent investments.

Will the President Conspire?

SIGNS of a conspiracy to discredit President Taft with the public are alleged to be observable at Washington—provided the observer is nervous enough and looks at just the right angle.

In the nature of the case such a conspiracy could not hide its tracks. A President cannot be discredited in secret. Hence, if there is any such conspiracy everybody will soon know it.

So far we have discovered only one very suspicious sign. At Winona the President quite heartily indorsed the Payne law as a substantial fulfillment of the country's just expectations in regard to tariff revision. If we were managing a conspiracy for the purpose of sapping his popularity that is exactly what we would have wished him to do. A disinclination here and there to step across the line of strictest executive etiquette, when interests of considerable moment were at stake, may have been inspired in him by conspirators who wished the people to think that he was a sort of constitutional Turveydrop who wouldn't rescue a drowning man unless he had been introduced. But the evidence here is much too slight to warrant a reasonable suspicion.

There is only one way to discredit the President with the people—which is to get him to do unpopular things. As President and as chief of his party he cannot be removed from influences which may safely be guaranteed to make unpopular whatever they touch. Whether they are constituting a conspiracy to confer that quality upon the President probably depends upon what they judge the chances of success in that regard to be. But upon this point the President himself ought to be the best judge, and he surely knows that no such conspiracy can succeed unless he obligingly becomes a party to it.

Rivers as Market Wagons

THE "Mississippi River System" includes the Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas, White, Yazoo, Ouachita and Red rivers. Glance at the map and see where it spreads—fourteen thousand miles. On this system the total movement of freight by water, excluding rafts and harbor traffic, was only nineteen million tons in the last year for which a full account was made up, and three-quarters of the total was coal, stone and sand. But little over two million tons was carried on steamers, the remainder being towed in unrigged crafts. On all state and private canals in the country the total traffic is only seven million tons, less than half as much as in 1880, while freight carried by rail has about trebled since 1890. Even during the severe freight congestion of three years ago the "Mississippi River System" got very little traffic.

The Central West is now pretty fully aware that there is a vast natural resource that needs conserving. Uncle Joe and the elder statesmen, of course, are much exercised over the probable cost. But they would be exercised even if it cost nothing, because the development of this great waterway involves a radical change, and that idea is painful to them under any guise.

Water traffic on the Great Lakes has increased very much in twenty years; but even here the increase is mostly in iron ore and grain that is carried eastward. The total westward movement is under nineteen million tons, and seventeen millions of that is coal.

A Sovereign Recipe

THAT the average city lawyer makes rather less than a thousand dollars a year has been alleged—on the authority, we suspect, of a Welsh rabbit or a wedge of mince pie taken the night before. If that were really the state of the lawyer, the state of the comparatively poverty-stricken professions of divinity, medicine, journalism and pedagogy must be shocking indeed. That we still essentially lack the European improvement of an "intellectual proletariat" seems pretty clear from the lack of evidence.

Kropotkin has described the steps by which he was led to embrace anarchy. Concerning the first exponent of that philosophy with whom he came in close contact, the eminent Russian wrote: "He was one of the most broadly educated men I ever met. He was employed as proofreader, but his earnings were so small that he had to give his nights to translating novels from German into French."

It is needless to go further. The sovereign recipe for anarchism is here disclosed. One of our own philosophers once confessed that he became an anarchist because, after graduation from college, he was obliged to wear his summer pants in January. But he now buys bonds instead of bombs, and is notably conservative. A liberal education and one meal a day make a highly-explosive compound.

A Rich Man's Bequests

A VERY rich man who died recently—of whom, however, the general public had scarcely heard—left twenty-five million dollars for various philanthropic purposes. This was not only his largest investment, but his ultimate one—the residuum, so to speak, of all his other investments. Being an intelligent man probably he had grave doubts about it. To bequeath a great amount for the use of mankind is about the least certain venture in finance. It is now generally admitted that a good deal of money has been given to colleges in such a way as to hinder rather than help.

Not that the venture is of a new sort. To amass a great fortune and leave it all to the family has always required exceptional nerve. Formerly the money was left to monasteries and abbeys, instead of to colleges and hospitals. The great religious foundations whose empty shells now excite the European traveler were partly built up by pious bequests of mediæval captains of industry. Even if the industry were plain pillage the captain often felt it incumbent to square his account by means of a final benevolence. The decay of a great number of ultimate, justifying investments in this form helps to make Europe picturesque.

One would suppose that very rich men would be the first to welcome a progressive inheritance tax. It would relieve them of a good deal of responsibility in the matter of bequeathing money with a strong probability that, presently, it would be wasted.

Waiting for a Trust?

IF YOU live in New York you pay ten cents a quart for milk and in Chicago eight cents. The dairymen who furnish the milk get about half as much for it, and the cost, per quart, of transportation from dairy to city is so small as to be almost negligible. Why is milk so dear?

By looking out of the kitchen window any morning you can see one of the answers. This milkman's cart delivers a bottle at No. 10 A Street, another bottle at No. 10 B Street, a third at No. 10 C Street. The next cart delivers a bottle at No. 11 A Street, one at No. 11 B Street, one at No. 11 C Street. The carts beat over one another's tracks.

If there were a real trust all the waste of this duplicate would be eliminated. Of course, the consumer would get no benefit from the saving. The trust would hog it, issuing many millions of fiat common stock to absorb the profits arising from a consolidated delivery service.

In this country town are half a dozen or a dozen shops that deliver goods to customers—groceries, meat, hardware, furniture and so on. Each of them—unless some economic light has already penetrated there—maintains its own horse and wagon, which are idle two-thirds of the time. By coöperating and using one or two wagons the cost of delivering could easily be cut in half. A trust, of course, would see to that at once and pocket the saving

Almost invariably, so far, we have waited for a trust to show us how these wastes may be eliminated—and to pocket the benefit. But it isn't necessary to wait. In many cases all that a trust could accomplish in the way of eliminating waste can be accomplished by cooperation.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

'Rah-'rah-'rah! Yale!

"Bum," the Treasurer

SPEAKING of money—and do we not all like to speak of money? We do, albeit few of us get a chance to speak to it—Speaking of money, how would you like to give a receipt for a billion, one hundred and seventy-five million of Uncle Sam's simoleons? Do you get that? One billion, one hundred and seventy-five million. Enough, as it were, to enable a person to round out his declining years in comparative luxury.

Of course, it is hard to comprehend a billion—almost as hard as it is to apprehend a thousand—not quite, but almost. You remember how they used to beat the immensity of a billion into us in early arithmetic days? There always was a paragraph that told how long it would take to count a billion, about a hundred million years less than it would take to get a billion, as I remember it, but long enough for any of us whose span of life is constantly threatened by automobiles and trolley cars. Nor is it clear why any person should want to count a billion although the arithmetics seemed to think that was a sterling ambition—unless, perchance, he should be Vice-President of the United States and desire something to occupy his mind and time

However, I state without fear of successful contradiction that one billion, one hundred and seventy-five million dollars is a tidy bit of money. It comprises about all the loose change Uncle Samuel has at the present moment. Wherefore, when Mr. Lee McClung receipted for it a few days ago, wrote his name at the bottom of a slip of paper reading like this: "Received from Charles H. Treat $1,175,000,000 in cash," was he to be blamed—McClung I mean—for rising in his chair, carefully laying aside his pen for the McClung archives, and barking: "'Rah-'rah-'rah! 'Rah-'rah-'rah! 'Rah-'rah-'rah! Yale!"?

Indeed he was not, for this was about the first time Old Eli had put anything across on the Government of the United States, notwithstanding the fact that Bill Taft was a member of the ge-lo-rious class of '78. You see, Colonel T. Faunal Roosevelt came from Harvard, and Big Bill had played it rather low down on Eli by offering the Ambassadorship to the Court of St. James—which is the niftiest-sounding job we have—to Prexy Eliot. Far be it from any person to say that Prexy Eliot had told Big Bill, Yale, '78, that he wouldn't take the job before it was offered to him—far be it from any person to say that—so I say it—but the proffer was there, rankling in the bosom of every loyal Yale man, and especially in the ultra-loyal bosoms of the Class of '78, it being held by that class that when any ambassadorships, or such, were to be distributed the Class of '78 should be considered first. So be it, the Class of '78 had out figure-four traps, nets, birdlime and deadfalls in every direction for just such consideration.

Sitting Tight Over One Billion Dollars

REALLY, the Class of '78 has a legitimate kick coming, for was it not that gallant and noble and distinguished class that rose as one man when Big Bill, Yale, '78, was nominated, and yelled its class head off, spending the rest of the time writing letters to Big Bill, Yale, '78, telling him how to run and what to do and offering personal advice, by word of mouth, to say nothing of tendering services as managers, guides, philosophers and friends? Yale men of the Class of '78 came out of the high grass in all parts of the civilized world and went to bat for Big Bill, '78. Wherefore the Class of '78 should have had something—more than it has had, at any rate. But here comes a Yale man appointed to an important job, and he wasn't of the Class of '78 at all. A mere stripling, Class of '92 or some such late and infantile date.

Be that as it may, the fact is that Yale finally landed, and landed with Lee McClung, who is now Treasurer of the United States and whose name will be famous, hereafter, as soon as they get new dies made, with everybody who collects a chunk of paper money. If, in a few days, when you get a new bill—if so be you can get a new bill—you will observe on the lower right-hand corner, if it is a United States note—a one-dollar bill, say—those being easiest to get—you will observe the name of Lee McClung. Presently, after the bills in circulation are retired, the name of Lee McClung will be found on every bill, national banknotes and all—Lee McClung, Treasurer of the United States—neatly engraved.

It is a pleasant job and a comfortable one, being Treasurer of the United States. All you have to do when you first get on the payroll is to practice writing your name on slips of paper until you get a classy signature and then hand that paper to the man who runs the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where the paper money is made, who will see to it that said name is nicely engraved and put on the dies. After that you wait until the clerks count the cash on hand—that one billion, one hundred and seventy-five million—receipt for it, and then you are free for four years, or as long as you stay in office, to rest comfortably in a leather chair and write occasional special passes for visiting firemen who come to town and want to see the Treasury, to get inside and heft the bag of silver dollars, and to hold the ten-thousand-dollar greenback in their hands and take a peek at the stacked bonds.

The Treasurer of the United States is one of our most ornamental officials, and it was meet and right that Taft, Yale, '78, should go to Yale to get his new one. McClung was treasurer of the Yale Corporation when Mr. Taft, Yale, '78, elevated him and made it possible for the signature of a Yale man to appear on all our paper money You understand, of course, that McClung will not do anything with that billion and more, except receipt for it. He will never see it and, worse luck, all he will get of it will be his six or seven thousand a year, in bills with his own name on them. Congress will appropriate that billion and the excess that may be taken in, and the executive departments will spend it. All McClung will do will be to sit tight in his chair and custode it. He couldn't spend a nickel of it in a billion years.

There is this to be said, however, about Taft, Yale, '78: When he picked a Yale man to be Treasurer of the United States and conferred about the first of his boons on that institution, but not the last, by any means, as all fervently hope—especially the Class of '78—he picked a good one. McClung is one of the famous football stars of Yale. He was a halfback who used to eat 'em up. They had a song they sang to the tune of Hold the Fort:

Hold the fort, McClung is coming,
Barbour signals still:
Heffelfinger's in the center;
Win we must and will.

His full name is Thomas Lee McClung, which he shortened to Lee McClung and which his schoolmates beautified and adorned by the loving substitution of "Bum" for Lee. He began playing football at Phillips Exeter, where he entered from Tennessee in 1884. He was a baseball player at first, but, in 1886, made the eleven After that he rapidly became one of the best players Exeter ever had. He continued as a catcher for the baseball club during his four years at Exeter, but shone brightest on the gridiron, and was largely responsible for several victories over Andover

He went to Yale and soon made the 'varsity team there. When he was a senior, and was playing with Heffelfinger and Barbour, he had a great reputation, not only as a good football player, but as a square and gentlemanly opponent, who never lost his head or his temper no matter how heated the game became.

Eventually he became treasurer of the Yale Corporation and he was there when President Taft asked him to come to Washington. He is a broad-shouldered, round-headed, smiling chap, thick-chested, sturdy and a good deal of an athlete yet. It will be a very dangerous undertaking to go in to the Treasurer of the United States during the next four years and demand any of that billion without a warrant. It is quite likely McClung will not need the assistance of the watch.

And say, it will look fine on that new money: Lee McClung, Treasurer of the United States, on every bill. 'Rah-'rah-'rah! 'Rah-'rah-'rah! 'Rah-'rah-'rah! YALE!

A Dangerous Weapon

TWO Irishmen were out hunting, with one gun between them. The man with the gun saw a bird on a twig and took careful aim at it.

"For the love of Heaven, Mike!" shouted the other hunter, "don't shoot! The gun ain't loaded."

"I've got to," yelled Mike. "The bird won't wait."

Indulgence on the Side

A SEATTLE man who grew rich had a son of whom he disapproved, and when the son was married against the father's wishes the father made him an allowance of twenty dollars a week and said that was all he could have.

A while later he was discussing the matter with a friend of his pioneer days. "Do you think twenty dollars a week is enough for the boy?" he asked.

"Well," replied the friend judicially, "I don't know about that."

"It's a darn sight more than we had when we started in," argued the father.

"Perhaps it is," said the friend, "but you must remember that times have changed. We used to dig clams for our dinner."

"By George!" said the father, "I guess I have been too severe with him. I'll be kinder in the future. I'll buy him a spade and show him where the clams are."

The Funeral Baked Meats

AMBROSE BIERCE sat in the front row at a Bohemian club jinks in San Francisco once, and when the curtain went up a local doctor appeared as master of ceremonies, elaborately dressed in a most immaculate suit of evening clothes.

"Well, Doc," said Bierce genially, "evidently your last patient was a gentleman."

The Sacred White Elephant

AN OREGONIAN who is stout, to put it mildly, went to Japan on a visit, and when he came back had some white-duck clothes. He wore a suit of the duck down to business one morning, and met C. J. Reed, a local wit.

Reed walked along with the man for a space, looking now and again at his plump companion.

Finally he said; "Well, I never have been able to understand why the Siamese worship the white elephant, and I'll be darned if I can yet."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Washington has a minister named E. Hez Swem.

¶ Samuel Untermyer, the big New York lawyer, gets his fun by breeding collies.

¶ President Taft and Senator Depew, of New York, belong to the same college fraternity, Psi Upsilon.

¶ Henry Algernon Du Pont, Senator from Delaware, was just as flossy in his birthplace as he is in his name. He was born at the Eleutherean Mills, Delaware.

¶ Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, was associate editor of a Democratic paper called The Age, at Augusta, Maine, in the late fifties.

¶ Arthur Pue Gorman, son of the late Senator Gorman, of Maryland, is assuming his father's place as Democratic boss of that state, and has Senatorial ambitions.

¶ Senator Richardson, of Delaware, says officially that his first name is Harry. Imagine calling Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, Harry! Or Hank!

¶ Robert G. Cousins, of Iowa, one of the greatest orators in Congress for the past twenty years, who left public life because he was tired of it, is now one of the platform stars of the country.

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Sense and Nonsense

Checkmate

RUNNING from Spokane to Newport, Washington, is the Idaho and Washington Northern Railroad, built by its president, A. F. Blackwell, who made his money in timber lands and builds railroads to show how well it can be done. He built the first interurban electric line out of Spokane. After selling it to the Hill interests he built the road which he now owns, and which was the only railroad in Washington for which the State Railroad Commission could find no improvements to suggest.

Blackwell is now building an extension of his road from Newport to the Metaline mining district, a particularly inaccessible region, which, when it gets transportation, will rival the Cœur d'Alene district in the production of lead and silver.

When James J. Hill visited Spokane last summer he met Blackwell.

"I understand you intend building a railroad down the Pend Oreille River," was his greeting.

"I do," was the quiet response of the timber king.

"But I plan to build a branch of the Great Northern down there."

"Then there'll be two roads," was the equally quiet reply.

The Blackwell road is the one that is being built.

The Terribous Mustapoul!

O pamma's boy! O mappa's joy! Beware the Mustapoul!
It's soft and flat, and—watch for that!—it never comes off whole!

O mappa's girl! O pamma's pearl! Mock not the Poultimard!
It's found in jam and cake and ham—and has no calling card!

He scried to take another cake; he screaled to have more jam;
And when they led him to his bed he still was chibbling ham!

They warned him twice, they warned him thrice: Beware the Poultimard!
That horrish paw! That stiron jaw! Beware! Be on your guard!

So now he lay in dimmish gray, and shookered in his skin;
And as he yail a doubtish scrail the Mustapoul ran in!

That biburn jaw! That tearend claw! That squiffy, squoggish feel!
Oh, swickly fly! Oh me, oh my! He twitchered like an eel!

Loud rang the air with screaling there! He tossurned in his pain:
"If you but fly I'll never cry for second helps again!"

He kanged his head, he bicked his bed; the Mustapoul hung on.
He fought like three himself to free; it still would not be gone.

So long he lay till dawn of day, and fighting could not stop;
A fiersome fight the moanish night, and every while a flop!

Then as he flumped, and gugged, and slumped, and baker-eddyed round,
The Poultimard he sudden jarred, and thrang it to the ground!

Sing ho! Sing hi! Sing cake and pie! The Mustapoul's no more!
He does not simp. He does not jimp. He cannot; he is sore.

O mappa's boy! O pamma's joy! Let others kick out shoes;
The Mustapoul will bite his soul if two helps you refuse!

O pamma's girl! O mappa's pearl! Roll not upon the floor!
The Poultimard grins wide and hard whene'er you screal for more!

—*Herman Da Costa.*

True Greatness

LITTLE MABEL: Say, Tommy, Cook's found the Pole!

LITTLE TOMMY: Pooh! that's nothing! Our cook is a Pole!

Henry Blake's Chum

Henry Blake's chum, he had awful red hair,
And most of his clothes were too small;
And often and often he wore his feet bare
Until it was late in the fall.
But he would just whistle as though he had shoes,
Was never discouraged or glum;
And most any boy would be sorry to lose
A fellow like Henry Blake's chum.

Henry Blake's chum, he knew all about trees,
And woodticks and crickets and birds,
And all of the things that a boy really sees
But can't always tell them in words;
And he knew where fish were the most apt to bite,
And when the first blackberries come,
And how to catch birds in a trap when they light—
No wonder he's good for a chum.

Henry Blake's chum, he had rabbits for pets,
And crows that he taught how to speak,
And dogs that will haul you, and he often gets
A new dog or two every week.
And often he crawls up and catches a frog
Between his first finger and thumb,
Where it may be sitting alone on a log;
And my! Henry's proud of his chum!

Henry Blake's chum, he knew all about flowers
And always could tell you their name,
And didn't mind thunder or lightning or showers
Because he said it's all the same
So long as you're barefoot and haven't much clothes.
And he knew how partridges drum,
And whistled just like a Bob White's whistle goes—
No wonder he's somebody's chum.

Henry Blake's chum, he came up from the farm,
And my! he was awful ashamed
In school not to know the big bone in your arm
Or what the equator was named.
But when it came recess we all stood about
And waited until he would come.
And he told us things we had never found out -
And my! Henry's proud of his chum!

—*J. W. Foley.*

Driftwood

Call me a miner er call me a tramp,
I've been a little of each,
I've floated into many a camp
An' drifted upon the beach;
I've drifted from Salt Lake to Jerome,
The Comstock has knowed me, too,
Wherever I am I calls my home
An' my trade's whatever I do!

Driftin' along, driftin' along,
Floatin' wherever the tide is strong,
Goin' no place an' everywhere,
No one to know an' no one to care,
Gettin' in right er gettin' in wrong—
Driftin', driftin' along

I'm a Native Son er a Peerless Plug,
I'm a Notcher, I guess, as well,
An' down in Nevader I have dug
In heat, hot water an' hell;
High-graded a bit down Goldfield way,
Gumbooted a bit in Nome.
My habitat is where I stay,
An' wherever I am is home.

Driftin' along, driftin' along,
What do I care if you think it wrong?
I gets my clothes an' a drink or two,
An' the rest of my life is nuthin' to you
Floatin' wherever the tide is strong—
Driftin', driftin' along.

Maybe I works a month er so,
Maybe I works a shift,
An' when I'm ready an' primed to go
I quits my workin' to drift.
Sometimes I drifts to the county jail,
An' ceases, sudden, to roam,
Fer I has no cash an' I gets no bail—
So—wherever I am is home!

Driftin' along, driftin' along,
That's the melody of my song;
When I dies I reckon I'll drift
To a hot-box hole an' an endless shift.
But still I'll go where the tide is strong—
Driftin', driftin' along.

—*Berton Braley.*

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MAKING a gift of an umbrella with the name and address of the recipient in it shows thoughtfulness. It means that every time your friend uses the umbrella he or she will remember your kindness. It is so hard to think of presents that are "different." Surely this one answers the purpose.

WHY NAME-ON. We call this umbrella NAME-ON because of a special feature. In every NAME-ON umbrella we will, if desired, work the name and address of the owner right into the umbrella cloth,—see the picture. We do it in such a way that it is not visible from the outside, but when you raise the umbrella it is plain and noticeable from the inside. Not too conspicuous, but right there to identify the umbrella, and to nudge the conscience of any person who may have taken it by mistake. It is done in such a way that the name and address cannot be removed without disfiguring the umbrella.

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9311 [illegible] $5. A gift to be proud of [illegible]

Ladies' — 646 — 12 [illegible] Two [illegible] $2.00 [illegible] no matter what the price.

2528 Ladies' Sterling silver [illegible] 14k gold [illegible] $5 [illegible]

Any handle exchanged after Christmas, free, if the one you chose doesn't thoroughly suit. Remember any name and address put in without charge.

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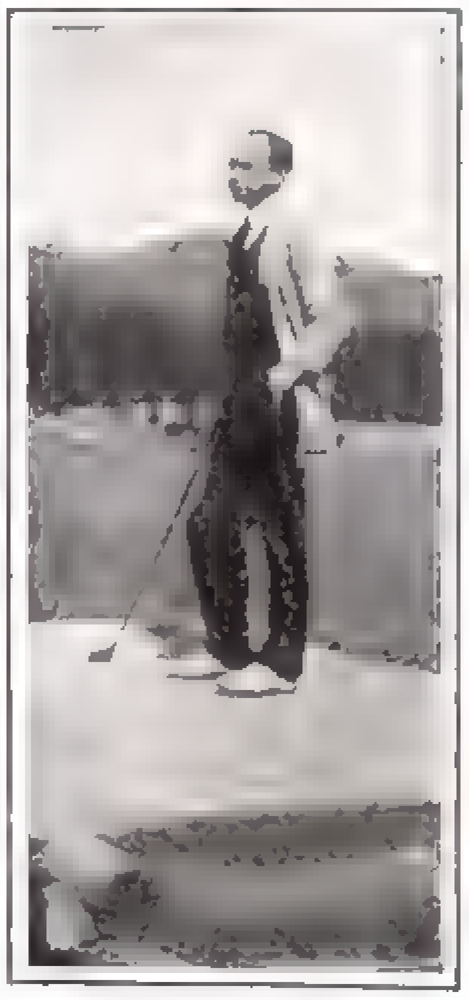

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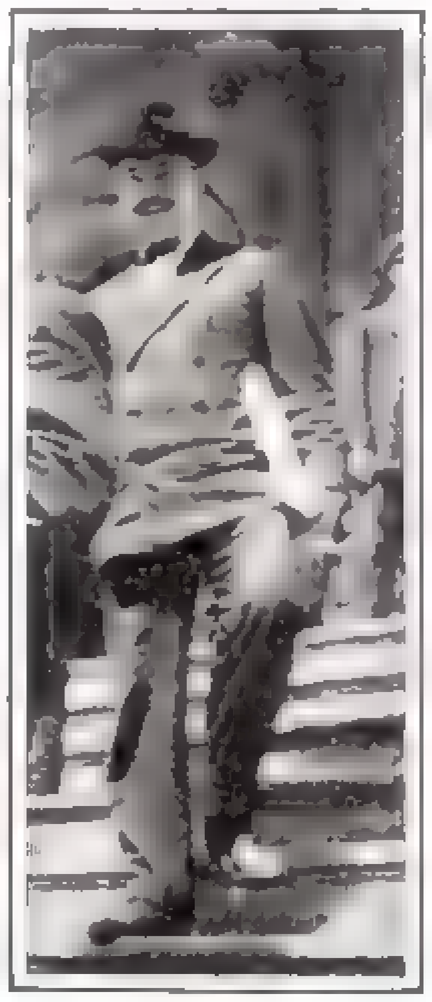

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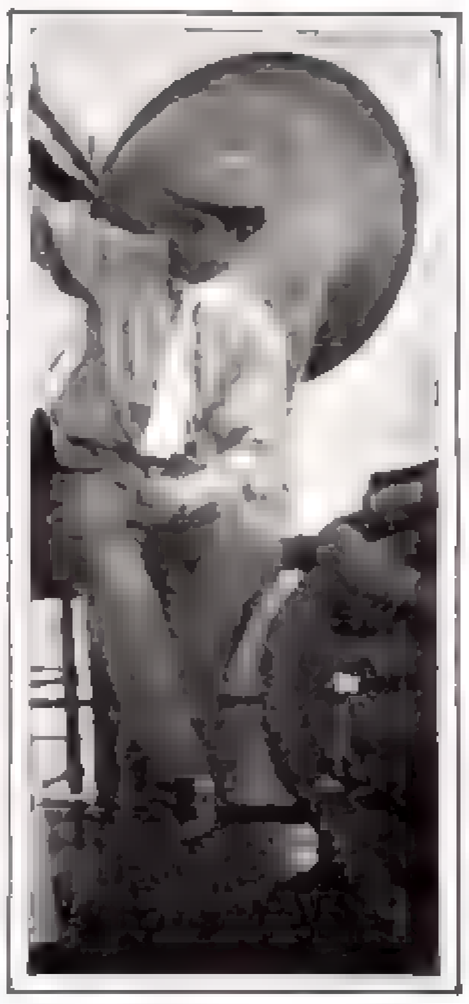

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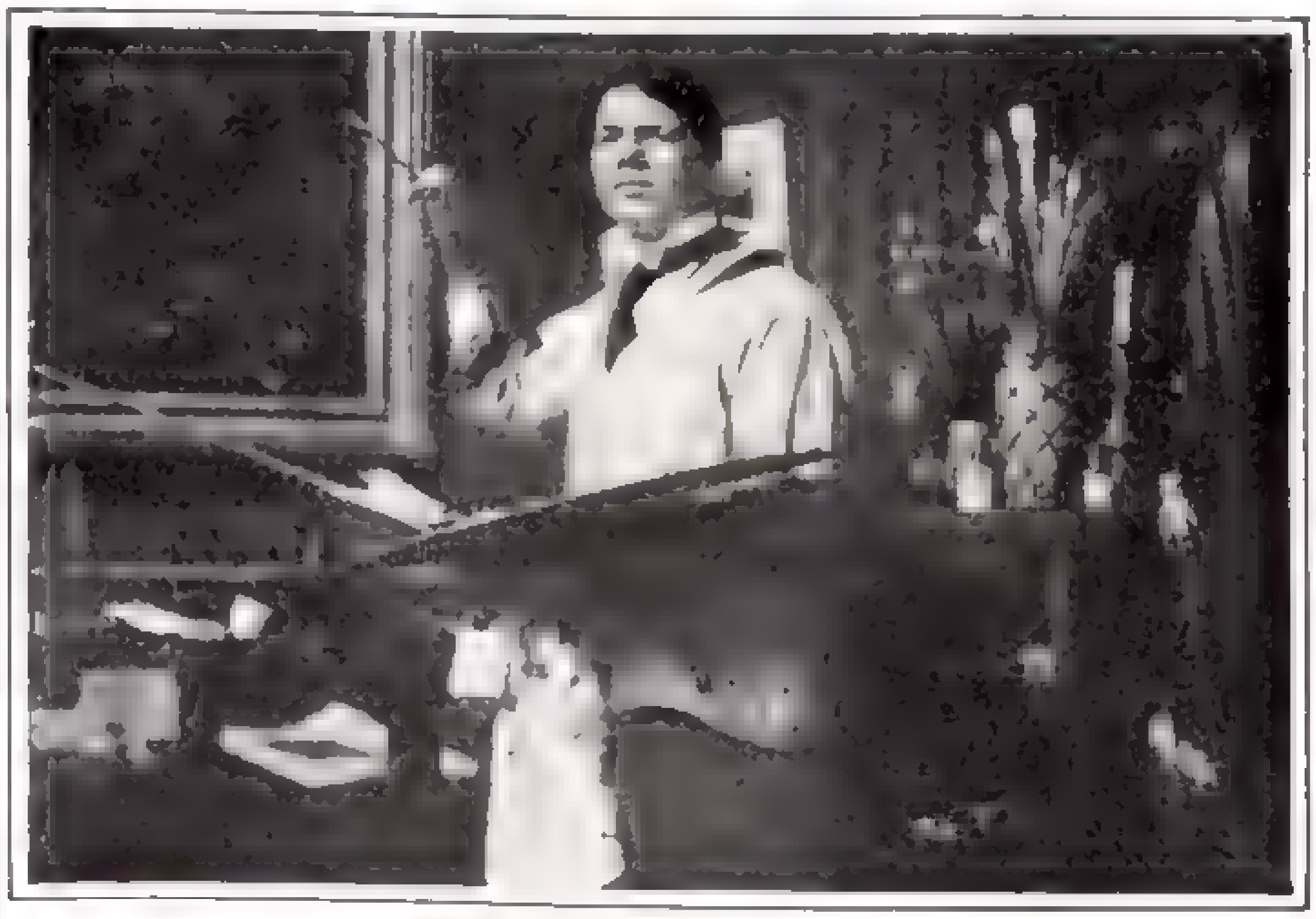

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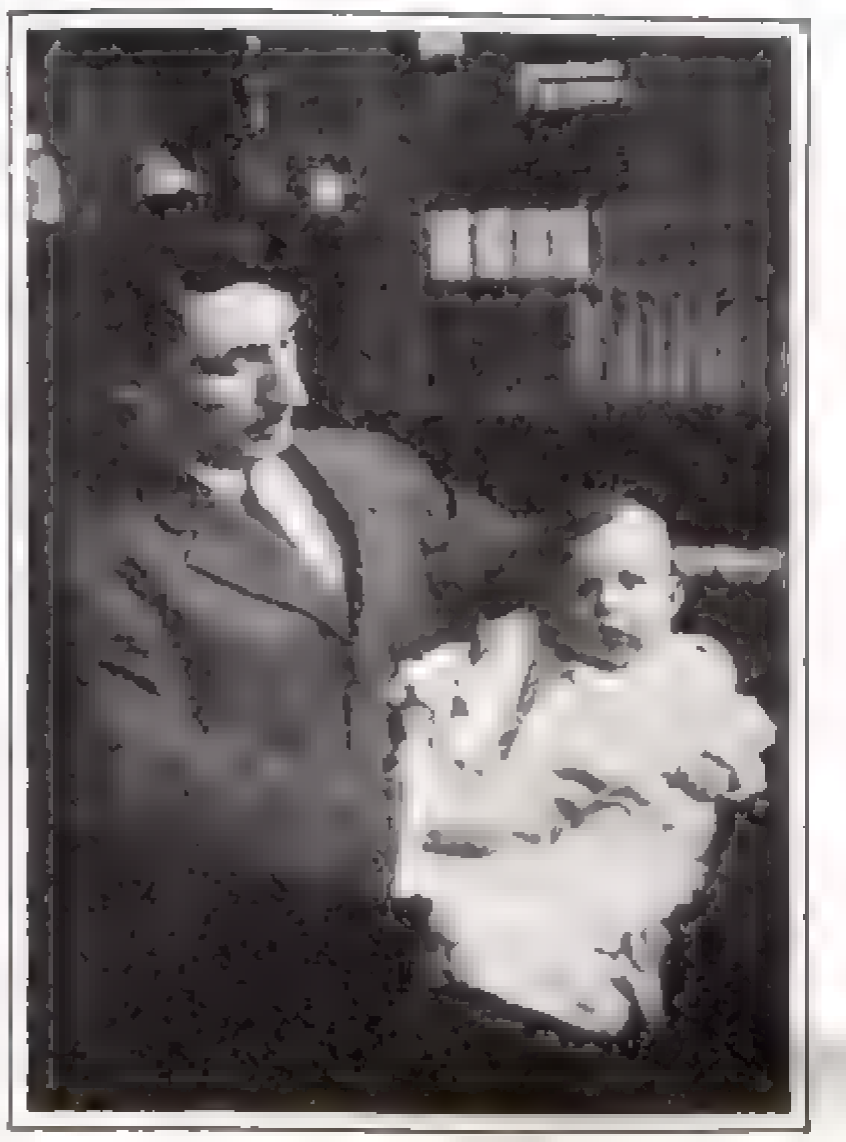

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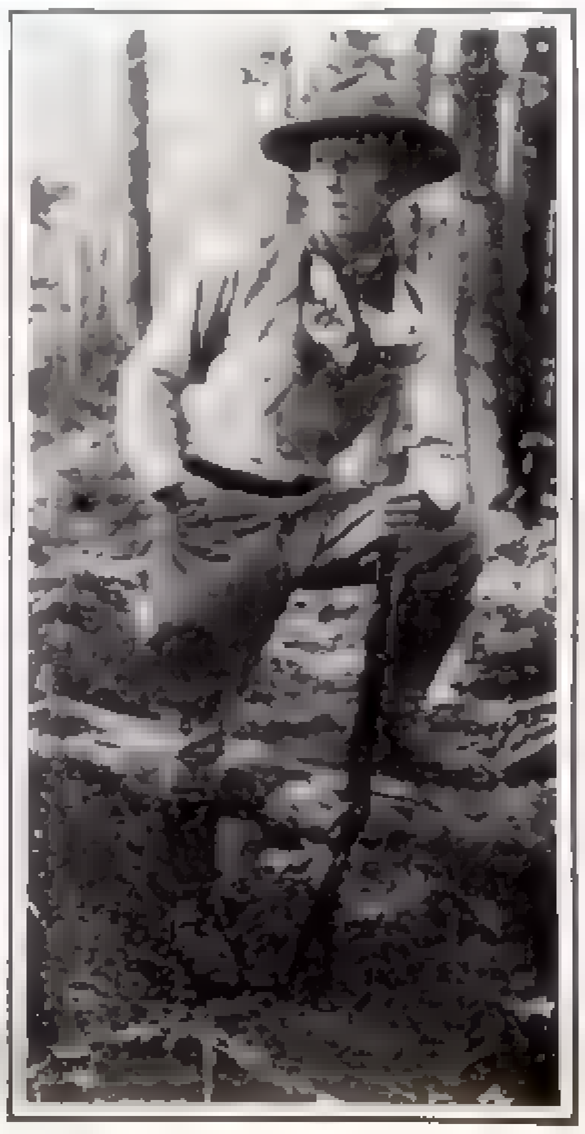
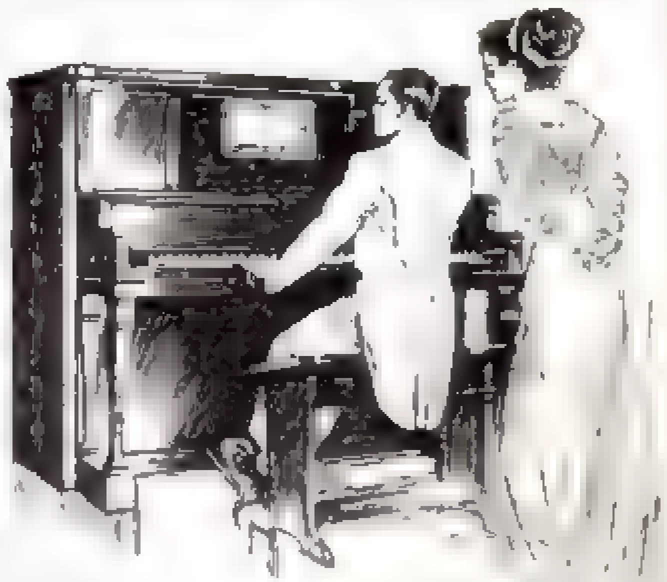


Oliver Kemp, on the Lookout For a Game Warden



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THE MESSAGE

Pink Remembers and Grows Up

By GEORGE PATTULLO

BECAUSE of overconfidence in three aces I was traveling in the day coach. It was midnight, and black slopes went reeling by and an intermittent wind puffed from the sandhills like a dragon's breath, searing the nostrils and setting us to coughing. There were ten mortals in the car and a *vaquero* who strummed a guitar that flaunted a yellow ribbon, while he droned La Paloma in a nasal tenor and from his corner rolled his eyes toward the woman who had boarded the train at Tucalari.

It was very hot. The skin prickled into rash as one tossed and squirmed and loosened more clothing, and the water can beside the door perspired in heavy, regular drops.

Three Mexicans were playing *malillia* on a saddle blanket spread over their knees and, what time the conductor was absent, pulled surreptitiously on *Las Dos Naciones*, so that the air reeked of humanity and tobacco and the pungent odor of horse. At Agua Tinto we took a man out dead. It was his own fault, for we had warned him three separate times that steady application to *mezcal* in a temperature of 103 degrees, when one's eyes are popping from their sockets, is unhealthy. A friend who alighted to escort the remains in fitting manner informed us that the departed had suffered from an affection of the heart and would have died anyway, some time; so we shook off our gloom and lurched forward again through the night.

Wakened from uneasy slumber by a hot cinder I became aware of a man's feet shoved under my chin. They were large, coarse feet, shod with hobnails, and the owner lay sprawled diagonally from the opposite seat. He must have crawled over my legs to attain this ease, which was a liberty not to be brooked since there was no lack of vacant space in the car. I wakened him and attempted to set the matter in its proper light, and he swore at me smilingly in Spanish, persuaded I did not understand, and I reviled him gravely in French, and we were both satisfied. Finally he removed himself, but sleep had flown.

No me mata con pistola
Ni tampoco con puñal.
Matamé con un beso
De tus labios de coral.

Another aspirant was caroling to the olive cheek that peeped above a fold of the striped-silk *sarape*. The *vaquero*—he of the guitar—was slumbering in blissful comfort, his head against an iron joint. And whereas he had been unable to do better than stiffen the aloofness of her attitude, the newcomer won an approving glance of those glinting black eyes.

"I reckon she might smile," observed the singer.

He was a long, loose man, and his glance swept the car with darting speed. In spite of exceptionally delicate features and the keenest eyes I ever saw, there was no especial beauty of face, for surrender to self was writ plain in the lines from nose and mouth. He looked like a man prematurely aged. Patches of gray showed amid clustering brown curls, but his skin was smooth as a child's, and when he smiled one could not resist grinning in sympathy—there was a peculiar appeal in the puzzled way he puckered his forehead and eyebrows and tilted his chin. This characteristic has a remarkable fascination for women, a fascination impossible to explain; but the fact remains that men of his type can go farther in an hour, unscathed and triumphant, than more deserving ones can in a year's hard siege.

"What do you think?" he asked, his gaze fixed on the rich curve of her wrist.

Without awaiting a reply he left his seat and took the one facing me. I removed my feet civilly to make room for him and commented on the change of temperature, for we were booming now through close-hunched hills and a chill was stealing from back of the world. He proffered a stay against cold, and we stretched our legs in high satisfaction, thankful for companionship. We were the only white men in the car.

"Do you know Joey Parker?" he inquired when he was settled. "You sure remember Joey. He used to deal monte at Naco. He was a fine dealer, Joey was, and as honest as they'd let him be."

I had met Mr. Parker in a purely social way, so a bond of friendship was established between us instantly. The name of my new acquaintance was Goins—Pink Goins—and he was bound across the border to seek out a range for sheep. Failing that he would do some prospecting; or if such venture were beyond immediate projection he would take a job punching cows, riding fence preferred.

Such was the beginning of my intimacy with Mr. Goins. In the course of the following morning he confided to me that he contemplated marriage; also, he attempted to borrow five dollars. What an outcry he raised when the news leaked out that this trifling sum was temporarily beyond my wildest hopes! He opined that the country was going to the dogs. But just wait until we reached Ocotillo; there he would dig up funds for both.

"It's a serious business, getting married," I ventured, solely to fill a pause and to switch the conversation.

"It is," he returned with gravity. "A man ought for to think right hard first. But this time I'll improve my condition."

"Then you've been married before?"

"Only once," he assured me.

"The triumph of hope over experience," I murmured.

"Who said that?" he exclaimed, slapping his leg. "That's all right, that is. Did you make it up yourself?"

"A man named Sam Johnson said it."

"Sam Johnson?" He was intensely interested. "Was he any kin to Pete Johnson over to Crosby County?"

"No, the Doctor belonged to a different family, I suspect. He's been dead some years."

"That's too bad. He was right smart, I reckon. It sounds just like ol' Pete, though."

For a space he ruminated. "The last time I done saw her she told me never to show my face again," he remarked absently. I judged that Mr. Goins had quarreled with his wife and that she was still a legal incumbrance. Presently he roused from reverie and resumed his inquiries as to the water possibilities in the districts to which his search would take him.

In the afternoon we came to Polecat. Somewhere up the line there had been a cloudburst, and a swirl of water filled the single wide street to the depth of a foot. Polecat is not a stimulating spectacle under the most favorable conditions, consisting, as it does, of two rows of adobe structures, some with the roofs gone, and three frame buildings topped with tin; but, half submerged in muddy water, it would discourage even a cowboy who had done nothing but dayherd for three months. Yet here we were to remain six hours, owing to a washout ten miles farther west. The conductor told us so in a tone that convinced me he recked nothing of our discomfort, and when I ventured to inquire as to what was to sustain us in the way of food during the interval he replied that we were at perfect liberty to conduct a search of him.

At any other time a stop-over would have been vexatious, but to be borne with fortitude in the depths of a parlor-car chair. Now, however, it meant hunger and a second night on the soiled velvet seat of a coach that ought to have been on the pension list. My money would suffice for a meal only, and Mr. Goins had no money at all. He was far from being cast down, which spoke well for his optimism.

"Polecat!" he repeated over and over. "Polecat! Seems to me I ought to know somebody here. Yes, sir, I sure ought."

I dozed. A thump on the knee brought me back to our surroundings in time to discern Pink bound from the seat and run to the door. I saw him wading up the street toward a hostelry whose sign read: "Firewater sold here. AND bad cigars." The man who originated that sign knew human nature as Mazarin knew it, and knew his

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BOTTLE
TEA COFFEE POT

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HUMIDOR

Thermos is with President and Mrs. Taft in the White House, Dr. Cook and Lieut. Peary carried Thermos to the North Pole, Lieut. Shackelton carried Thermos within 111 miles of the South Pole, Ex-President Roosevelt carries Thermos in Africa, Count Zeppelin and the Wright Brothers carry Thermos in Cloudland; Richard Harding Davis carried Thermos in his Congo expedition to the Equator. All the world over Thermos carries comfort.

Thermos Bottles, Tea and Coffee Pots and Jars are ideal for Autoists, Huntsmen, Fishermen, Yachtsmen, Tourists and home lovers.

The Thermos Humidor is an ideal Christmas gift for Father, Husband or Brother. It preserves the moisture, the flavor of the leaf and the original aroma of cigars, cigarettes or tobacco. Made in Silver Trimmed Mahogany and Circassian walnut.

Fifty thousand progressive dealers [illegible] genuine Thermos [illegible] complete display [illegible] these useful Christmas gifts.

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Please Be Cautious Thermos are the original temperature retaining products. You will be disappointed if you permit some dealer to sell you an attempted imitation.
Insist on getting the genuine Thermos Bottles, Pots or Jars.

Look for the name Thermos. It is stamped plainly on the bottom.

Five Grand Prizes awarded Thermos Products by Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition

American Thermos Bottle Company
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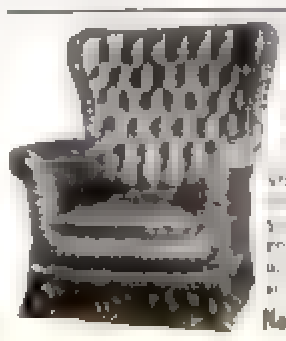

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You are looking for a gift for a man.

Here is something that is attractive in itself, and probably more useful than anything you could get for him. And it will be useful to him wherever he may be.

Most men are accustomed to the daily misery of shaving in a poor light, with half the face scarcely lighted at all.

The Vacu-Mirror, no matter how dark the room, shows the face from every angle in the full light of out-of-doors. It is instantly attached to any window-pane—the one place in a room where the light is always good—by simple pressure of a vacuum cup. It will hold for months, yet is removed without effort. It is adjustable at a touch in any direction.

On train, steamer, in hotel, or at home, its use is a revelation and a delight.

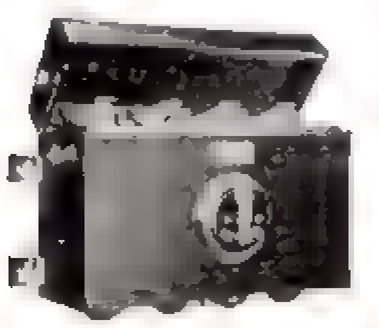
For Woman's Toilet it is equally useful, the startling clearness and minuteness of its reflection being something entirely new.

Six inch heavy, bevelled, French plate mirror, beautiful nickelled chased brass frame.

[illegible] We want you to [illegible] **at our risk** [illegible] Ask for booklet.

TO AGENTS. The Vacu-Mirror creates enthusiasm at first sight. We want able agents where we have no dealers. Write for our very attractive plan.

Austin Sales Co., 18 Vesey St., New York



Get That Engine's Full Power

You are wasting power, current and gasoline unless, because of glass insulation, your coil absolutely **cannot leak, short circuit or break down.** Replace your coil with a

National Coil
The Only Glass Insulated Coil Made

The machine's speed will increase 10 to 12 miles an hour, cut down necessary gasoline one-third and you will be rid of ignition trouble. At low battery consumption this coil develops a spark as hot as can be secured by use of a magneto. Hence a weak mixture of gas with air exploded by a hot spark produces a maximum of power.

The National Coil is unaffected by 10 to 12 volts—others become useless under voltage of 4 to 6.

It takes just three minutes to put this handsome coil box in place—on any dash.

We will refund full purchase price if the **National** does not do away with faulty explosions, due to ignition.

Get it of your dealer. If he cannot supply you, write us at once and we will ship direct. Please write today for our latest booklet of vital coil facts.

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200 Wabash Avenue, Wabash, Indiana

West, too; and when I reflected on the drawing power of his confession my spirits soared. Half an hour had not elapsed ere Goins returned, splashing cheerfully along as though unaware it was damp.

"Here are ten 'dobes." He thrust the Mexican silver into my hand. "I was sure I knew a fellow in this town."

A hesitating protest against the loan stirred him to petulance. "Sure you'll take it. You can pay it back some time, if you like. If you forget—well, you'd have done the same for me and I'd have forgotten. Yes, you would; I could see it in your face."

We dined haughtily at a Chinese restaurant on steak and hot tamales, frijoles, corn and tortillas, and spent the evening under guidance of Pink's benefactor. When the night was yet young the engine tooted its whistle and we were bound once more for the frontier. Evidently Mr. Goins considered that we had now reached a point in our acquaintanceship where confidences could be indulged.

"Say, Wilkins, what's your name back East?" he demanded. "I know it's Wilkins here. But what's your real name?"

"Wilkins," I said apologetically.

"Oh, of course, if you don't care to tell it's none of my business," he retorted, in no wise offended.

Naco straddles the line between Arizona and Mexico, and here we separated. Mr. Goins repairing to the Fashion. It was now possible for me to get into touch with my sources of revenue. When, early in the afternoon, I again encountered Pink and tendered five dollars in gold his amazement knew no bounds.

"Where you headin' for?" he asked, and at mention of the ranch: "Do you figure on gettin' work with that outfit?"

"I own it," I said.

He looked at me sharply and then smiled in appreciation of the jest, saying that he wished he could discover a smoking mixture which would produce the identical delusions I enjoyed. At his earnest solicitation I consented to delay departure until nightfall, for it happened that Goins was to fare in that direction with a friend. They would have a string of nine horses and could easily spare me a saddler, so that there was no need for me to secure one in town.

"You throw in with us an' we'll start early," he said.

Pink's idea of an early start was at wide variance with any I had previously met. Hour after hour I sat on a bench on the sidewalk against his coming, and toward midnight rose to seek a room to woo slumber. At that moment a huge uproar broke out on the Mexican side of the line and, in common with several American gentlemen whose business had detained them in the neighborhood, I ran toward the sounds. Across the railroad tracks a man was making toward us, staggering under the weight of another thrown over his shoulder. Five shadowy figures streamed from a lighted doorway in pursuit; one of them took a shot at the fugitive as we neared him, but he did not waver. At sight of the reënforcements the five halted. A shrill treble shout, and they flitted into the gloom and were lost to sight.

"It's only me," gasped Goins, depositing his burden on the dusty road. "Don't be scared. It's only me an' Joey Parker."

Some officious person put a flask to the injured one's lips and the relaxed form was animated to life.

"I reckon me an' you can run this place," observed Mr. Parker.

"I swan, that's what he was sayin' when the Mexican hit him over the head with a chair," exclaimed Pink delightedly. "How goes it, Joey, ol' hoss? Can you ride?"

"Anything with hair on it," replied the rescued one. "Hello, Wilkins! Is that you?"

Pink had a long, slashing knife-cut over his left shoulder, but referred to it scathingly as a tickling scratch. They were both for taking the road at once, fearing detention at the hands of the authorities, and I was nothing loth. So it was that we were presently in the saddle, with a bunch of six spare horses to drive.

"No, not that way," cautioned Pink. "If we cross at the custom house they'll want to know about that row."

Convinced, but puzzled, too, I swung about, and we plunged into dark alleys bearing eastward, the cow-ponies trotting in a compact body in front of us. Nobody spoke, and on the edge of the town Goins spurred forward to act as pointer, piloting us over grass-grown stretches where our progress made no noise. We passed a windmill standing stark against the sky; it whined a protest as a stray breeze struck its arms, and we rode down the neutral strip between fences. Two miles, and there came the thud of horses' feet behind. Pink loped back to us, adjusting his gun-scabbard as he came.

"Go ahead. Put them through the gate, Joey," he commanded.

He went to meet the advancing horsemen, whilst we continued our journey, my mind sorely troubled. Were the line riders in pursuit? And if they were, why did Goins prepare to head them off? It was too dark to read the brands on the horses, and in the midst of my conjectures we struck the gate. Two minutes later we were in the republic of Mexico. Parker lighted a cigarette and indulged in a long stretch, slouching in the saddle.

"Pink ought to be here soon. It must have been all right—do you reckon?" he vouchsafed.

Goins bore down on us through the elusive shadows. He was in excellent humor.

"A couple of Turkey Track boys," he said. After an interval he burst into the ballad of Black Bess. "They had a bottle," he added.

With the Mules, vast and somber, glooming at our backs, we headed south. My own mood was one of depression. The suspicion was born in me that I had unwittingly assisted a hare-brained scapegrace and a monte dealer of no standing even in his own profession to smuggle horses across the border, and the situation accorded ill with my attitude toward friendly officials. The trail led through a waste of sagebrush and mesquite, soapweed and Spanish dagger. Once Parker, nodding as we dogtrotted, was brought wide awake by the thorns of an ocotillo, and talked to his mount half an hour about the stupidity of not looking where one walked.

In a few miles our paths would diverge, and to me there was not much of sorrow in the thought. But the knowledge appeared to give Goins an idea. It stimulated him to action. He and Parker fell back, and I had lived too long in the West to rein with them. After a low-voiced conference Pink rejoined me.

"Say, Wilkins, Joey an' me have been talkin' it over, an' we'd like for you to throw in with us," he began.

"In what?" I retorted.

"We aim to be art collectors, me an' Joey," he said easily.

I waited. Neither Pink nor his partner knew a painting from a baking-powder label.

"There's a town three days' ride from here where they've got an ol' church or a mission or something," he continued.

"Arizpe?"

"I reckon that's it. Well, they've got pictures on the walls there three million years old. Old? Joey says they were here before Uncle Bill Plaster come to the country, an' Uncle Billy arrived with the first load of dirt they built these doggone mountains out of."

"Go on."

"It ain't right for those ignorant people to have such things an' let 'em get dirty an' all that," he said earnestly. "Me an' Joey ——"

I had heard of these paintings, of their antiquity and beauty. They had been done at the hands of masters when the flag of Spain was flung round the world, and no impious touch had desecrated them in three centuries. Indeed, they had been guarded as holy treasures by successive generations of a kindly folk and an adoring priesthood.

"If you were to put a finger on those paintings," I told him, "the people would tear you in pieces."

"You needn't to be afraid of that," he cried eagerly—"you needn't to be afraid of that. It's like taking milk from a blind kitten, this is. Mexicans won't fight. A man has promised Joey fifteen hundred dollars gold for each of those pictures. We'll give you ——"

"And if you don't agree to abandon this scheme," I burst out, "I'll send a rider to warn them. Or I'll bring a bunch of my men and throw you fellows back across the line so fast you'll be dizzy."

Instead of fastening a quarrel then and there—and where could one strike upon a better spot for violence?—Goins laughed.

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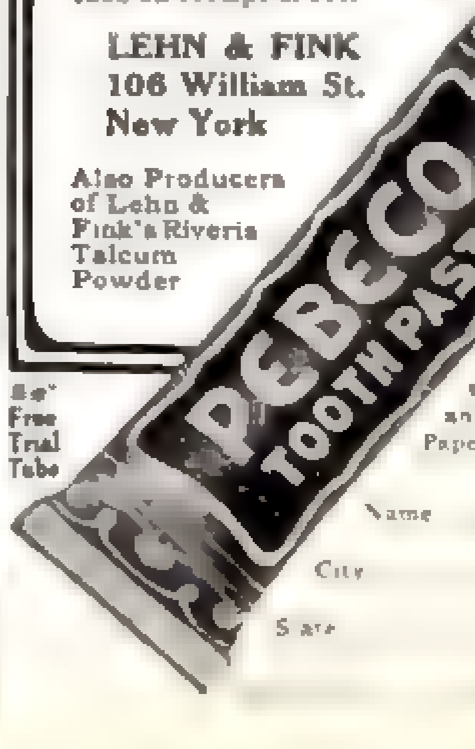

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is not only the pioneer invention of its kind, but the one successful development of the detachable and interchangeable idea.

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¶ But be sure you buy the Hull. Your leading department or umbrella store or jeweler should be able to show you a good assortment of Hull umbrellas and handles. But if such is not the case, send us the coupon and we will see that you are supplied in time for Christmas giving.

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DEALERS — Our sales plan A1 will open your eyes to umbrella possibilities.

"So you stick to your ranch story? Well, well, we'll leave you out, then. You needn't take the trouble to send a messenger. That was only a joke, sort of, Wilkins. We wanted to sound you, that was all, for we need a third man on a hunt for a lost mine."

We reached the fork of the trail and pulled up

"I'm glad to hear it," I said, somewhat mollified. "If it's honest I wish you luck."

"Well, *adios*," cried Pink

"*Adios*," added Parker. They were both laughing as they made off.

"Where'll I send this horse?" I cried after them.

"Turn him into your home pasture. I'll get him on our way back," howled the monte dealer.

Two months passed and a certain transaction in steers, twos and threes, took me to a mining town in Arizona. Happening to pick up an evening paper I chanced on a small item, barely six lines, to the effect that B. Goins had been brought to the local hospital suffering from what seemed concussion of the brain and several stab wounds. He had been transported hither from Mexico by a friend who would furnish no information as to how the patient had come by his hurts. It was a week before the resident director of the institution would permit me to see the man, and in the mean time I learned from the attendants that nobody had called to inquire concerning his progress. Apparently his comrade had hastily deserted the unfortunate one, once assured that he would be cared for

Lying on the cot to which a soft-treading nurse conducted me was Pink. A bandage swathed his head and one arm was in a sling, but despite the pallor of his face there was virility in the gaze of the eyes and assurance of life in the wry smile with which he greeted me. Had it been otherwise, I would not have said what I did Also, the nurse, an extremely pretty girl, laughingly said that nothing could kill him and he was irrepressible.

"Take him away, for goodness' sake. I'll fall in love with the scamp if you don't. He's such a dear and so tough," she exclaimed, dimpling.

"I thought those Mexicans wouldn't fight?" I gripped his undamaged hand.

"Whoever would have guessed they'd go on the peck that way?" he cried bitterly. "They're treacherous brutes."

"There's some mail for you at Naco," I informed him.

"Where is it? Mail, did you say? A letter?"

"A letter. It's at the Fashion."

He mused over this announcement for some little time. Then he observed that only one person in the world who might write him knew of that address, and he was Ben Mouser. But why should Ben write him? He did not believe Ben could write, when it came to that.

"It isn't Ben. It's a she. I can tell you that much."

His eyes grew troubled. "Ben done told her, then," he murmured, and turned fretfully on his pillow. "Because you're the only other one who knew."

"Yes," I agreed. "Ben could have told her."

After that I visited the genial rascal every day for a week. Though his offer to take me in with them on the theft of the pictures had been spurned, it was evident that my mere companionship in smuggling the horses caused him to regard me as a copartner in crime, because he proposed with enthusiasm certain undertakings far beyond the pale of rigid respectability. And moved, perhaps, by weakness to repose such trust he expanded on his early recital of intention to marry. She was a schoolteacher in Texas, twenty-four years old, and she possessed eleven thousand dollars in cash, bequeathed her by a lately deceased aunt. As for her appearance and general disposition, he assured me with a vehemence that brought twinges of pain that a fellow would be lucky to get her without a cent; and there would be no relations hovering in swarms to make misunderstanding and misery. In vain I pleaded that a married man could not legally reënter the bonds of matrimony without the formality of a divorce. This argument he looked upon as a quibble unworthy of consideration.

"I tell you she don't care," he persisted. "She's crazy to be married an' she loves me a heap."

As it was not to be my wedding I abandoned all efforts to coerce him. On the afternoon of the day I was to leave town he exhibited the envelope of a letter with a Texas postmark.

"See that? She's to meet me at Naco next week. I'll be out then. An' we're goin' to be married. Here's her picture. I reckon she'll do. What do you think?"

Undoubtedly she was a handsome woman. There was so much character to the face that I marveled such a one should trust her happiness to Pink.

"I want you to see her an' talk to her in Naco. Will you be there? Sure?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes, I'll be there. But on one condition."

"Oh, well—let's have it."

"You read that letter waiting for you before you see her."

"Sure," he said in a tone of wonder.

Pink was a trifle thinner when next I encountered him, but the slight paleness of the invalid made him an even more attractive and interesting figure. He was better dressed than at our first meeting, but the careless swagger had vanished. A boy he had always been at heart, though a man in years; a reckless, irresponsible boy, ignorant of duty and blind to the certain climax of his way of life; wholly unseeing, too, of the evil in it. Now something in his face halted me with hand extended. He was toying with a letter, turning it over and over in his fingers with a touch gentle and caressing, as though he handled a sacred thing, and in his eyes were purpose and steady resolution.

"It's from her," he explained. "Ben done told her, I reckon."

We sat down on the edge of the sidewalk and I drew out cigars.

"I've done sent a note to Kitty. She's over at that hotel. I ain't seen her yet."

"So you're"—something was wrong with my cigar—"so you're going back?"

"Going back?" he cried, his voice a-quiver. "Man alive, look at that!"

He drew from the envelope a tiny knitted object, soft and appealing to the touch. It was a stocking made for a baby foot

"There's just one thing bothering me, Wilkins," he said after a pause.

"Do you need some money? I ——"

"Money be damned," was the courteous reply. "It's Kitty."

Alas, in my great joy I had forgotten poor Kitty. And she was over there at the hotel, not five hundred yards away, willing—nay, eager—to risk all for love of this man.

"It's me she wants," he went on in a kindly tone; "but I believe that any good man could make Kitty care for him. She's just crazy to be married, that girl is."

"I've got to be moving," I muttered in sudden, craven fear.

"Hold on, hold on!" He grasped my arm tightly. "Why not take her? There's eleven thousand, boy. It's better'n punchin' cattle for thirty-five a month an' Mexican chuck."

I shook my head, but he still insisted. Then the letter crinkled sharply in his waistcoat pocket and he was reminded of his duty.

"Wilkins," he said solemnly, "my train leaves in five minutes, an' I've got to hit for the station. Promise you'll take her. I'd do the same for you any day. I've done sent her a note to explain it all an' make you known. Be a good sport and take her off my hands."

"I'll think it over. There comes your train now. Good-by, and listen—try to be—by the way, how old are you?"

"Twenty-six. Why?"

"I had thought you were ten, and I had thought you were a million. Listen again—brace up and be good to her, Goins."

"Good to her? Man, didn't you see it? Then look."

His hand flew to his pocket and he jerked out the envelope fiercely, but the contents he stroked with a wealth of love.

"Over yonder is the corner where you've got to turn to go get your horse—that is, if you're leavin' town," he said, rising. "If you're goin' to take Kitty you'll keep straight on. If you ain't, an' intend to throw off on me, you'll go to the right. I'll stand here an' watch."

The incoming train blew a shrill blast, and Pink was fairly trembling with eagerness to be gone. I bade him adieu and walked up the street. There ahead of me was the spot where my choice must be made. I glanced back over my shoulder and Pink waved me forward, friendliness contending in the gesture with fierce impatience. I reached the corner and paused.

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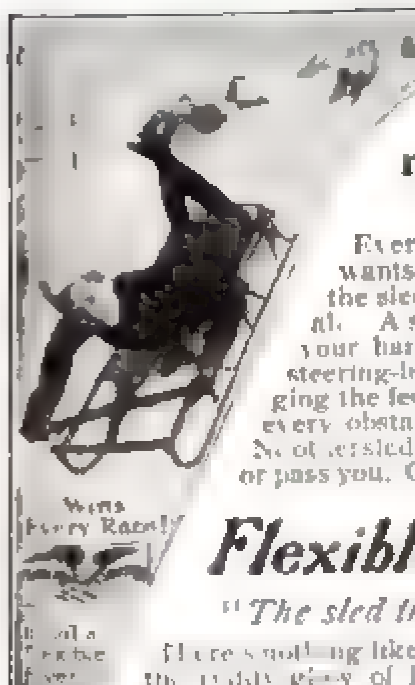
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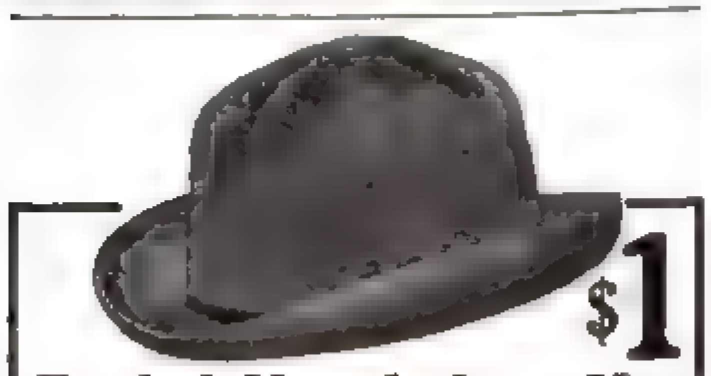

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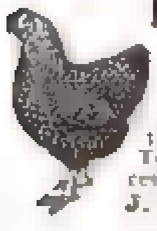

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THE MASTER PROBLEM

(Concluded from Page 4)

passages that assert that the man who sticks out for his rights always gets them. That is an entrancing thought, but it doesn't work out in restaurants. The man who sticks up for his rights in a restaurant, as they are manned and conducted at present, will get nothing but the worst of it. If he is wise he will slide through with as little trouble as possible. Or, if he doesn't want to do that, if he seeks to preserve some of his self-respect, he will buy his way through; and then he will not have left any self-respect or money either.

Fellow citizens, you haven't a chance! It is sad, but it is true. The waiter, your servant, has you buffaloed from the moment you sit down at his table. He will prefer to get along with you in harmony. If he is a good waiter he will try to do as you want him to do, but if you get outside the beaten track, if you rise up and roar over any inadequacy, fare thee well, brave man, fare thee well. Which you won't.

Those persons who have homes will not understand this. Those persons who have homes and who occasionally eat at a restaurant, with the family or somebody else's family, will not comprehend. They get a variety they do not have. They get what seems to be courteous and attentive service. They have a tremendous selection for their little adventure. It is all well and good, and most of them do not know whether things are right or not. I am talking for the homeless millions who eat regularly at restaurants, who live at them for weeks at a time, who take breakfast, dinner and supper and luncheon under the espionage of the system. Those are the people who are suffering from waiter domination. Those are the people who know how futile it is to protest, for they have got to come back.

Of course, any man can rise up in stately manner and stalk out of a restaurant, asserting he will never darken its doors again. That doesn't mean anything. It is like sticking your finger in a pail of water and looking for a hole; and, usually, the very restaurant you leave in this fashion is the one where you can, after the exercise of sufficient diplomacy, get the best things to eat.

If you keep out and win, you lose. They have nailed you going and coming. If you can dine at your club all well and good. Service there will be excellent, no doubt. But thousands of men cannot dine at clubs in every city they visit, and thousands of other men have no clubs to dine at.

Moreover, the rapacity of the men who serve you is beyond bounds. When you come in they make you give your hat and coat to a check boy. That means you must pay him when you go out. If you go into the washroom to wash your hands you find another flunky there who has the towels hidden and only hands you one for a tip. You find another who makes a wild dab at your shoes with a cloth and bangs at you with a brush. He has his hand out for a tip. If you want a good table you may get it first time, from the head waiter or the captain, without tipping him, but try it the second time and see where you come out.

Show me the man who has the nerve to carry his hat and coat into a big restaurant with the idea of placing it on a chair by his table. If he gets past the door a boy will come and get the coat or hat and carry it to the rack. If he protests he is a marked man. Every waiter in the place puts him down as a tightwad, and he is served accordingly. The system works that way.

Free-born American citizens, but not masters. The servants are the masters.

III—ON THE UTTER FUTILITY OF ATTEMPTING TO CHASTISE

Cowed as the average restaurant eater may be, there are times in the experience of every man when there seems nothing left to do but get up and hit the waiter. Now, that is the most foolish thing in the world. In the first place you can always leave if you have been insulted. That is the safe way. Of course, it isn't the way nine out of ten Americans would do, for almost any American will fight if the provocation is great enough. And almost any American can find sufficient provocation, at some time or other, in his restaurant from one of the foreigners who condescends to serve him. Two gentlemen took two ladies into a big New York restaurant, after the theater, one night, to get a bit of supper. The ladies wanted Welsh rabbits.

"Four Welsh rabbits," said the man who had the ordering in charge.

"The partridges are very fine," put in the waiter meaningly.

"Four Welsh rabbits, please."

"The partridges are very fine."

"Now, look here," protested the man who was ordering, "I don't want any partridges. I want four Welsh rabbits."

The waiter fussed with the table for a minute and said again: "The partridges are very fine tonight."

Of course, the man who was doing the ordering shouldn't have done it, but he did. He jumped up and pasted that waiter on the jaw. Instantly it began to rain waiters. They came in droves and platoons. They lined up in regular order, and when that young man got out he had had a wallop from every waiter in the place, some with bottles, some with fists and some with serving trays. He was a dazed and considerably pulped combatant when he reached the street, but game, and he started in again. The waiters were there at the door. They met him *en bloc*, and he lit in the car track, which ended hostilities.

This is merely another phase of the system. Once there was a restaurant in New York where they had a grill-room. Two men went in and ordered dinner. At the next table there were three young men who made themselves very offensive. One of the diners called for the proprietor and asked that he should be protected against the rowdyism of the three young men, whose conduct had become unbearable

The proprietor came, listened and then remarked that the three young men were his friends, that they were constant patrons of his place, that they were perfect gentlemen, and that if the complaining diner thought they were not all right the trouble probably wasn't with the three young men, but with the man who made the complaint.

Well, after that, there was nothing left to do but paste that proprietor. Whereupon the complaining diner did paste him, and pasted him good, but to what end? Instantly waiters began to come up through traps in the floor, drop from the ceilings and crowd in through the doors. The complaining man made as good a fight as he could, but he landed in an areaway across the street, and when the ambulance came it took the surgeon boy half an hour to stick him together

There is nothing in it. You may get one waiter, but forty waiters will get you immediately after the event.

The system has you. Master? Not you. The servant is master.

IV—SOME REFLECTIONS IN CONCLUSION

Thus, when they prate of the servant problem those who have been through the mill laugh. There is no servant problem. There isn't an angle of the domestic or the public servant business where the servant does not have all the best of it. The problem is the master problem. The servant is the master, and the master is the servant. And, if it cheers you any, the situation is getting worse every day.

In this matter of waiters I am sure the great, forlorn brotherhood who must eat at restaurants or eat nowhere will bear me out when I say that the only way to get any comfort, any food worth eating, any service worth mentioning in any big, first-class restaurant—and I do not care where it is in the United States—if you go there more than once, is to submit, in most humiliating fashion, to the exactions of the system, to the tyranny of the waiters—to pocket your pride and get along the best way you can. Or buy the waiters

Otherwise, they will get you. You may not know how, but they will get you just the same. Free-born American people! Three cheers! but watch out for the French and the Alsatians and the Germans and the Italians and the Greeks who bring you your food.

Don't be too free-born with them. Keep it in the background. They are your masters and they know it, even if you do not.

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of the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner in your own home will convince you that it will do the work ten times quicker, ten times easier and ten times better.

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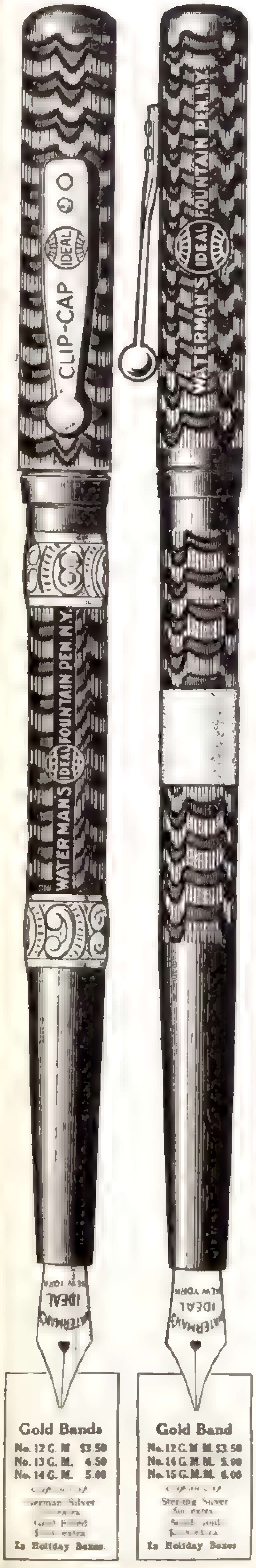
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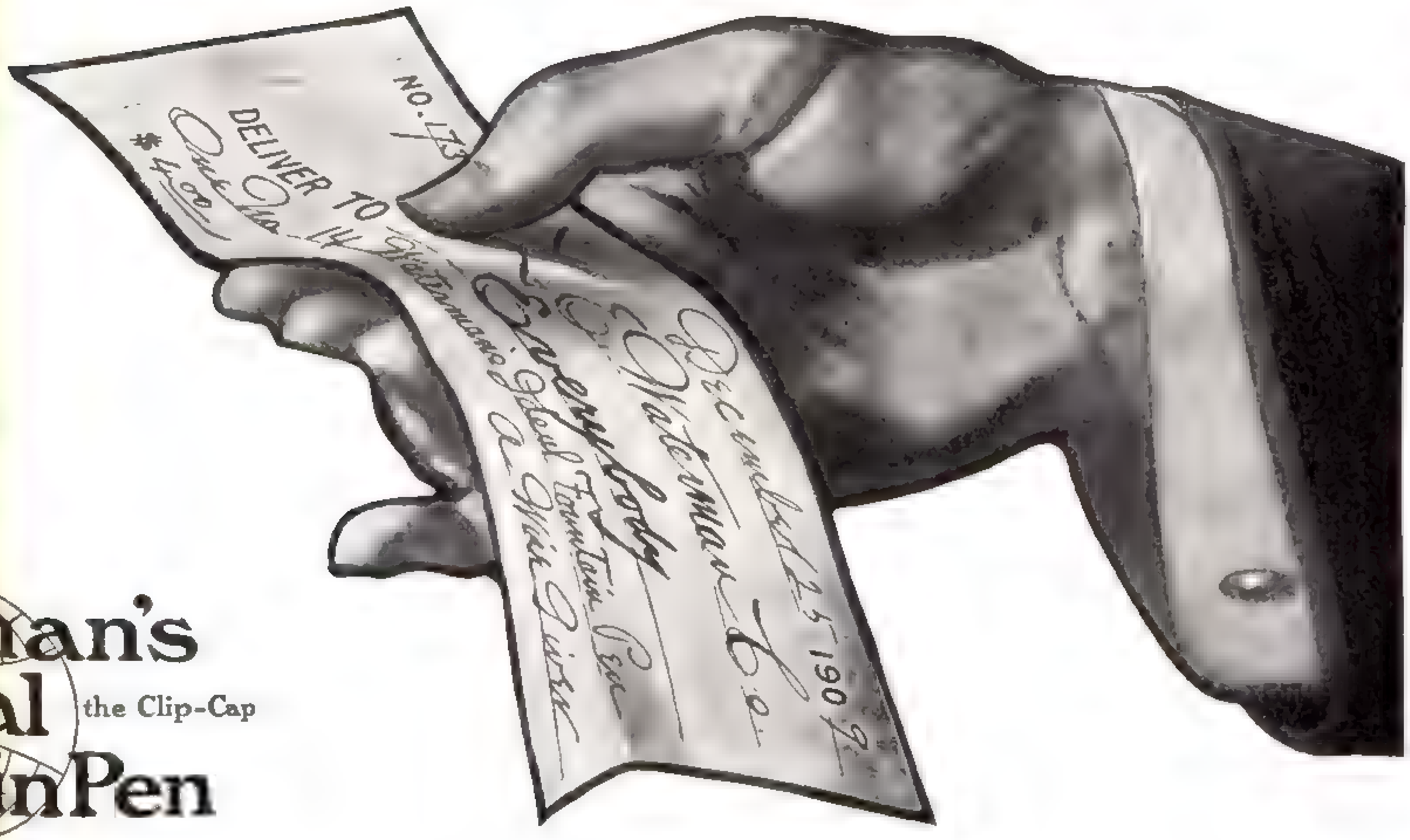

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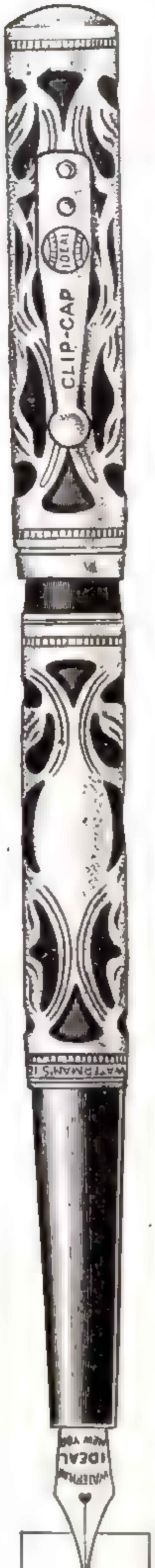

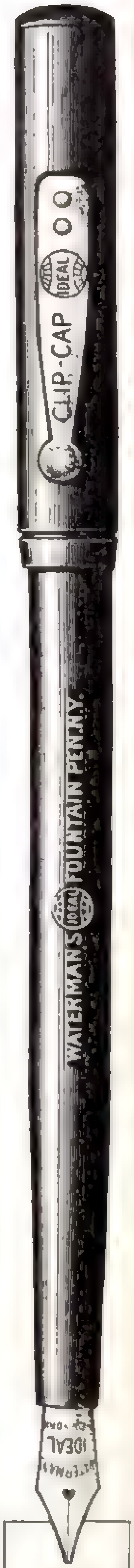
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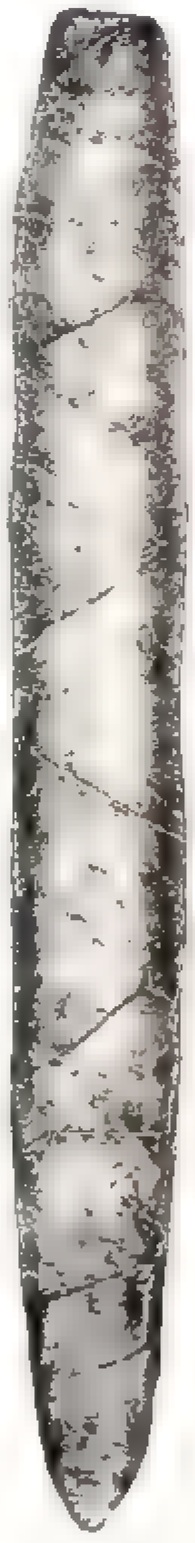

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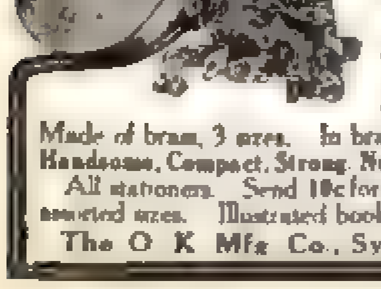

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The Senator's Secretary

PRESIDENT TAFT has never been accused, heretofore, of being much of a politician, but his education has begun. As soon as he got back from his long swing around the circle and his week-ends in Connecticut and Virginia, and was comfortably seated at his desk for his winter's work, they brought him in the Primer for Presidents Who Desire to Succeed Themselves, and told him to begin studying the first chapter. After a time they hope to get him into the graded school, and then, possibly, into the high school. They have grave doubts whether they can matriculate him in the university before it is too late to take up the advanced course.

"They" means Taft's friends. Notwithstanding the President's heroic effort to conciliate all his enemies at the expense of the original Tafters, who had assumed they were to get the patronage and perquisites, Taft has some friends left—that is, some friends who have a say and a power in national politics—and he still retains the original enemies. Among the people he has plenty of friends, but not so many as he had before he started justifying in his speeches on his tour.

These friends have explained laboriously to Mr. Taft that in national politics, in the exalted business of making Presidents, it is necessary to begin figuring on the successor to a President as soon as the new President is elected, sometimes before. Contrary to popular opinion Presidential candidates are not made in the few months of hurly-burly that come before conventions. They are generally the result of much endeavor and long months of hard work. Usually a man who is elected President forgets the planning and plotting and manœuvering that were necessary to get him in, and begins to think, about the second day after election, that he had a direct call from the people, becoming sure of it on the day he is inaugurated.

The futility of this idea having been impressed on our judicial President, it has been further pointed out to him that various and sundry national politicians in his own party have designs on him, and that they will make those designs into real embroidery if he doesn't watch out. Mr. Taft has smiled and asked a bland "Why?" but the smile didn't get above the corners of his mouth. There was real concern and no laughter in his eyes when he made the inquiry.

The Back-From-Elba Movement

Well, two whys were explained and dilated upon. The question was answered two ways and the circumstances recited; the consequence being that Mr. Taft is sitting up nights with his primer and getting it by heart. By the time the coming session of Congress is adjourned he will know a heap more than he does now that it is just beginning. He is due to assimilate a large amount of assorted information, and much of it will be based on what he has already heard in the rough.

Beginning at the beginning Taft has been told there are two separate and distinct movements on foot to eliminate him as a candidate in 1912, to send him down to history as a one-termer, to make it impossible to get enough delegates to renominate him or enough votes to reëlect him. The first of these reasons isn't so serious that it need worry him long, but the fact that it exists at all will cause some preliminary concern. Most of the politicians in this movement, though national in their scope under Roosevelt, are denatured in their present condition. They are the fair-haired boys who were the intimates of Roosevelt, headed by Jimmie Garfield and Gifford Pinchot, the old Tennis-Cabinet crowd, with all the climbers and hangers-on, and a few of the others, like Francis J. Heney and Senator La Follette, who have been dragged into the movement.

It may be that to some a national movement headed by Jimmie Garfield and Gifford Pinchot has its amusing side, but when the object of that movement is Theodore Roosevelt, who is the smartest American politician living, there may be another angle. It was pointed out to Taft that these friends of Roosevelt's have in view bringing Roosevelt in at the proper time as the savior of the nation, the only man who can set things to rights again.

There is something to this; not a great deal, but something. If they can get Colonel Roosevelt to come back to this country to make a grand tour and to stand for their propaganda they may cause some excitement, but they are not likely to get many votes in the convention unless, of course, Taft loses his head entirely and does too much, or doesn't lose enough of his head to do something.

Colonel Roosevelt didn't have quite so much love for Taft when he left Washington. He resented some things Taft tried to do, and more than once said that Taft was trying to be President before he got into the White House. Roosevelt's friends, the fair-haired boys, miss him as much as he must miss them. Both he and they are out of the limelight. But Mr. Taft need not worry much about this scheme of theirs, for they let it out too soon. Besides, the newspaper jokers have put a severe dent in the plan by labeling it the Back-From-Elba Movement, whereupon every editorial historian has solemnly pointed out that it was only a hundred days between the arrival from Elba and Waterloo.

The Gum-Shoers at Work

There are no more serious-minded persons in the world than the former fair-haired boys. They had the burdens of state on their shoulders, and when Taft removed those burdens they remained bowed. They were used to the load they were carrying for the dear people, and resented having it taken from them, however heavy it had been. Undoubtedly they are serious in their effort to get Roosevelt again. They need him in their business. No one can successfully keep the Ship of State off the rocks if he is constantly shooed out of the pilot house. The only thing about this part of the affair is that, futile as it is, it signifies its particular portion of the lack of solidarity among all the people Taft may have hoped he would have during his term, whether those people were Roosevelt men or not.

It is different with the other, the second movement. That is as gum-shoed as Uncle Shelby Cullom. The gentlemen who are engineering it are no Tennis-Cabinet favorites. They are hard-headed, far-seeing manipulators who are looking a long ways ahead and putting up jobs at this early day that have a direct bearing on the canvass for renomination that Taft will make in 1912, and the canvass some others will make or that they will make for some others.

This group of anti-Taft Republicans centers largely in the Republican National Committee and the men closely associated with that body. They never did like Taft, do not like him now and do not expect to like him. Nor do they like Roosevelt. They are the safe-and-sane gentlemen who want to let well enough alone, who want to stand pat, who want peace, quiet and the universal soft-pedal. They are opposed, as are all their supporters, to the Taft corporation-tax idea. They are opposed to his inheritance-tax idea. They intend to try to defeat the income-tax constitutional amendment in the legislatures. They do not like any of Taft's program and they think they have been deceived grossly because Taft has not done as they thought he would do—not as he ever said he would do, but as they thought and expected him to do.

Just now they are looking at Governor Hughes of New York. They think they might be able to get along with him. Still, there is nothing certain about that. Taft might try to checkmate that idea by offering Hughes a place on the Supreme Court bench. Hughes is the best available timber at the moment. The idea is to keep the ball in the air for a year or two until the situation shapes, putting in from time to time such fancy touches as circumstances may demand, and clinging to the central idea that Taft must be beaten. The old folly of trying to beat a candidate with no candidate is not to be repeated. They will have a candidate centered on and ready for the race. It will be somebody, and, unless conditions change a great deal, it will not be Taft.

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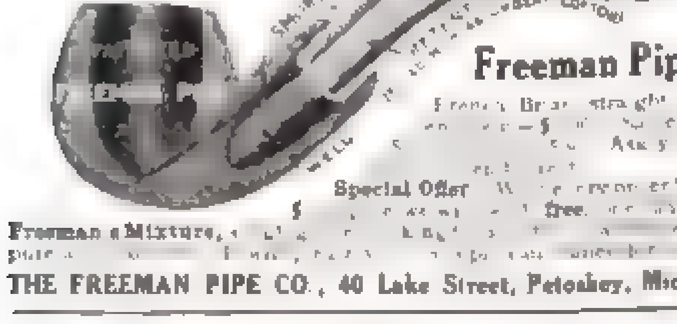

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Special Offer [illegible] free [illegible]

Freeman's Mixture, [illegible]

THE FREEMAN PIPE CO., 40 Lake Street, Petoskey, Mich.

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Don't buy a nameless rug or carpet [illegible] *standing* — the one which bears a name that guarantees — BEAUDURA

Beaudura RUGS AND CARPETS [illegible] prices. You save 1/3 to 1/2 because you pay no middlemen's profits. Very highest in quality; faultless weave, exquisite colorings, beautiful patterns in wider assortment than most [illegible] even at big stores. [illegible] for our [illegible] catalog of fine color reproductions [illegible] you can order with absolute confidence. [illegible] till you get a [illegible] guarantee [illegible]. Write to-day

BEAUDURA CARPET MILLS, Box 4706, Philadelphia, Pa.

financial interests, who have begun early in the hope that they will have better luck than they had in 1908, and get in their own brand of a safe-and-saner.

It doesn't look particularly flattering for the political success of a President when two movements to deprive him of a renomination are well under way within eight months of the day when he was inaugurated. Still, large responsibilities bring large gobs of trouble. There are other things in the job of being President besides getting out among the people and talking to and eating with them.

While Mr. Taft is considering the facts herewith set forth he can, if he doesn't get a headache, have a look at Congress, now just getting under way. There is a body he will have not only on his hands but on his neck and head.

However, Mr. Taft is not without knowledge of Congress. He has been battling with that obstinate body for several years. Therefore, having accumulated considerable wisdom of the vast difference that must exist between what he will ask of Congress and what he will get, he spent the last few days of his speech-making in carefully putting out a large supply of mattresses for himself to fall on. "Remember," he iterated to the people, "that I do not make the laws. I can only suggest them, recommend them. If Congress fails of its duty with my recommendations it is Congress that will be at fault. Stick a pin in that. Congress may not do all I ask it to do, but do not forget that I asked, I pleaded, begged, implored, and when the time comes to allot the blame put it on Congress, not on me. I shall do my part." Or words to that glittering effect.

A Little Journey to the West

Of course, Mr. Taft knows Congress will not do a sixteenth of what he asks it to do. Congress will do nothing it can avoid, and there are some mighty good avoiders in those Republican majorities up there in the House and the Senate. Congress, and especially the House, has other fish to fry than helping the President out with a reform program. The House has to be elected again. No general legislation to embarrass those anxious patriots! Appropriation bills and home for them! Knowing this Mr. Taft shifted the responsibility, sidestepping with much grace and agility.

They did not throw anything but double-leaded editorial denunciations at Senator Aldrich when he was in the West explaining his monetary ideas, which must have surprised that amiable gentleman. Like as not he expected an earnest insurgent, here and there, to lam him with a brick. Still, the Senator's innovation was not exactly a success. The West is firmly set in its ideas about the Republican leader of the Senate, and he scarcely could have hoped to win them over by one set of speeches—especially as about the time he started he appeared in large perspective in the Rubber Trust.

Those who know Aldrich were surprised that he made this trip. He is a statesman who preserves the fiction of never reading or heeding anything the papers or periodicals say about him, which means he reads his papers and periodicals in private instead of in public. He moves in a sphere of his own, as William Nelson Cromwell said of E. H. Harriman, and is utterly indifferent as to public opinion. Yes, he is—not. His appeals for support for his program show how deep that indifference is. Five years ago the idea of Nelson W. Aldrich taking a trip around the country, barnstorming for any plan, idea, policy or project whatsoever would have been as absurd as the idea of Senator La Follette refusing to make a speech on corporations. Now Aldrich hurries out and tries to get support. He doesn't read the papers, of course, but in some secret, intangible manner he has heard it intimated what the papers and the people have been saying about him and his policies, and he merely went out to explain. Think of Nelson W. Aldrich explaining anything five years ago! It's coslosterous, as Luke Schoolcraft used to say. Things are moving, and N. W. Aldrich has moved a bit himself.

Meantime, Senator Cummins has taken over the job of larruping Senator Aldrich. As nearly as can be gleaned from the advance notice the Iowa statesman intends to eat the Rhode Island statesman alive during this session. It is to be a horrible affair. Gentlemanly press agents will pass among you with full particulars, from time to time.

Do You Use Canned Fruits?

If you are a user of Canned Fruits, we have a statement which is of **vital** interest to you to appear in *The Saturday Evening Post* of January 15th next.

The story of how canned fruits are and have been put up is an interesting story — you will be interested in the story we will tell you on January 15th next, in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

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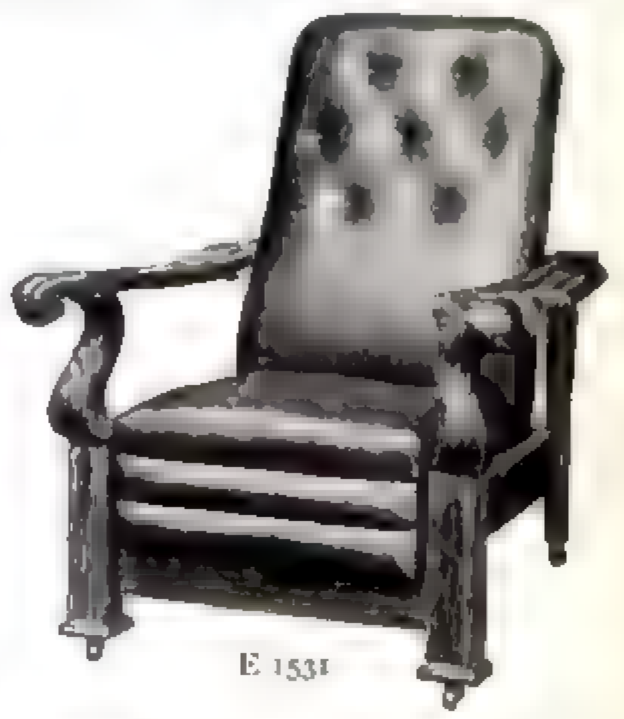

E 1531

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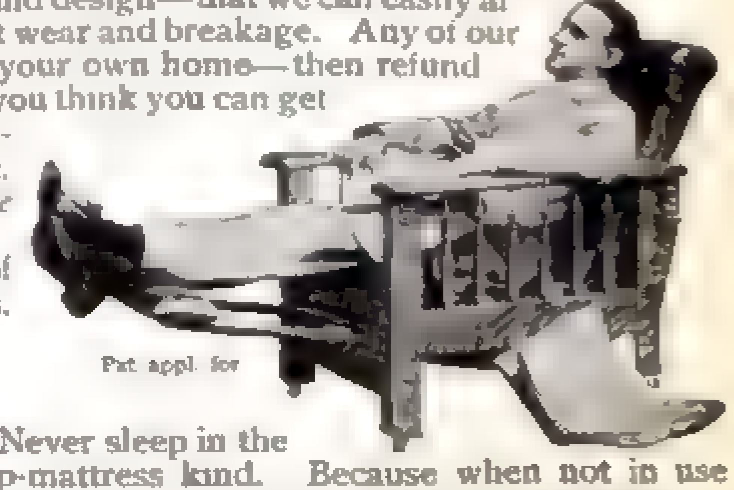
If your dealer can't supply you—we will—same price—same terms.

Write at once for catalogue of Slumber Chairs and Davenport-Beds.



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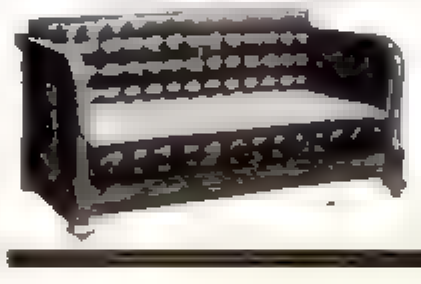
Mattress always in the light and air. Never sleep in the inside-doubled-up-mattress kind. Because when not in use the mattress is shut up away from fresh air and light, yet exposed to germ-laden dust *underneath* the davenport.



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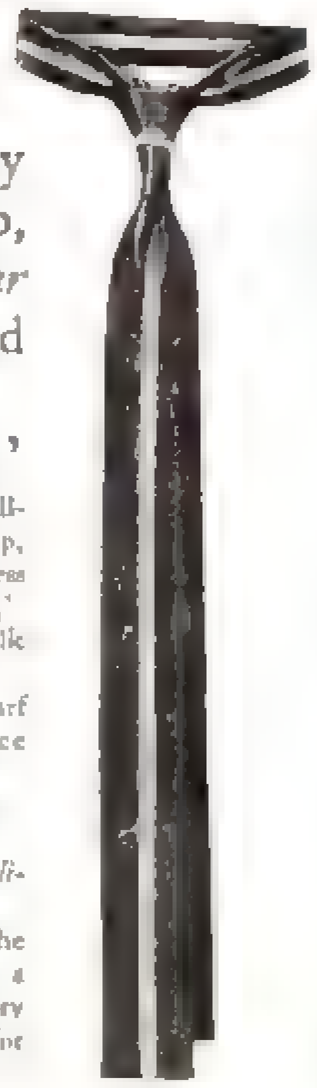

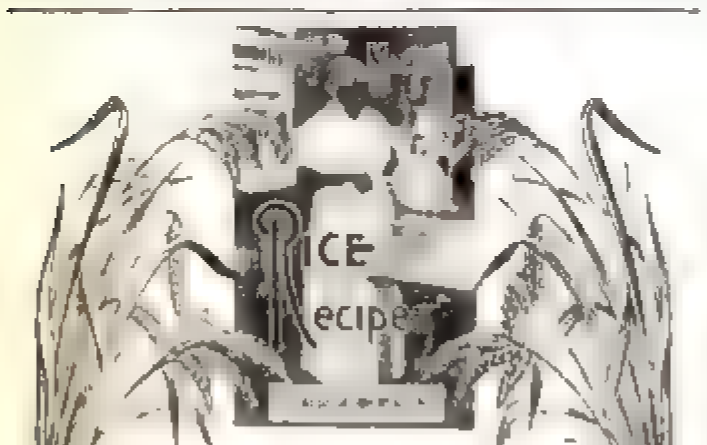

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WILD SPORTS IN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 11)

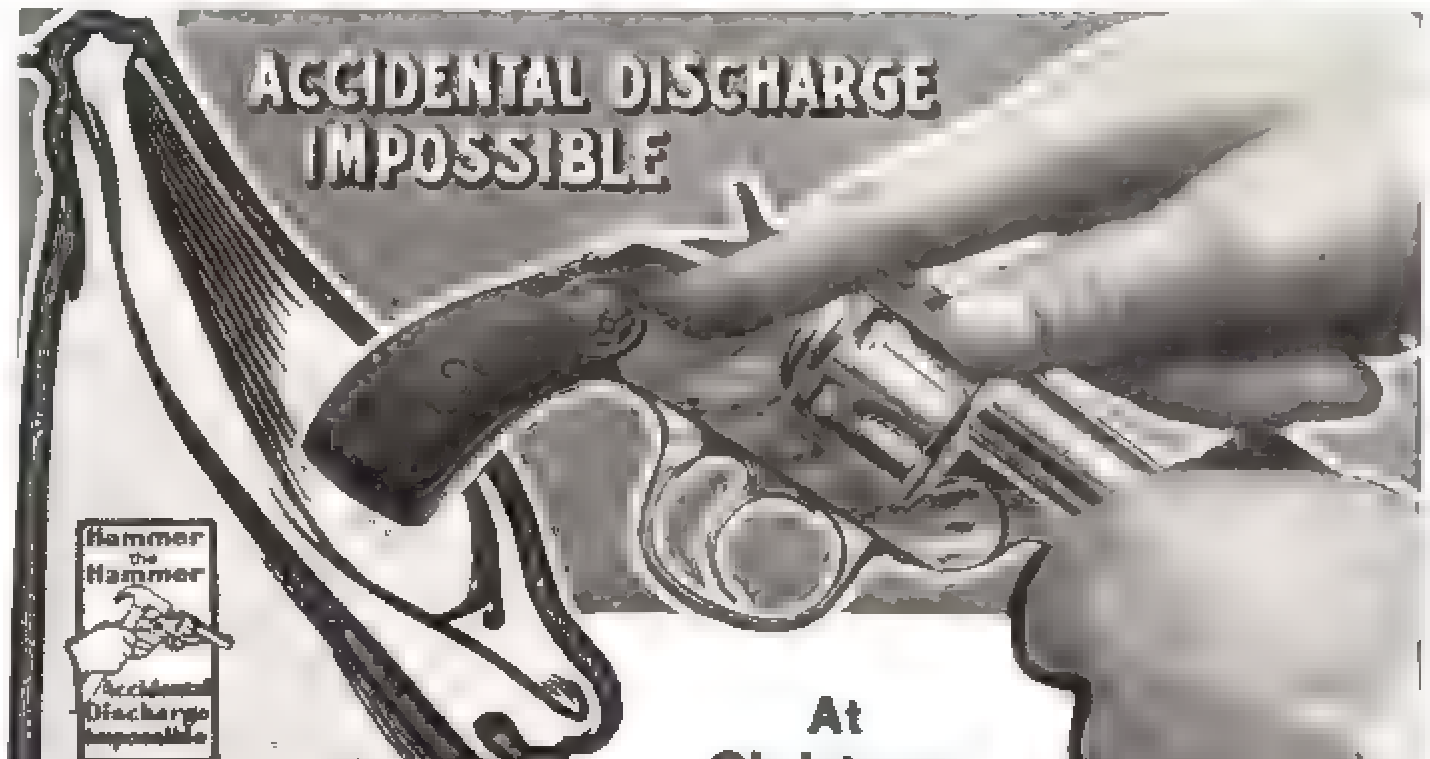
rifle. There are pig possibilities in the Vosges, in Compiègne or Beauvais; but the best sport with them is had in the south, in the more mountainous regions, especially in the Pyrénées near Pau. In these lower districts the boar is sometimes hunted with the short spear or knife, on foot or with hounds, precisely as you see depicted in countless canvases that have come down from the Middle Ages. That is a sporting proposition; but such boar hunts are rare, and are impossible for the average man. The latter must get his winter's meat via Chicago, or perhaps through poaching on the nearest noble's estate.

The economical turn of the Frenchman is quite obvious in the attitude even of the nobility toward sport. Not long ago the Minister of Finance proposed to levy a dog tax for revenue only. He had his eye, of course, not on the yellow dog of the little farmer, but on the big packs of a hundred dogs or so, supported by the aristocratic element that cultivates hunting to hounds *à l'Anglais*. Curiously enough, the objection raised by all these wealthy sportsmen was that of expense. A vast howl went up from all the hunting people. The Duchess D'Uzés, who owned a large hunting equipment, declared that such a tax would break up every pack in France and cause the selling off of all the hunters, to the great detriment of the common people, who thus would be robbed of the money they had been accustomed to receive from the largess of those who rode to hounds. This plea was echoed by the Comte de Villebois Mareuil, the Marquis de l'Aigle, Baron d'Houdemarr, Baron Carayon-Latour, and many others who naturally would seem to have the price. One of these thrifty sportsmen offered to the Minister of Finance the following figures to show how cruel he was in asking the nobility to pay a dog tax, and to illustrate, per contra, the money hitherto annually circulated by the nobility of France.

900 whips and attendants of dogs, at 1200 francs each	1,080,000
Upkeep of 12,185 horses, at 900 francs each	10,966,500
Sale of 2400 remounts for servants, guests, etc., at from 800 to 1200 francs	2,520,000
Tailors and bootmakers for servants of the hunts	259,200
Saddlery, veterinary bills, etc. . .	970,500
Expense of kennels and stables . .	2,213,580
Taxes on horses, and hunting licenses	175,350
Personal expenses of huntsmen, guests, etc.	2,662,500
Salaries of whips, huntsmen, employees, etc.	6,672,000
Saddlery, equipages, etc., of members of hunts	4,212,000
Total	31,731,630

Added to this large sum which would be cut out of the country's resources, the nobleman pointed out the great falling off in hotel bills, shopping bills, even in the amounts to be received through the octroi tax on food brought into towns for the support of the horses, dogs, and so forth. The nobility estimated that forty million francs more would thus pass out of the pockets of the populace in the hunting districts; so that more than seventy-one million francs annually would need to be subtracted from the money moving in adjoining or adjacent to these districts. The industry of selling dogs would also fall away. Lastly—and a most important consideration in the opinion of many noble sportsmen—would come the question of the public duty. The *chasse à courre*, or riding to hounds, if abolished, would, in the opinion and belief of the nobilities quoted, cause a general shrinkage, retrocession and retrogression in the stature, size, courage and personal attributes of the warhorse of France. In fact, as near as can be discovered, these aristocrats of sport came pretty near proving to the Minister of Finance that if any one was to be taxed it ought not to be themselves. Let us banish the thought of the decayed warhorse of France. Without her cavalry where would France be? Let Monsieur the Minister of Finance have a care!

The poor and middle classes of France pay with much less complaint the gun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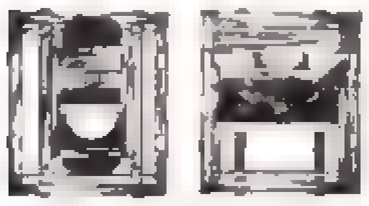

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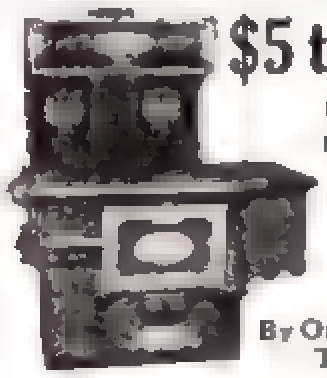

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license which in France is necessary for any practice of field sport. There are, however, only about one hundred thousand of these licenses sold in all France, not so many as are sold in a single state in America each fall. The price of such a license in France is twenty-eight and sixty-hundredths francs, or about six dollars. Having obtained this license at the cost of what is a good deal of money to him, having adjusted about his shoulders the netted game pouch of his *grand-père*, and having annexed, by means of a strap over his shoulder, a fowling piece such as most of us Americans would be afraid to fire, Monsieur Jacques is ready to take the field. But what is he to shoot?

Perhaps, if he is lucky, he may sneak a partridge now and then from the nearest preserve—and in his opinion it is all the better if it comes from some of the preserved state lands. Adjacent to many of the villages are what are known as the municipal lands, to which, usually on the payment of a small fee, Jacques may have access, these being the poor man's game preserves. Alas! they are game preserves pretty much barren of game. Once in a while toward the beginning of the season a few partridges may be found, but that does not often happen. On opening day last season two Parisian friends of mine bagged two hares, eighteen partridges and two land rail, which was called an extraordinary bag. Of course, on the stocked and preserved estates, where birds are raised in coops and are driven in flocks to the guns, English fashion, the shooting is very much better. As many as four hundred brace of pheasants have been bagged by six guns in a single shoot.

Mr. Robert Goelet, of New York, now owns the Sandricourt estate near Méru, Oise, which formerly belonged to the Marquis Beauvoir. The preserves of Mr. James Gordon Bennett are leased in the state forests at Versailles, right at the door of Paris. These grounds are industriously stocked and turn out big bags. The late Waldeck-Rousseau and many other French notabilities often have shot over the Bennett preserves. The King of England, when Prince of Wales, and the late King Carlos, of Portugal, used to shoot on the Ferrières estates in Seine-et-Marne, which now are owned by the Baron de Rothschild, and are well stocked.

Anything With Feathers

Sport on any of these big estates always has more or less a society slant, and sometimes it is part of a political program as well. The President of the Republic, himself a very decent shot on pheasant, of course has access to many such estates, and the state preserves of Rambouillet and Fontainebleau are set apart expressly for his gun. Of course, he has the privilege of inviting such guests as he chooses, and whenever there is a crowned head, a grand duke, or a distinguished diplomat who requires special courtesy, President Fallières takes him out to one of the state preserves and has the beaters drive up a few lines of pheasants. At such shoots sometimes two thousand head of pheasants, partridges, hares and rabbits are killed. Such an enterprise would too much resemble a poultry yard to offer much appeal to the average American shooter of experience, and, indeed, there is little in France that an American would call sport. It might have been in some such state shoot as this that there originated the old-time anecdote regarding the Frenchman and the American who were out shooting together. A flock of partridges was discovered running on the ground, and at these the Frenchman began to aim his gun. "What!" cried the American, who was waiting for the birds to fly, "you don't mean to shoot them running, do you?"

"Certainly not!" returned the Frenchman indignantly. "I was going to wait until they stopped."

The old adage "Put money in thy purse" might in the case of the French sportsman be paraphrased to read: "Put something in thy game sack." Just so that it has feathers on it, the hard-working French sportsman is not particular what it is. The song and insectivorous bird is not barred by any means. Indeed, no category of French sport would be in the least complete without mention of the typically Gallic method of taking that extremely wild and dangerous animal, the lark, known in the language of the land as the *alouette*. The pursuit of this game bird

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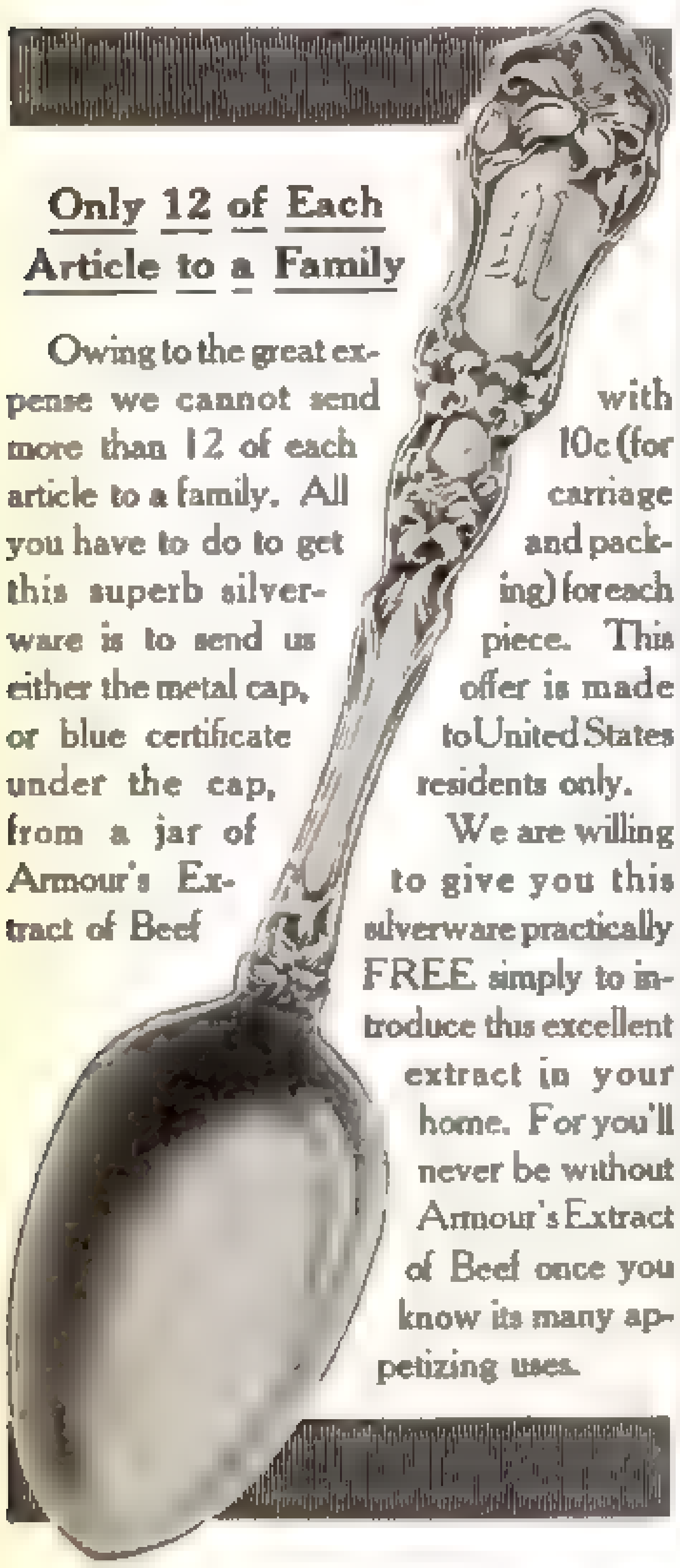

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has been perfected by long practice and is highly differentiated; indeed, its scientific development may be noted in the appliances for this sport which are generally offered for sale in all the shops retailing sporting goods.

The average American shooter never heard of a *miroir à alouettes*—at least I never had when I first began my acquaintance with wild sport in France. This phrase being interpreted means literally a lark mirror. It is a contrivance that looks something like a small windmill or weathercock stood on end over a clock. Imagine an upright or spindle a foot or so in height, provided with four arms or wings revolving about its top. These wings are revolved by means of clockwork, or sometimes by means of a cord. The arms are ornamented with inlaid pieces of looking-glass, sometimes with pieces of colored glass, set in at different angles.

The method of operating this machine is something like this: The sportsman betakes himself to some field where larks are supposed to congregate, and in the middle of it he sets up his machine. Retiring to some concealment—say, thirty yards from his lark mirror—he seats himself in a comfortable chair, with a nice French novel in one hand and a glass of absinthe in the other. His trusty fowling piece, with some more absinthe, stands near at hand, together with a spoon, some sugar and an extra glass in case of accident. Once in a while he goes out and winds up the clock. The arms of this instrument, revolving, catch the rays of the sun at different angles and throw up in the air a series of heliograph flashes, which represent so many invitations to the larks to come down and be shot. For some unknown reason they do come down, and sometimes gather in considerable numbers on the ground round about the machine. They look it over, wondering what makes it act so strangely, and discuss the question, no doubt, in learned lark language. At the psychological moment Alphonse lays down his book and glass, takes up his trusty fowling piece, takes a rest over the nearest limb, waits until the larks have stopped running around, and cuts loose at the bunch.

Naturally, it requires a brave and resolute man to steel his nerves to such deeds of daring as this. Quite outside of the danger of sunburn or the risk of breaking one's fan of a warm day, there is the danger of being charged by a wounded lark. There do not lack, however, numbers of sportsmen in France who take the hazards of this sport. Sometimes they go home with a dozen or more larks in their embroidered game bags. If, perchance, meantime, Jean, the son of Alphonse, has been able to haul six minnows out of the Seine, picture to yourself the scene of abundance which then ensues in the simple home circle. Such opulence! Such eatings!

He Needed the Money

Once upon a time a certain Sunday editor out in Chicago asked a certain special writer to do him a story on duck-shooting, it being then about the time of the opening of the fall season. The special writer was an Englishman and so was supposed to know all about all sorts of sport. As a matter of fact, he had never been shooting in his life, either in England, France or America. But he needed the money, so he went down to the library and dug out an ancient book on wild-fowling, which happened to be a French treatise written about a hundred years ago. It described at great length a method employed by the peasants of northern France in taking wild ducks along the sea marshes.

The hunter, the book stated, builds him a little house of reeds, and among the rushes he cuts out narrow little channels leading in from open water where the wild birds are most apt to alight. He employs tame decoys, which are trained to swim along, meanwhile talking cajoling French duck language to entice the wild birds through these narrow channels up to the guns or the nets of the fowler, who lies concealed in his hut. Perhaps once in a hundred years the latter gets half a dozen big ducks in this way. We use tame decoys to some extent in America, but we do not use them in this way, of course. So it may be imagined what kind of a Sunday story the editor got out of this new artist in sporting literature. He located this French style of duck-shooting in the heart of the Mississippi Valley. The story was printed in the Chicago newspaper and made a distinct hit.

France has at least turned out one big-game hunter, Paul du Chaillu, whose writings have been studied eagerly by a certain noted sportsman of this country, now visiting the scenes of du Chaillu's adventures in Africa. Once in a while one of the crack trap-shooting clubs of Paris has produced a winner or a runner-up in the difficult pigeon game at Monaco. Sometimes France has sent us a goodly chunk of a wrestler, and in pedestrianism or long-distance running France has not been wholly behind the world by any means. It was France who developed that instrument of civilization, the automobile, at a gait and a ratio far more rapid than any other country excepting America, whose increase in output leads all the world. Some of the most daring automobile racers of the world have been French.

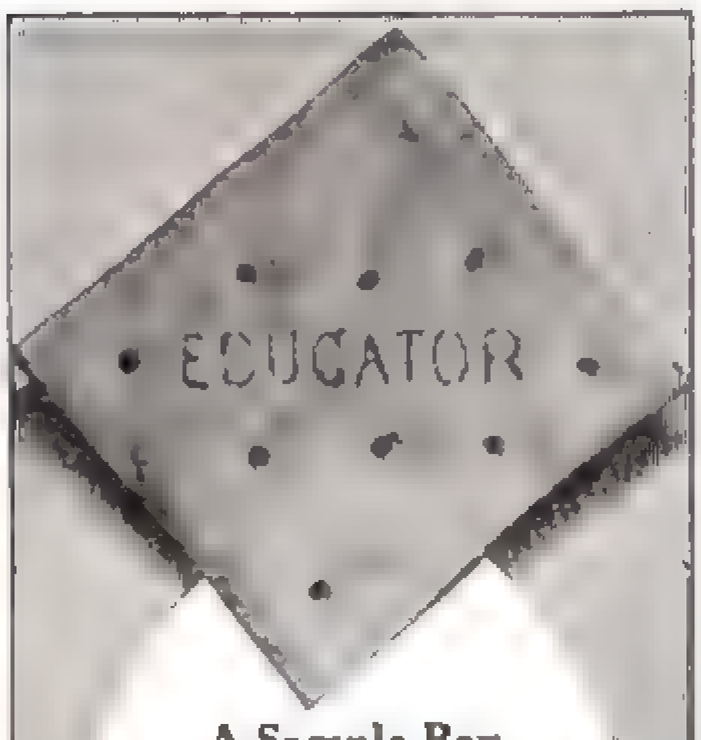
The Poacher and His Vote

In the development of the airship France may be said, even with all respect to our own Ohio product, the Wright brothers, to lead the world today. Indeed, France is crazy over flying machines, and is putting more money and enthusiasm into aviation than any other country.

It is difficult to transplant France to America, and perhaps it is difficult for us Americans, even in these days of disappearing game, to be just or even charitable to the notions of those who live in an older world and different day. It is, however, fair to note the great difference between the sporting systems of England and of France. If, in the former country, too much special privilege makes sport impossible, in the latter too wide an extension of privilege is equally fatal. There is a strong socialistic tendency in France, and the people of that Republic are the same people who little more than a hundred years ago rewarded special privilege by the guillotine. It is socialism that is ruining sport in France today. All the restrictions in the interest of sport have strings on them. The poacher has a vote, so the poacher must not be too sternly punished. The old days when the kings and nobles could ride down the peasant as they liked have gone by in France, as they are going by in all the world. But France has gone to the other end of the pendulum swing and has undertaken, just as we are undertaking here in America, the bad business scheme of reaping where one has not sown. That cannot last. Even in the Sologne district, long rated the sporting paradise of France, there has been such extermination of game that obviously there must be stern repression of shooting, else all idea of sport must end.

The only hope lies in the activities of the clubs, or *sociétés*, of France, chief of which is the St. Hubert Club de France, whose president is Justinian Clary. Sometimes a club made up of several hundred men of moderate means will lease a district and share the expenses of restocking and preserving it. In these modern days, sport in France practically means a good business administration of the sporting club. Such efforts, viewed from the standpoint of the American civilization of today, seem almost pathetic.

The Frenchman proper, however, does not regard himself so much an object of pity. He loves to eat, to drink and to be merry, is courteous, affable and kind, and does not grieve himself over his inability to engage in uncomfortable pastimes. Has he not the quays of his beloved Seine, his flat-bottomed punts on many other streams? Has he not his *miroir à alouettes?* Moreover, since he lives in a republic where the rights of man are respected and where more than one President of France has shown the possibility of rising to distinction even though he be born in the lower walks of life, has he not at least a gambling chance of political preferment at some later stage of his life? Would he not, in that case, have opportunity to shoot over the state preserves? The possibility of breaking into the public crib—how dear is that to the heart of every citizen of a republic! There are two great figures in France, Napoleon Bonaparte, who shot men, and Monsieur Fallières, who shoots pheasants. It is the privilege of the citizen of France, if not to rival the former, at least to emulate the latter in his dreams. Therefore, let us not unkindly say anything boastful about our own country as a producer of sporting Presidents.



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The name EDUCATOR is on every Educator Cracker

Let us have your name and address and your grocer's name, if you don't mind, and this assorted box, containing some of the most popular sorts, will be sent postpaid, by first mail.

Ask your grocer for Educator Crackers. Leading grocers everywhere keep them. If yours doesn't, and won't get them for you, order from us direct.

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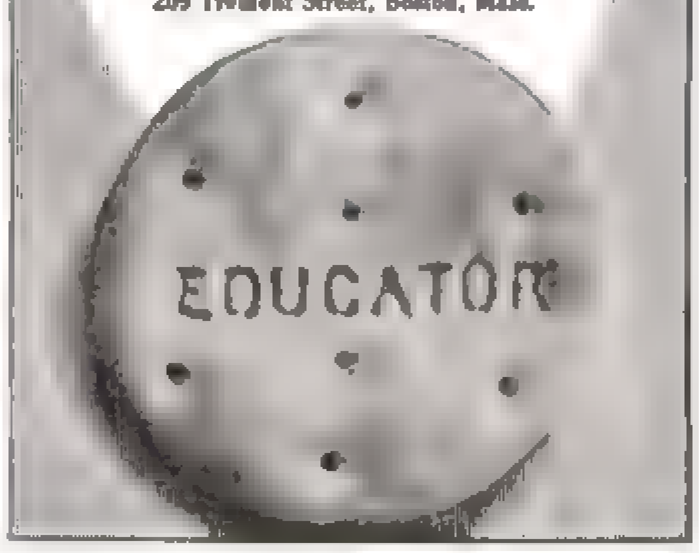

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—not toys, but real tools—8 inches long. Tools of hardest steel and finest temper that hold their edges and "stand up" under hard usage.

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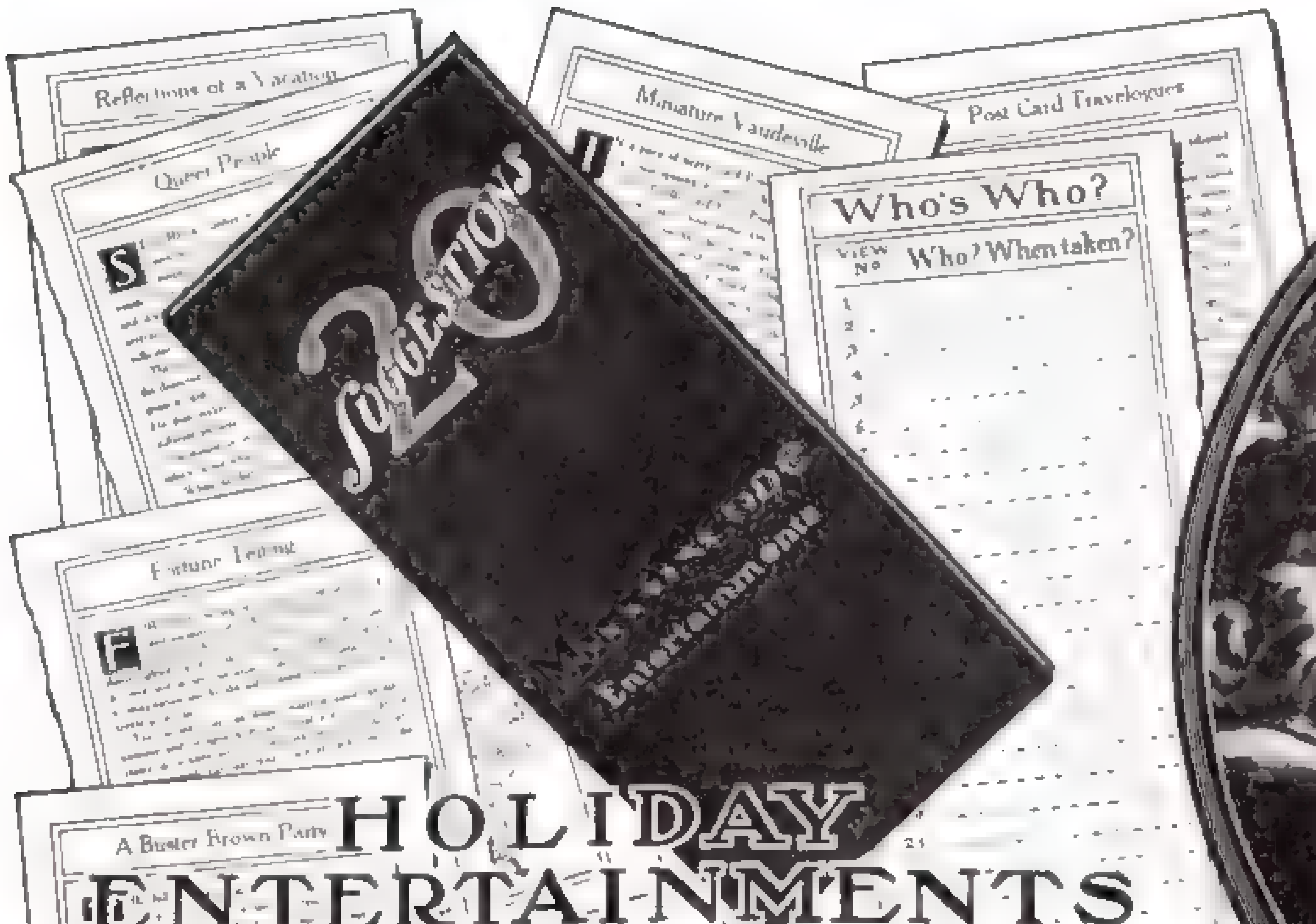


HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS WITH THE Mirroscope (The Improved "LITTLeBUCKEYe") PROJECTOR

Besides being a very practical and acceptable gift for any member of the family—young or old—the Mirroscope will provide an endless variety of holiday entertainments.

Here are a few described in detail.

"Who's Who at the Family Reunion"

Make up a list of relatives—grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins—and obtain from them (without disclosing your purpose) their very early photographs—baby pictures, boyhood and girlhood pictures, old family groups, wedding trip photos of the elders, etc. You will be surprised how difficult it is to select the names of the individuals from such photographs, and therein lies the point of this Mirroscope entertainment. You are to show the pictures through the Mirroscope, and set the folks guessing "Who's Who." Give each person a slip, prepared beforehand, containing a list of numbers with blank spaces after each. Throw your pictures on the Mirroscope screen in sequence, and require each person to guess (silently) the names and the ages at which the photographs were taken, writing them down opposite each number. First, second, and third prizes can be offered for those coming nearest to a correct list

"Progressive Story Telling"

Prepare beforehand a series of pictures, at least as many as there are to be guests, or twice as many if there are only a few present. The pictures can be clipped from magazines, and need not have any particular sequence, although not without a certain similarity and possibility of connection. Show the first one and ask one of the guests to start a story about the picture. When you throw the next picture on the screen, call out the name of a second guest, who must then and there continue the story, using the second picture as his inspiration. Continue to show pictures and call names until all guests have had their turn. As you near the end, explain that there are but two more pictures to be shown, so that the guests may properly end the story.

"Autograph Ghosts"

Have each person present prepare an "autograph ghost" on slips of paper provided beforehand. Autograph ghosts are made by writing one's name along the center of a slip of paper and, before the ink dries, folding along the center so that the signature blots for its entire length upon the two halves of the slip. "Autograph Ghosts" take on most weird and fantastic shapes, and the signatures themselves are distinguished with difficulty.

After collecting the entire assortment of "autograph ghosts," show them one at a time through the Mirroscope to your audience, having them guess (silently) the names, and write them down on numbered slips. Give prizes.

Other Mirroscope "Stunts"

Guessing contests on advertising trade marks and illustrations; illustrated proverbs, quotations, illustrated names of books; portraits of actors, authors and base ball players; human hands; etc., etc.

Showing collections of post cards, snap shots, stamps, coins, etc.

Plays in miniature.

Charades in miniature.

Shadow-graphs.

Home-made illustrated songs (very entertaining when used with a phonograph and illustrations from your own snap shots of persons known to all in the room).

Post card travelogues.

For the children: Illustrated talks on history, geography, birds, flowers, animals, etc.; "Mother Goose" illustrated while some child recites; history of "Buster Brown" and other comic characters clipped from Sunday papers.

There are many other uses for the Mirroscope practical and amusing. There is a long list of them with a detailed description of 20 Mirroscope entertainments in Our Booklet, "20 SUGGESTIONS," sent free to all. Write for it today

What the Mirroscope Is

The Mirroscope is an easily operated machine that throws pictures on a screen or sheet by means of reflected light projected through a strong lens.

The pictures on the screen are six feet in diameter and look like magic lantern views. But instead of glass slides you use any original photograph, kodak picture, post card, illustration clipped from magazine or newspaper, original painting, drawing or sketch anything not larger than seven by seven inches.

Everything is shown in its own colors.

It will even show the flesh tints of your hand.

Put your watch in, with the works exposed, and it will show up in all its metallic colors and with the wheels in motion.

You can use any white sheet, screen or wall space.

The Mirroscope is easily operated. No trouble at all. In five minutes you can be ready to show pictures.

There is no cost for slides, films or anything else, as there is in operating a camera, magic lantern, or phonograph.

How to Get a Mirroscope

Mirroscopes are sold by photo supply and hardware dealers; photo depts. of dry goods, department and toy stores.

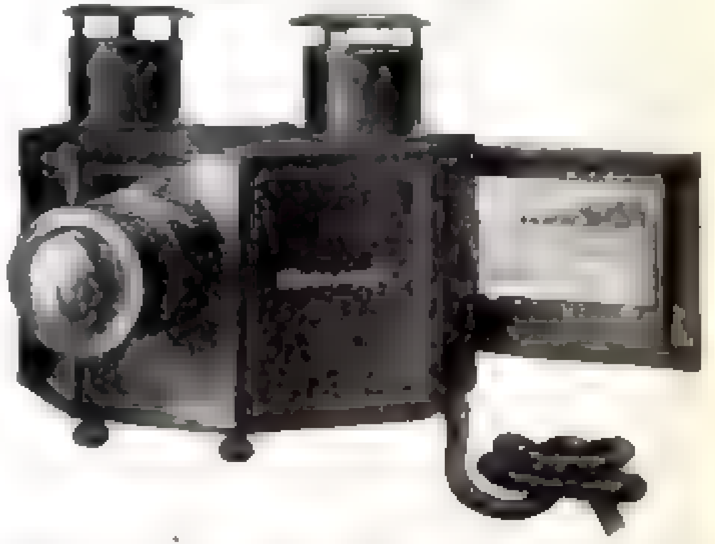
If you can't find the style you wish in your town, send money direct to us and we will ship the Mirroscope you select, express prepaid. In Canada add $1.00 to list price to cover duty and prepaid express. Order *now* and you will have instrument in time for Christmas. Be sure to state whether you want gas, electric or acetylene.

Three Mirroscope Styles

$3, $5, $7.50, $10, $15 and $20. 75% of our sales are in the $10 size.

Six Sizes in Each Style

Gas or Electric for the town or city; and Acetylene for the farm and country home, or the camp.



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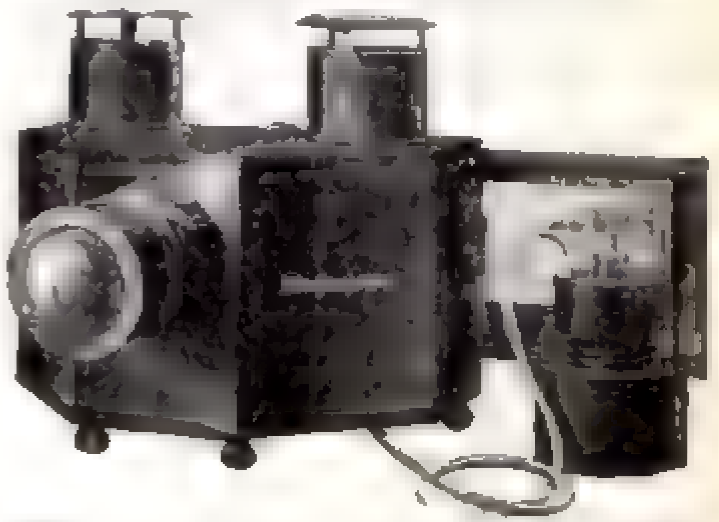
Mirroscope Projector Equipped for Electricity Complete with Incandescent Electric Lamps



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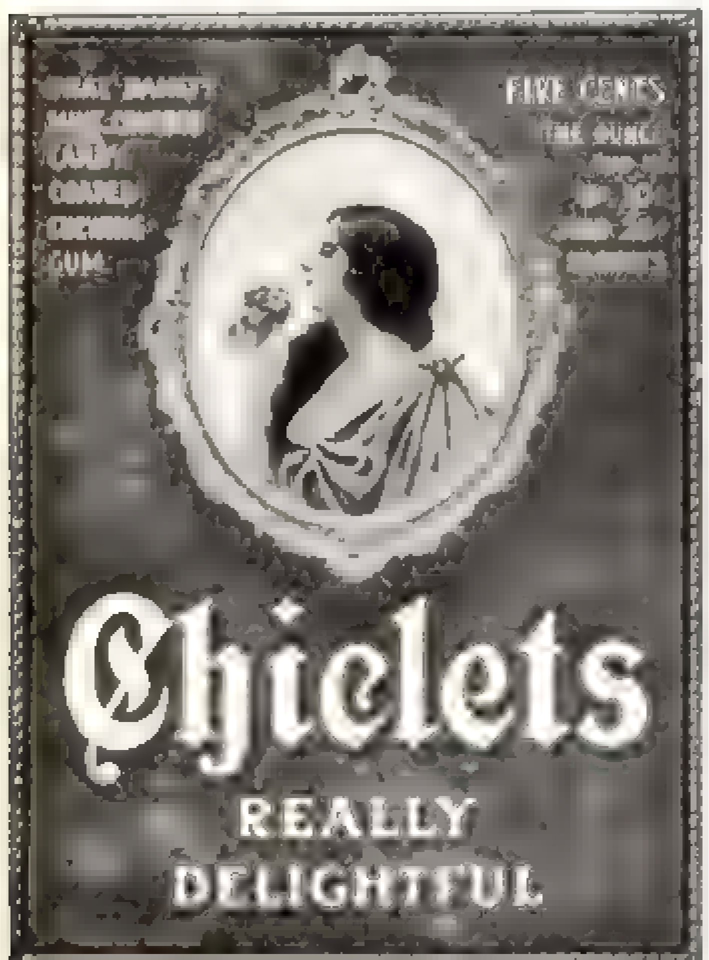

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A DEAL IN FIXTURES

(Continued from Page 17)

the district lodge of the I. O. M. A., Mawruss?" he inquired.

"Corresponding secretary," Morris replied. "What for you ask, Abe?"

"Oh, nothing," Abe replied as he turned away. "Only, I was wondering what he would soak us for them fixtures, Mawruss, if he would of been Grand Master."

III

TEN days afterward the receiver in bankruptcy sold Rifkin's stock and fixtures at auction, and when Abe and Morris took possession of their new business premises on the first of the following month the topic of H. Rifkin's failure had ceased to be of interest to the cloak and suit trade. Morris alone harped upon it.

"Well, Abe," he said for the twentieth time, gazing proudly around him, "what's the matter with them fixtures what we got it? Huh? Ain't them fixtures got H. Rifkin skinned to death?"

Abe shook his head solemnly.

"Mind you, Mawruss," he began, "I ain't saying them fixtures what we got it ain't good fixtures, y'understand; but they ain't one, two, six with H. Rifkin's fixtures."

"That's what you say, Abe," Morris retorted, "but Flachsman says different. I seen him at the lodge last night, and he tells me them fixtures what H. Rifkin got it was second quality, Abe. Flachsman says they wouldn't of stood being took down and put up again. He says he wouldn't sell them fixtures as second-hand to an East Broadway concern, without being afraid for a comeback."

"Flachsman don't know what he's talking about," Abe declared hotly. "Them fixtures was A Number One. I never seen nothing like 'em before or since."

"Bluffs you are making it, Abe," Morris replied. "You seen them fixtures for ten minutes, maybe, Abe, and in such a short time you couldn't tell nothing at all about 'em."

"Couldn't I, Mawruss?" Abe said. "Well, them fixtures was the kind what you wouldn't forget it if you seen 'em for only five minutes. I bet yer I would know them anywhere, Mawruss, if I seen them again, and what we got it here from Flachsman is a weak imitation, Mawruss. That's all."

At this juncture a customer entered, and for half an hour Morris busied himself displaying the line. In the mean time Abe went out to lunch, and when he entered the building on his return a familiar, bulky figure preceded him into the doorway.

"Hallo!" Abe cried, and the bulky figure stopped and turned around.

"Hallo yourself!" he said.

"You don't know me, Mr. Feigenbaum," Abe went on.

"Why, how d'ye do, Mr. Potash?" Feigenbaum exclaimed. "What brings you way uptown here?"

"We m——" Abe commenced—"that is to say, I come up here to see a party. I bet yer we're going to the same place, Mr. Feigenbaum."

"Maybe," Mr. Feigenbaum grunted.

"Sixth floor, hey?" Abe cried jocularly, slapping Mr. Feigenbaum on the shoulder.

Mr. Feigenbaum's right eye assumed the glassy stare which was permanent in his left.

"What business is that from yours, Potash?" he asked.

"Excuse me, Mr. Feigenbaum," Abe said with less jocularity, "I didn't mean it no harm."

Together they entered the elevator, and Abe created a diversion by handing Mr. Feigenbaum a large, black cigar with a wide red-and-gold band on it. While Feigenbaum was murmuring his thanks the elevator man stopped the car at the fifth floor.

"Here we are!" Abe cried, and hustled out of the elevator ahead of Mr. Feigenbaum. He opened the outer door of Potash & Perlmutter's loft with such rapidity that there was no time for Feigenbaum to decipher the sign on its ground-glass panel, and the next moment they stood before the green-baize swinging doors.

"After you, Mr. Feigenbaum," Abe said. He followed his late customer up the passageway between the mahogany partitions, into the sample-room.

We borrowed this dance
From the days of the past
And the wonder grows as
we dance it—
How they kept up the pace
And the strength of the race
without

Uneeda
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The Soda Cracker that makes the Nation strong.

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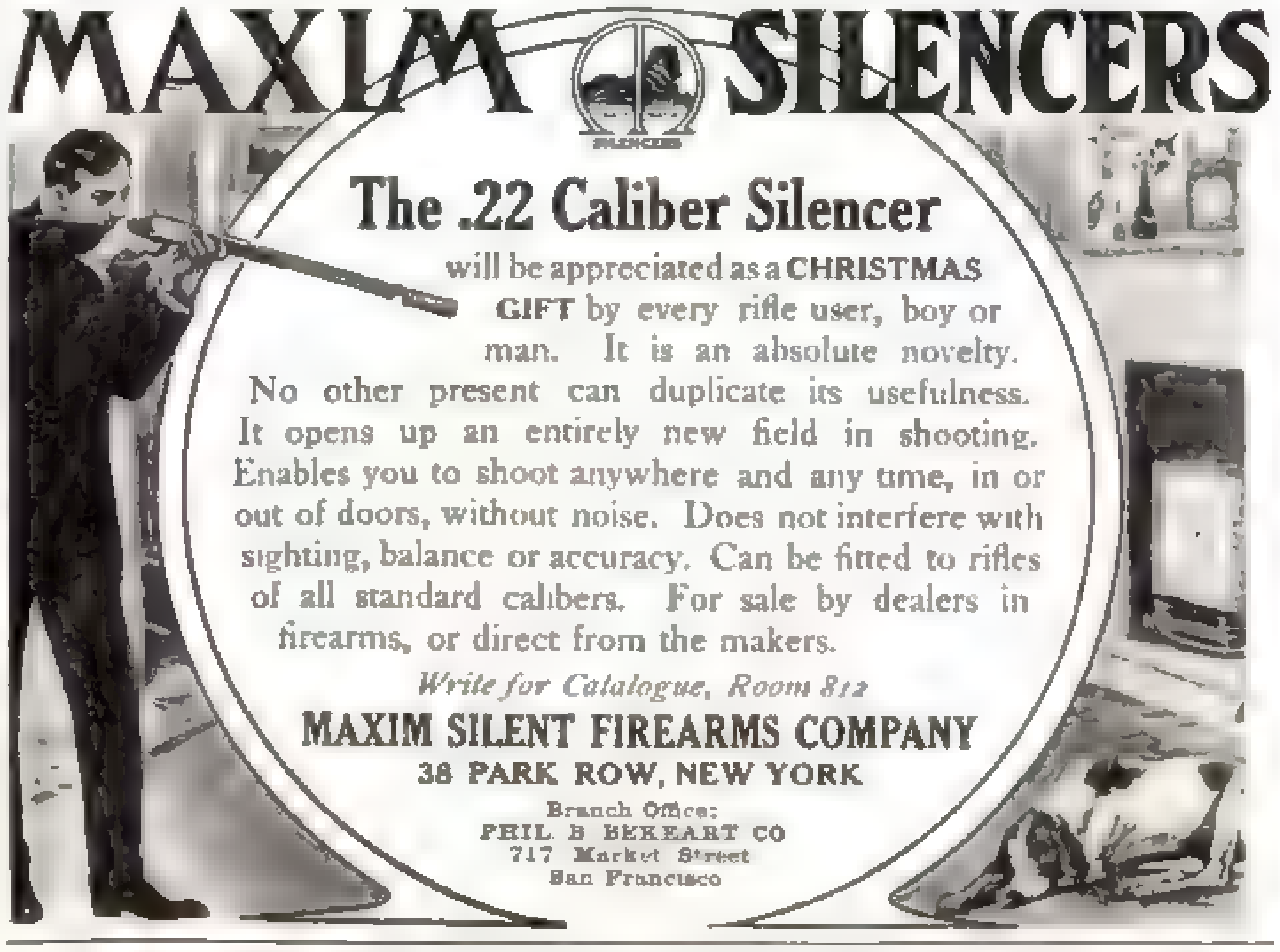

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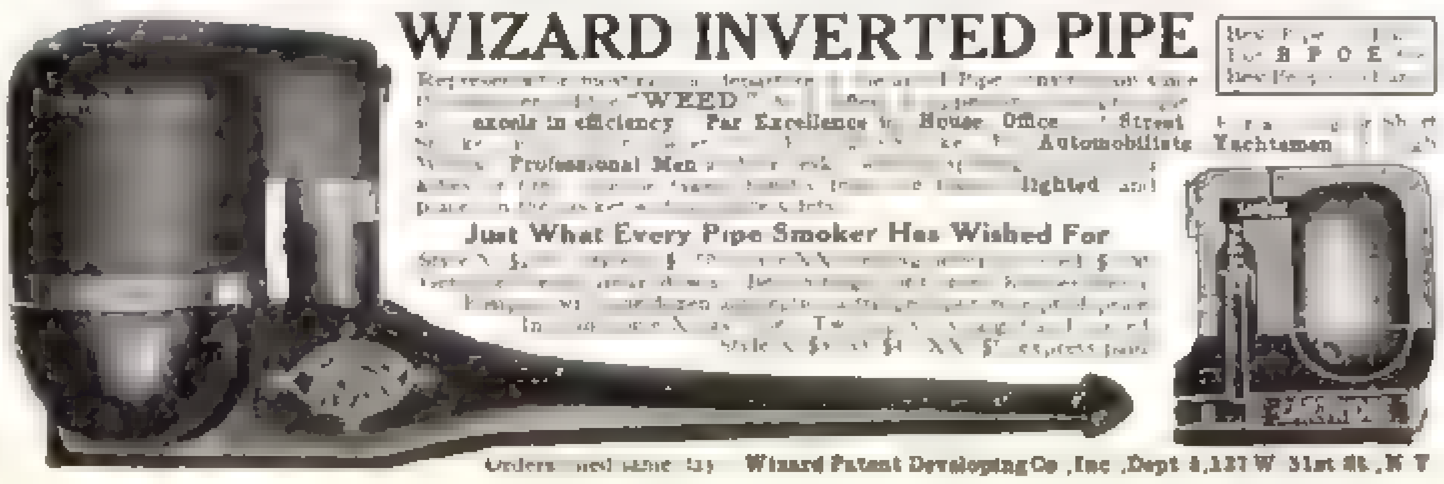

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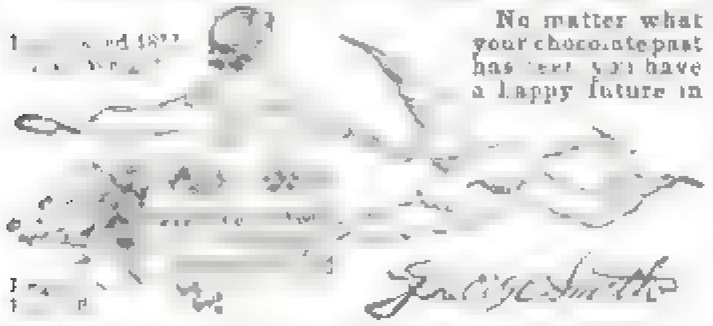

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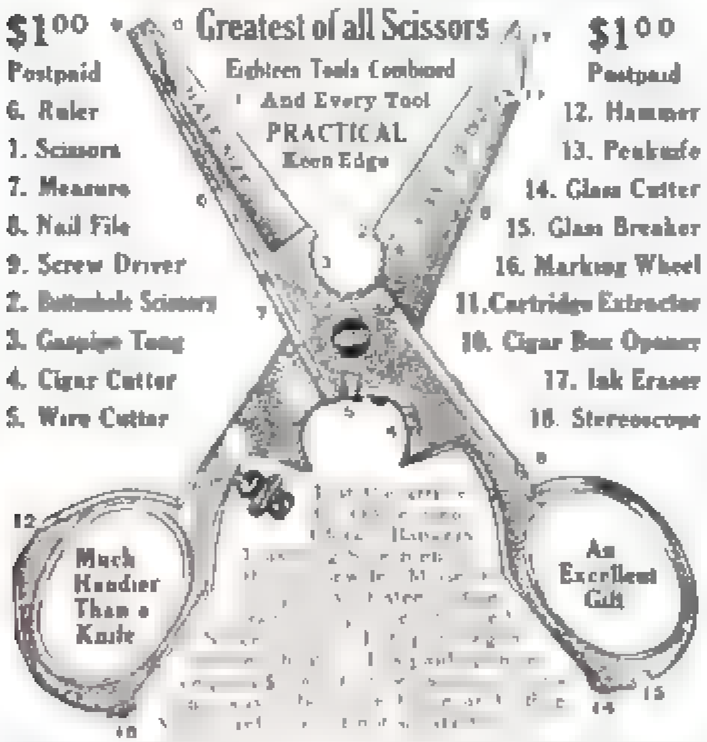

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"Take a chair, Mr. Feigenbaum," Abe cried, dragging forward a comfortable, padded seat, into which Feigenbaum sank with a sigh.

"I wish we could get it furniture like this up in Bridgetown," Feigenbaum said. "A one-horse place like Bridgetown you can't get nothing there. Everything you got to come to New York for. We are dead ones in Bridgetown. We don't know nothing and we don't learn nothing."

"That's right, Mr. Feigenbaum," Abe said. "You got to come to New York to get the latest wrinkles about everything."

With one comprehensive motion he drew forward a chair for himself and waved a warning to Morris, who ducked behind a rack of cloaks in the rear of the sample-room.

"You make yourself to home here, Potash, I must say," Feigenbaum observed.

Abe grunted inarticulately and handed a match to Feigenbaum, who lit his cigar, a fine imported one, and blew out great clouds of smoke with every evidence of appreciative enjoyment.

"Where's Rifkin?" he inquired between puffs.

Abe shook his head and smiled.

"You got to ask me something easier than that, Mr. Feigenbaum," he murmured.

"What d'ye mean?" Feigenbaum cried, jumping to his feet.

"Ain't you heard it yet?" Abe asked.

"I ain't heard nothing," Feigenbaum exclaimed.

"Then sit down and I'll tell you all about it," Abe said.

Feigenbaum sat down again.

"You mean to tell me you ain't heard it nothing about Rifkin?" Abe went on.

"Do me the favor, Potash, and spit it out," Feigenbaum broke in impatiently.

"Well, Rifkin run away," Abe announced.

"Run away!"

"That's what I said," Abe went on. "He made it a big failure and skipped to the old country."

"You don't tell me!" Feigenbaum said. "Why, I used to buy it all my goods from Rifkin."

Abe leaned forward and placed his hand on Feigenbaum's knees.

"I know it," he murmured, "and oncet you used to buy it all your goods from us, Mr. Feigenbaum. I assure you, Mr. Feigenbaum, I don't want to make no bluffs nor nothing, but believe me, the line of garments what we carry and the line of garments what H. Rifkin carried, there ain't no comparison. Merchandise what H. Rifkin got in his place as leaders already, I wouldn't give 'em junk room."

Mr. Feigenbaum nodded.

"Well, the fixtures what you was carrying at one time, Potash, I wouldn't give 'em junk room neither," Feigenbaum declared. "You're lucky I didn't sue you in the courts yet for busting my nose against that high rack of yours. I ain't never recovered from that accident what I had in your place, Potash. I got it catarrh yet, I assure you."

"Accidents could happen with the best regulations, Mr. Feigenbaum," Abe cried, "and you see that here we got it a fine new line of fixtures."

"Not so good as what Rifkin carried," Feigenbaum said.

"Rifkin carried fine fixtures, Mr. Feigenbaum," Abe admitted, "but not so fine as what we got. We got it everything up to date. You couldn't bump your nose here, not if you was to get down on your hands and knees and try."

"I wouldn't do it," Mr. Feigenbaum said solemnly.

"Sure not," Abe agreed. "But come and look around our loft. We just moved in here, and everything we got it is new—fixtures and garments as well."

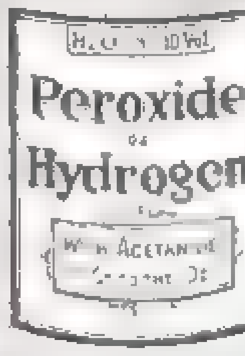
"I guess you must excuse me. I ain't got much time to spare," Mr. Feigenbaum declared. "I got to get along and buy my stuff."

Abe sprang to his feet.

"Buy it here!" he cried. He seized Feigenbaum by the arm and propelled him over to the sample line of skirts, behind which Morris cowered.

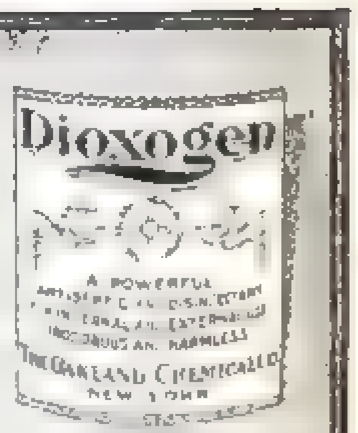
"Look at them goods," Abe said. "One or two of them styles would be leaders for H. Rifkin. For us, all them different styles is our ordinary line."

In turn, he displayed the rest of the firm's line and exercised his faculties of persuasion, argument and flattery to such good purpose that in less than an hour Feigenbaum had bought three thousand



These bottle labels represent

Two Kinds of Peroxide of Hydrogen



Which Kind Should You Use?

The Ordinary Kind

The Acetanilid Preserved Peroxide of Hydrogen

Most ordinary peroxides of hydrogen are preserved with acetanilid. The law requires a statement on the label wh[illegible] acetanilid is used in *any* product, [illegible] it is a poison. While used only in small quantities as a peroxide preservative, the U. S. OFFICIAL Dispensatory reports a case where only 5 grains resulted fatally. Acetanilid in peroxide adds nothing of value except that of a preservative; it cheapens the price and usually the quality; it produces the objectionable taste and odor characteristic of all peroxide of hydrogen preserved with it.

or

DIOXOGEN

The *Pure* Peroxide of Hydrogen

DIOXOGEN does not require a [illegible] It keeps without it. DIOXOGEN keeps because of its freedom [illegible] which cheapen price at the expense of purity. [illegible]

Dioxogen
A POWERFUL
INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL
INODOROUS AND HARMLESS
OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.
NEW YORK

Dioxogen

THE PURE PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN

DIOXOGEN [illegible] and still be more effective. The name DIOXOGEN is your guarantee of purity, efficiency and safety; it is your protection against "bleaching" peroxide, "weak" peroxide, "impure" peroxide, "acetanilid" peroxide, and all other kinds [illegible]

A Trial Bottle and a Booklet

will be mailed [illegible] request, enclosing 10 cents to cover postage [illegible] the booklet, "[illegible]" describes and gives [illegible] DIOXOGEN as a mouth wash, as a gargle; for wounds and cuts; for chapped hands and face; for the complexion; after shaving; [illegible] any one of which may be [illegible] bottle today, using the coupon or giving the same information in a letter.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.
99 Front St., New York

Exact Size of Trial Bottle

The Oakland Chemical Co.
99 Front Street
New York

Check one of the following

☐ I have never used Dioxogen [illegible] peroxide of hydrogen
☐ [illegible] a peroxide, but not Dioxogen [illegible]

I would like to try Dioxogen and enclose [illegible] for 2 oz. trial bottle

Name

Address

Druggist's Name

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD

A Christmas present for you to give to particular friends

France's greatest product

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL

Exquisite—lasting—containing the very soul of the living flower. 75c—6 oz. bottle, in an attractive box. Such great value was never before offered by ED. PINAUD nor any other perfumer. Lilac Vegetal is for handkerchief, atomizer and bath. The favorite perfume and toilet water of thousands the world over.

If you desire to *try* it before buying, send us 5c to-day for a Christmas sample bottle. The supply of samples is limited—please don't ask for more than one, and write at once to avoid disappointment. The sample is a miniature of the 6 oz. bottle. Address our American Offices,

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD
Dept. C-15 ED. PINAUD BLDG. New York

HOW YOU CAN EARN $300 OR MORE A MONTH

One box ball alley costing $150 took in $613 the first [illegible] Two other alleys costing $365 took in $1,372.95 in five months. Four large alleys costing $840 took in $1,845.20 in fifty-nine days, more than $900 a month. Why not start in this business in your own town? Both men and women go wild with [illegible] bring their friends, form clubs and pay for scores. Players set pins with lever [illegible]. Alleys can be set up or taken down quickly. Write for illustrated booklet explaining EASY PAYMENT PLAN. Send for it today.

AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., 1316 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

Get this Luxurious Chair for Grandfather

WHAT he likes—and you, too—about a Turkish Rocker is the *real comfort* of it. Now *this* is a Turkish Rocker of an unusual kind. It is so comfortable that it invites hard usage, and so scientifically constructed it stands it. It is the celebrated

"Seng Spring" Turkish Rocker

and it is the easiest easy chair made—has more comfort to the square inch than any chair you ever sat in.

Yet you'll find it will last twice as long as any other Turkish Rocker that is not used anywhere near as much.

Why? See for yourself—

The ordinary Turkish Rocker rocks on wooden rockers traveling on a solid, unyielding wooden track.

The Seng Spring Turkish Rocker sways with an easy swing on resilient, strong *springs*. They respond buoyantly to every move of the body. They support the whole chair. They give with the weight that drops into it. And, so, save much of the strain and wear on the chair itself—increase its usefulness by half.

The motion of the Seng Spring Turkish Rocker is soothing and restful. No jolt or jar. Lulls the tired nerves to utter relaxation. Makes any other rocker seem uncomfortable, tiresome. Try it and see.

Mail this Coupon for Free Booklet

It tells you many things you ought to know about chairs. Read it through. Then go to your dealer and try a Seng Spring Turkish Rocker. It will prove what the little book says.

Be sure to look under the seat of your Turkish Rocker before you buy:—

GUARANTEED FIVE YEARS

This Trade-Mark should be found on the springs.

Please don't forget to mail the coupon

The Seng Company, 1455 Dayton St., Chicago, Ill.

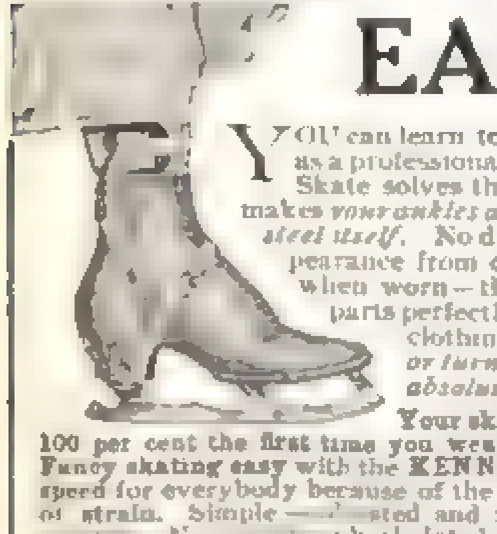
The Seng Co., 1455 Dayton St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send, free, booklet giving detailed information in regard to chair-buying

Name

Street Address

City



Skating MADE EASY

YOU can learn to skate as well as a professional—the KENNEDY Skate solves the problem! It makes *your ankles as strong as the steel itself.* No difference in appearance from ordinary skate when worn—the small extra parts perfectly concealed by clothing. *A twisted or turned ankle made absolutely impossible.*

Your skating improved 100 per cent the first time you wear these skates. Fancy skating easy with the KENNEDY. Greater speed for everybody because of the entire absence of strain. Simple—adjusted and fastened in 10 seconds. [illegible] heel plate insures absolute firmness. Scientifically curved blade provides [illegible] Weight of skate is less than that of ordinary skates in general use.

ON TRIAL—[illegible] **KENNEDY'S** [illegible] **WRITE NOW** [illegible]

Kennedy Skate Co 113-15 5th Ave., Dept 6018, Chicago, Ill.

dollars' worth of garments, deliveries to be made within ten days.

"And now, Mr. Feigenbaum," Abe said, "I want you to look around our place. Mawruss is in the office, and he would be delighted, I know, to see you."

He conducted his rediscovered customer to the office, where Morris was seated at the roll-top mahogany desk.

"Ah, Mr. Feigenbaum," Morris cried, effusively seizing the newcomer by both hands, "ain't it a pleasure to see you again! Take a seat."

He thrust Feigenbaum into the revolving chair that he had just vacated, and took the box of gilt-edge customers' cigars out of the safe.

"Throw away that butt and take a fresh cigar," he exclaimed, handing Feigenbaum a satiny Invincible with the broad band of the best Havana maker on it. Feigenbaum received it with a smile, for he was now completely thawed out.

"You got a fine place here, Mawruss," he said. "Fixtures and everything A Number One, just like Rifkin's."

"Better as Rifkin's," Morris declared.

"Well, maybe it is better in quality," Feigenbaum admitted; "but, I mean, in arrangement and color it is just the same. Why, when I come in here with Abe, an hour ago, I assure you I thought I was in Rifkin's old place. In fact, I could almost swear this desk is the same desk what Rifkin had it."

He rose to his feet and passed his hand over the top of the desk with the touch of a connoisseur.

"No," he said at last. "It ain't the same as Rifkin's. Rifkin's desk was a fine piece of Costa Rica mahogany without a flaw. I used to be in the furniture business oncet, you know, Mawruss, and so I can tell."

Abe flashed a triumphant grin on Morris, who frowned in reply.

"But ain't this here desk that—now—what-yer-call-it mahogany, too, Mr. Feigenbaum?" Morris asked.

"Well, it's Costa Rica mahogany, all right," Feigenbaum said, "but it's got a flaw into it."

"A flaw?" Morris and Abe exclaimed with one voice.

"Sure," Mr. Feigenbaum continued. "It looks to me like somebody laid a cigar on to it and burned a hole there. Then some cabinetmaker fixed it up yet with colored putty and shellac. Nobody would notice nothing except an expert like me, though."

Feigenbaum looked at Morris' glum countenance with secret enjoyment, but when he turned to Abe he was startled into an exclamation, for Abe's face was ashen and large beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"What's the matter, Abe?" Feigenbaum cried. "Are you sick?"

"My stummick," Abe murmured. "I'll be all right in a minute!"

Feigenbaum took his hat and coat preparatory to leaving.

"Well, boys," he said genially, "you got to excuse me. I must be moving on."

"Wait just a minute," Abe said. "I want you to look at something."

He led Feigenbaum out of the office and down the passageway between the mahogany partitions. In front of the little cashier's window Abe stopped and pointed to the shelf and panel beneath.

"Mr. Feigenbaum," he said in shaking tones, "do you see something down there?"

Mr. Feigenbaum examined the woodwork closely.

"Yes, Abe," he answered. "I see it that some loafer has been striking matches on it, but it's been all fixed up so that you wouldn't notice nothing."

"'Senough," Abe cried. "I'm much obliged to you."

In silence Abe and Morris ushered Mr. Feigenbaum to the outer door, and as soon as it closed behind him the two partners faced each other.

"What difference does it make, Abe?" Morris said. "A little hole and a little scratch don't amount to nothing."

Abe gulped once or twice before he could enunciate.

"It don't amount to nothing, Mawruss," he croaked. "Oh, no, it don't amount to nothing but sixteen hundred and fifty dollars."

"What d'ye mean?" Morris exclaimed.

"I mean this," Abe thundered: "I mean, we paid twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars for what we could of bought for six hundred dollars. Them fixtures what we bought it from Flachsman, he bought it from Rifkin's bankruptcy sale. I mean that these here fixtures are the positively same identical fixtures what I seen it upstairs in H. Rifkin's loft."

It was now Morris' turn to change color, and his face assumed a sickly hue of green.

"How do you know that?" he gasped.

"Because I was in Rifkin's old place when that lowlife Feinstein, what works for Henry D. Feldman, had charge of it after the failure; and I seen Feinstein strike them matches and put his seegar on the top from the desk."

He led the way back to the office and once more examined the flaw in the mahogany.

"Yes, Mawruss," he said, "two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars we got to pay it for this here junk. Twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars, Mawruss, you throw it into the street for damaged, second-hand stuff what ain't worth two hundred."

"Why, you say it yourself you wanted to pay six hundred for it, Abe," Morris protested, "and you said it was first-class, A Number One fixtures."

"Me, Mawruss!" Abe exclaimed. "I'm surprised to hear you should talk that way, Mawruss. I knew all the time that them fixtures was bum stuff. I only wanted to buy 'em because I thought that they would bring us some of Rifkin's old customers, Mawruss, and I was right."

"You're always right, Abe," Morris retorted. "Maybe you was right when you said Feinstein made them marks, Abe, and maybe you wasn't. Feinstein ain't the only one what scratches matches and smokes seegars, Abe. You smoke, too, Abe."

"All right, Mawruss," Abe said. "I scratched them matches and burnt that hole, if you think so; but just the same, Mawruss, if I did or if I didn't, Ike Flachsman done us, anyhow."

"How d'ye know that, Abe?" Morris blurted out. "I don't believe them fixtures is Rifkin's fixtures at all, and I don't believe that Flachsman bought 'em at Rifkin's sale. What's more, Abe, I'm going to get Feinstein on the 'phone right away and find out who did buy 'em."

He went to the telephone immediately and rang up Henry D. Feldman's office.

"Hallo, Mr. Feinstein," he said, after the connection had been made. "This is Mawruss Perlmutter, of Potash & Perlmutter. You know them fixtures what H. Rifkin had it?"

"I sure do," Feinstein replied.

"Well, who bought it them fixtures at the receiver's sale?"

"I got to look it up," Feinstein said. "Hold the wire for a minute."

A moment later he returned to the 'phone.

"Hallo, Mr. Perlmutter," he said. "They sold for three hundred dollars to a dealer by the name Isaac Flachsman."

Useless Knowledge

JOHN BASSETT MOORE, the great authority on international law, was a young lawyer in Delaware when Mr. Cleveland made Thomas F. Bayard his Secretary of State.

"John," said Mr. Bayard, "I want you to come down to Washington with me."

"What for?" asked Moore.

"I want you with me. You come on down there and pass a civil-service examination, and I will give you the best job I can at the start and then see what I can do later."

"Maybe I can't pass it," said the modest Moore.

"Pshaw!" protested Mr. Bayard. "Of course you can. Come on, now, and try it."

Moore went to Washington and took the examination. After he had finished he came into Mr. Bayard's office. "Mr. Bayard," he said, "I'm afraid I didn't pass that examination."

"Why not?"

"There were some questions I couldn't answer."

"What was one of them?"

"Well, they asked me how many square miles there are in France."

"They did, did they?" snorted the Chevalier. "How many square miles there are in France? I'll see about that, John, I'll see about that. Why, I wouldn't let a man work for me who could answer that question."

COLT REVOLVERS

THE WORLD'S RIGHT ARM

The Colt is the American standard of revolver perfection. Its dependability is historical. It has been the tried and true friend of more genuine red-blooded American manhood than all other makes combined. In originality of pattern, excellence of material, and man-to-man workmanship, the Colt has never been equalled. The **Jointless Solid Frame,** forged in one piece, and the **Positive Lock,** which absolutely prevents accidental discharge, are only two exclusive features of the Colt. But an innovation does not make a principle [illegible] Colt!

Send for Catalogue 85

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Ct.

"A sweep of the hand sets it spinning"

"THE IDEAL Ball-bearing Top"

The youngest child can spin it for there is no winding. Beautifully Nickeled. Nothing to wear out. Rubber Tire prevents injury to fingers or furniture.

It will spin for five minutes. Each top packed in Box with 6 colored disks. A touch of the finger while top is spinning makes beautiful color combinations.

Buy of your Dealer or Send us 25c.

CUSHMAN & DENISON MFG. CO.
240 West 23d Street, New York City

Will keep a child quietly amused for hours.

The King-of-All Stropper

50c

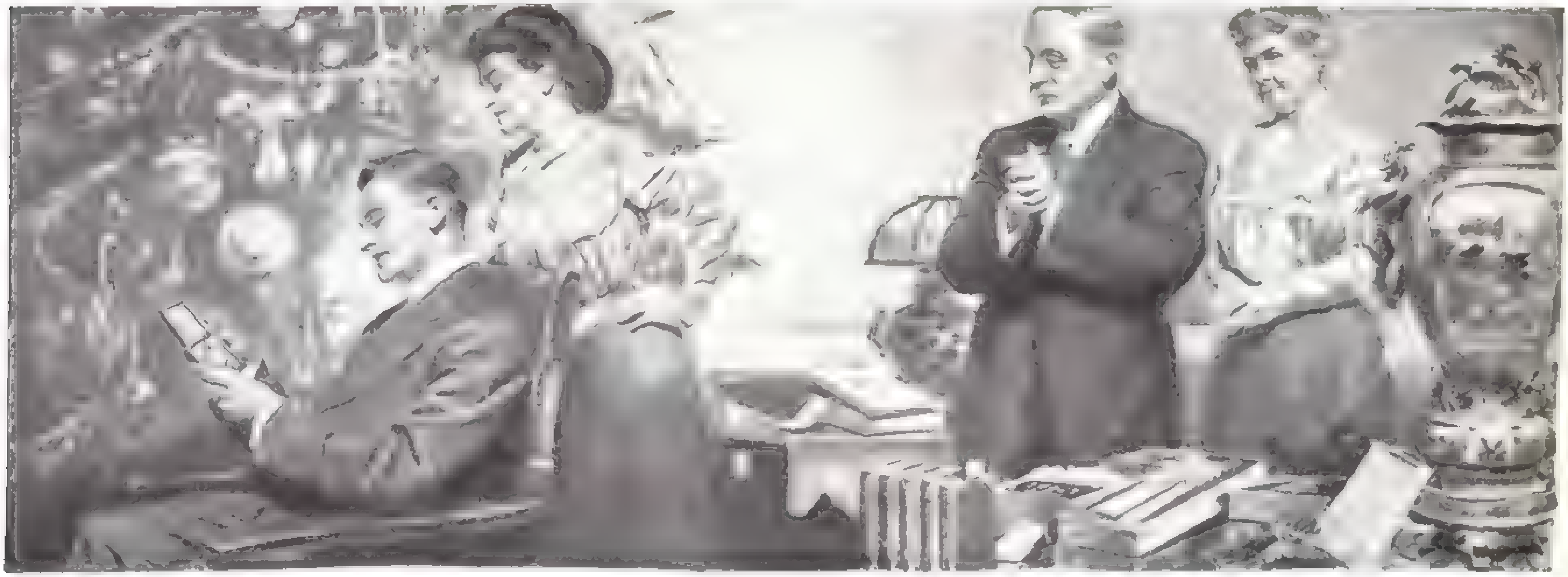
For All Blades

No more dull safety razor blades where there is a King-of-All Stropper. Neat, compact and practical. One single device for all blades. No adjustment necessary. Makes good blades [illegible] fifty cents [illegible] Why pay [illegible]

KING OF ALL STROPPER CO. 141 Summer St. Boston Mass.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago; 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis; 736 Old South Bldg., Boston; 206 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 200 Central Bldg., Los Angeles.



Gift Time—Elgin Time

THE watch has unique gift qualities—a singular keepsake appropriateness. Occupying an especially close and intimate relation to its owner, the watch becomes a trusted friend, consulted and relied upon—a lifetime comrade if it be an Elgin.

This continued personal association makes of the gift watch a constant and permanent reminder of the giver. And, too, the character of Elgin timepieces reflects the most prized attributes of human friendship—faithfulness, reliability and honesty.

THE word Elgin on a watch guarantees not only a standard timekeeper, but the most modern and up-to-date improvements in design, convenience and general serviceableness.

Elgin Watches are made in 68 grades, models and sizes, ranging in price from $7 to $150. The three models shown below are especially suitable for Christmas gifts. All Elgin models are sold by leading jewelers everywhere and are fully guaranteed by the makers, Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Illinois.

The Famous G. M. WHEELER Model

Made in 18, 16, and 12 sizes. 17 jewels. Ruby and sapphire balance and center jewels. Compensating balance. Breguet hairspring with micrometric regulator. Adjusted to temperature and [illegible] three [illegible]. Self-locking setting device. Engraving [illegible] gold. Open face and hunting cases.

In Filled Gold Cases, $30 and up
In Solid Gold Cases, $50 and up

The LORD ELGIN Extra Thin Model

The [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] at the [illegible] 7, 15 and 17 jewels [illegible] ruby and sapphire balance and center jewels. Compensating balance. Breguet hairspring with micrometric regulator. Self-locking setting device. Cased and timed in case at factory. Open face only.

In Filled Gold Cases, $21 and up
In Solid Gold Cases, $35 and up

The LADY ELGIN for Women

The smallest American watch — only one inch in diameter. [illegible] 15 ruby and sapphire jewels. Gold jewel settings. Breguet hairspring. Cased and timed in case at factory. Hunting and Open Face Cases. Cases of [illegible].

In Open Face Cases, $40 and up
In Hunting Cases, $45 and up
This movement is also sold in expensive jewelled and beautifully wrought cases.

(Continued from Page 31)

You KNOW WANAMAKER'S

but *do* you know what the Wanamaker Mail Order Service will do for you? It will bring the Great Shop right to your door, with its "latest and best," from New York and Paris. An expert shopper handles your order as carefully as if it were her own.

SEND TODAY for the Wanamaker Catalog IT'S FREE

There's plenty of time to get a catalog, order goods from it, and receive them before Christmas, because we ship them the very day the order arrives.

Here are just three Christmas suggestions, which will give you a relative idea of Wanamaker values. (There is a fourth suggestion on page 31. Look at it.)

Men's Combination Set

[illegible] and ornamental—a most acceptable gift. One [illegible]

Order No. A. A. 107, $1.00 Postpaid

[illegible] Colors, white, sky blue, lavender, pink and gray. Name [illegible] color [illegible]

Any man would like a set . . . . Price $1.00 Postpaid

The WANAMAKER Special Umbrella

Order No. A. B. 157, $3.00 Postpaid

It opens and shuts easily—folds tightly—lasts for years.

This name "Special" is well used. The umbrella is a [illegible] union serge, [illegible] most of the [illegible] Natural wood handles. THE WANAMAKER SPECIAL is a common sense Christmas gift for man or woman; send in your order today.

Real Cluny Lace Centrepiece

A beautiful [illegible] doing the work [illegible] ter evenings.

Order No. A. C. 157, $1.50 Postpaid

You get *The Post* December 2. If you mail your order by Saturday, December 4, or within the following week, your letter will reach us in four days, even if it comes from California. We will ship your order the same day we receive it, so you will surely get the goods long before Christmas. Ask for catalog, when you order. Ask for it any way, whether you order now or not.

Section Z, JOHN WANAMAKER, New York

Stork Scissors 50c

For embroidery; fine, polished steel; 3½ in. long, 50c; post paid on receipt of price.

Brooches

With birth-month-flower; solid gold and enamel, with [illegible] flower for each month; $3.75, sent post paid. Other brooches, from $4.00 to $800.00.

Catalog Free

Large, handsome illustrated catalog sent free on request. Sterling Silver, Diamonds, Watches, rare Art Merchandise. Everything guaranteed. Money refunded if anything is unsatisfactory. Goods sent on approval to responsible people. Established in 1832.

WM. KENDRICK'S SONS, 220 S. Fourth Ave., Louisville, Ky.

15 CENTS 13 WEEKS [illegible]

The Pathfinder [illegible] THE NATIONAL NEWS REVIEW

[illegible] of rare interest; reliable, entertaining—THE paper for the home. Send 15c now for 13 weeks to Pathfinder, Washington, D C

WHITE MAGIC

(Continued from Page 23)

"I thought it was Chang," said Vanderkief with a slight sneer.

"So it is," cried Beatrice gayly. "But only for the favored few whom Mr. Wade admits to friendship. You know he's not like you and Heck, Hanky. He's a real personage. He can do things."

Hanky looked as if he would like nothing on earth or in Heaven so much as a chance at this big, impressive-looking mystery, with bare fists and no referee. "I was about to say," he went on, "it's a shame to annoy so busy and important a chap with invitations."

Roger looked at him in a large, tolerant way that visibly delighted Beatrice. "Much obliged, Vanderkief," said he. "But I'm fond of the Richmonds, and it's a pleasure to break my rule for them." He beamed on Heck. "I *am* glad to see you again!" he exclaimed. "I didn't realize how much I had missed you till I saw you once more. Isn't this like old times?"

"Well, I guess," said Heck on the broad grin. "It is old times!"

"But you'd better take your sister home now; walk her briskly every inch of the way."

"No," said Beatrice. "I'm going back as I came."

"But who's to wade into that ice water for your canoe?" inquired Roger. "Not I, for one."

"Certainly not," cried she. "I spoke without thinking. I'll send one of the servants for it in a boat."

"Now, hurry along," said Roger; "and walk fast. And if I can arrange to come to dinner I'll send up a note this afternoon."

Beatrice was eying him reproachfully; but as Hank was watching her she did not venture to protest. "I'll see you tomorrow morning," said she.

"Oh, no—don't bother to come. I'll let you know when I need you."

"So this is where you've been spending your mornings?" said Vanderkief.

"Some of them," replied Beatrice. "It was to have been a surprise. Still —— You didn't let them see it, did you, Chang?"

"Not a peep," he assured her.

Vanderkief's tension somewhat relaxed. Roger admired the innocent Miss Richmond. Really, she had been displaying a genius for deception—whose art lies in saying just enough and leaving it to the dupe's own imagination to do the heavy work of deceit. The parting was accomplished in good order, Vanderkief showing a disposition to be apologetically polite to Roger now that he had convinced himself he was mistaken in his first jealous surmises. "If you make a good job of Miss Richmond," said he graciously, "I'll see that a lot of things are put in your way."

Roger thanked him with a simple gratitude that put him in excellent humor with himself. After the three set out Beatrice came running back. "You saved me," she said. "I'm so ashamed for having dragged you into such a mess. But you must do one thing more. You *must* come to dinner."

"Can't do it," said Roger. "Here's where I step out."

This seemed to astonish her. She looked at him doubtfully, was so agitated by his expression that she hastily cried, "Oh, no, you'll not desert me. I admit it's my fault. But you wouldn't be so unfriendly as to get me into trouble!"

"How would I get you into trouble? It's just the other way. If I came to your house it'd make a tangle that even Vanderkief would see."

"No—no, indeed," protested she. "I can't stop to explain now. *Don't* be so suspicious, Chang. I'll be here tomorrow morning—no, at the studio. Pete—that is, Hank—might follow me here. And now that you know who we are, don't you see there's no reason for ——"

She laughed coquettishly, and away she sped, before he could repeat his refusal. To call after her would be to betray her.

. . . .

As he was working in the usual place near the cascade the next morning she came upon him from the direction of the studio. "What a fright you've given me!" exclaimed she, dropping to the grass a few yards away. "I went up to the studio as I told you I would."

He had bowed to her with some formality. His tone was distinctly stiff as he replied. "My work compelled me to be here. Anyhow, Miss Richmond, it's clear to me, and must be to you, that our friendship must cease."

"You don't look at me as you say that," said she, obviously not seriously impressed.

"It isn't pleasant to say that sort of thing to you," replied he. "But your coming again, when you ought not, compels me to be frank."

"Why?" said she, clasping her knees with her hands. "Why must our friendship cease?"

"There are many reasons. One is enough. I do not care to continue it."

"How nasty you are this morning, Chang!"

He took refuge in silence.

"Surely you're not jealous of Hanky?" said she with audacious mischief.

He ignored this.

"Don't look so sour. I was merely joking. Are you cross because I made you help me tell—things that weren't quite so?"

"I don't like that sort of business," said he, unconvincingly industrious with his brush.

"Neither do I," said she. "But what was I to do? You know you forced me into engaging myself to him."

He stopped work, stared at her.

She went on in the same sweet, even way: "And if it hadn't been for my coming here to act as your model I'd not have got into trouble. And, having got in, what was there to do but get out with as little damage to poor Peter's feelings as possible?" Then she looked at him with innocent eyes, as if she had uttered the indisputable.

Roger surveyed her with admiration. "You are—the limit!" he exclaimed. "The limit!"

"But isn't what I said true?" urged she. "What else could I have done?"

"True? Yes—true," said he, making a gesture of resignation. "I admit everything—anything."

"Now, do be reasonable, Chang!" she reproached. "Where isn't it true?"

"If I let myself argue with you I'd be running wild through the woods in about fifteen minutes. Tell me, does any one in your family ever dispute with you?"

She reflected, ignoring the irony in his tone. "No," said she, "I don't believe they do. I have my own way."

"I'd have sworn it," cried he.

"You are the only one that ever opposes me," said she.

"I? Oh, no. Never! But in this one thing I must." He changed to seriousness. "Rix, I'll have nothing to do with your deceiving that nice young chap. That's flat and final."

"Isn't he nice, though!" exclaimed she. "I've always liked him since he was a little boy at dancing-school with such a polite, quiet way of sniffling. He hates to blow his nose. You know, there are people like that. I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world. You see, everybody can't be harsh and hard like you. Now, you take a positive delight in saying unpleasant truths."

"I'm nothing of a liar," said he curtly.

"I like that in you," cried she with enthusiasm. "It makes me feel such confidence. You're the only person I ever knew whom I believed in everything they said."

He gave her a look of frank surprise and suspicion. "What are you driving at?" he demanded. "Now, don't look innocent. Out with it!"

"I don't understand," said she, smiling.

"Pardon me, but you do—perfectly. What are you wheedling for?"

"How *can* we be friends," pleaded she, "if you're always suspecting me?"

"We're not going to be friends," replied he positively. "This—here and now—is the end."

It was evident that his words had given her a shock—a curious shock of surprise, as if she had expected some very different reception to this proffer of hers. However, after brief reflection she seemed to recover. "How *can* so clever a man as you be so foolish?" expostulated she. "You know as well as you're sitting there that we simply can't help being friends."

"Friends—yes," he conceded. "But we're not going to see each other."

"And what would I say to Pete?"

For hard winter service, comfort, protection and long wear, no boot will satisfy both parent and boy as well as the

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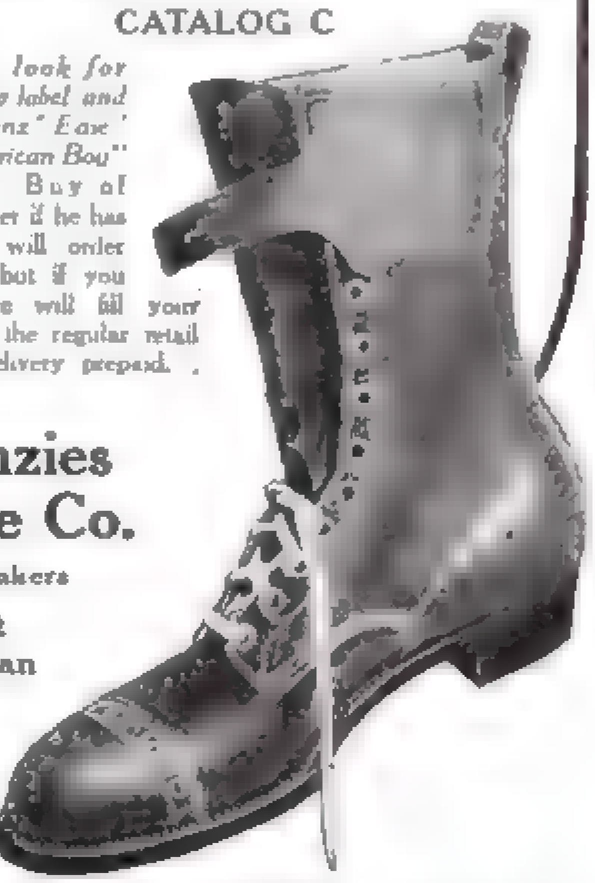

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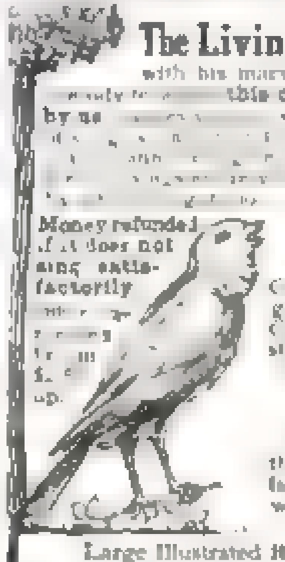

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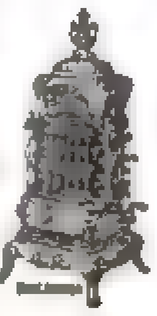

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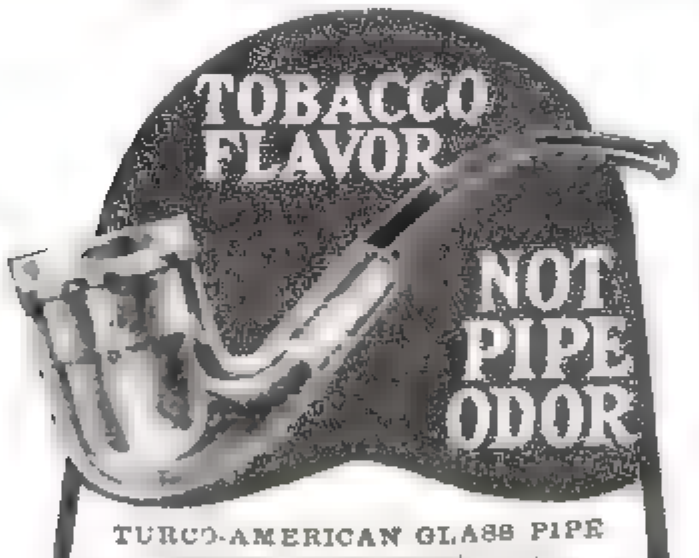

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"Something clever and satisfying. By the way, how did you get away with it when you reached home?"

She laughed delightedly. She was looking her most innocent, most youthful. "Oh, *such* a time!" cried she. "Mother— You don't know mother, so you can't appreciate. But you will, when you do know her. It was a three-cornered row—Heck and mother and I. Heck took a shine to you, so he was really about half on my side. I told just how I met you—the whole story—except I didn't tell the exact truth about the picture."

Her look was so queer that he said in alarm "What did you say about it?"

"We'll talk of that later," replied she—and his knowledge of her methods did not allow him to receive with an eased mind this hasty insistence on delay. "Mother wanted to know who you were, and, of course, I couldn't tell her—not anything that would satisfy a woman like mother. She forbade me ever to see you again. I told her that, on the contrary, I'd see you this morning. She raved—my, how she did rave!" And Rix burst into peals of laughter. "You ought to have heard! She's so conventional. She accused me—but you can imagine."

"Yes, I can," said he dryly. "And she's right—absolutely right. We'll not see each other again."

"Oh, but she wants to see you," rejoined Miss Richmond. "She can hardly wait to see you, herself. She's badly frightened lest you'll not come."

Roger let his absolute disbelief show in his face. There must somewhere be bounds to what this resourceful and resolute young person could accomplish. These assertions of hers were beyond those bounds—far beyond them.

"It was this way," pursued Miss Richmond with innocent but intense satisfaction in her own cleverness. "I pointed out to her that, if I didn't go to you and keep on with the picture, Hanky—that's Peter Vanderkief—would realize I'd been flirting *wildly* with a strange man I had picked up in the woods and would break the engagement. And mother is set on my marrying Peter. So she sent me off herself this morning and took charge of Peter to keep him safe. Am I not clever?"

"I can think of nothing to add to what I have already said on that point," observed Roger mildly. "I am actually flabbergasted!"

"So was mother," said she with innocent young triumph. "And she used just that word. Here's a note from her to you."

Miss Richmond took a letter from the pocket of her jacket and held it toward him. He made no move to advance and take it from her. Instead he made a gesture that was the beginning of a carrying out of the boyish impulse to put his hands behind his back.

"Do you want me to get up and bring it to you?" said she.

"I want nothing to do with it," said he coldly. "I don't know your mother. I've no doubt she's an estimable woman, but I've no time to enlarge the circle of my acquaintances."

Miss Richmond once more seemed astounded by this unmistakable evidence of an intention on his part to end their friendship absolutely. She looked at him incredulously, then questioningly, then haughtily. She put the note in her pocket, rose and stood very straight and dignified. "That is rude," she said.

"Yes, it is rude," admitted he. "But you have left me no alternative. There is only the one way to avoid being drawn into deceptions that are most distasteful to me."

She eyed him as if measuring his will. She saw no sign of yielding. "You think I'm contemptible, don't you?" said she, her tone friendly again.

"I do not presume to judge you. You have your own scheme of life, I mine. They are different—that is all. I don't ask you to accept mine. You must not ask me to accept yours. You must not—shall not—entangle me in yours," Roger replied.

She leaned against a tree, gazed thoughtfully at the rainbow appearing and disappearing on the little waterfall. When she returned to him her face was sweet and sad. He glanced up from his work, hastily fixed his gaze on it again. "You are right—absolutely right," she said. "I've always done as I pleased. And every one round me—the family, the servants, the governesses—every one—has humored and

XMAS XMAS

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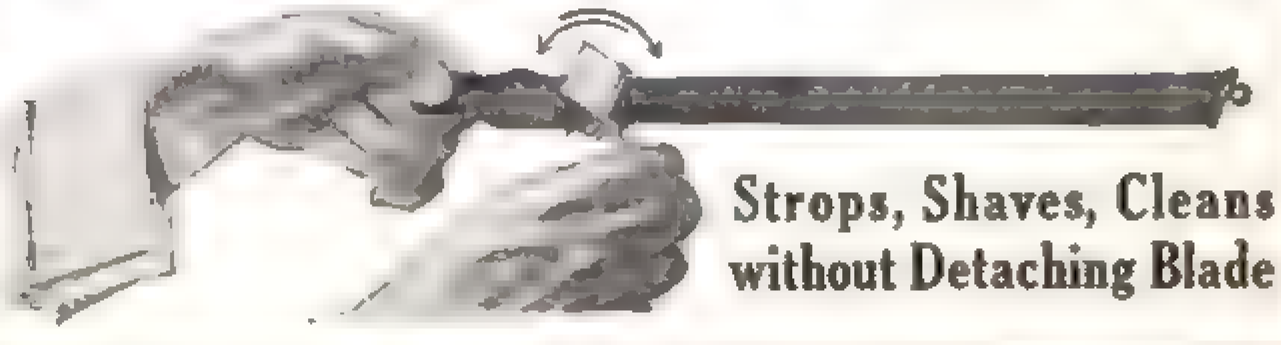
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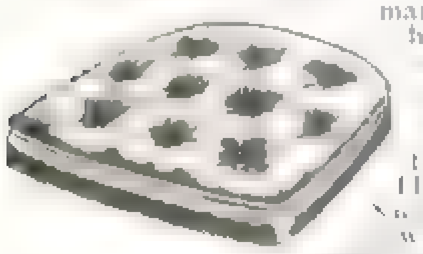

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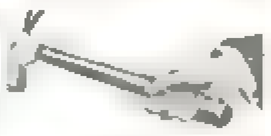

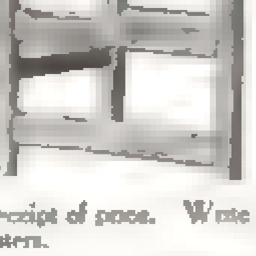

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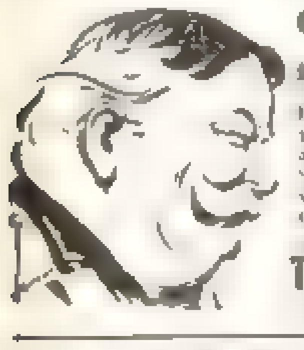

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709 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

petted me and encouraged me to take my own way."

"I understand," said he. "The wonder is [illegible]" But he deemed it wise not to say what the wonder was.

"You really can't blame me, Chang, can you, for having got into the habit of thinking whatever I please to do is right?"

"Certainly I don't blame you, Rix," said he gently. "Considering what you've probably been through, you're amazing. In the same circumstances I'd have been unfit to live."

"You don't despise me?" asked she eagerly.

"Despise you? Why, I couldn't despise anybody. It's a roomy world—room for all kinds."

"You like me? Not love," she hastened to explain, "just like. Do you?"

He smiled his friendliest. "Sure! You're about the nicest girl I ever met—when you want to be."

"Thank you," she said, tears in her eyes; and she dropped back into her reverie, he resuming his work. There was a long pause between them—a pause filled with the song of birds thronging the foliage above and around them and by the soft music of the falling waters. "Sometimes I think it's an awful bad thing for people to have all the money they want—to be rich," said she pensively. "That's one trouble with our family."

"Why, you told me you had to marry for money," said Roger, much surprised. He hated liars; he was loath to believe that she had lied to him.

She looked miserably confused. "You didn't understand quite," she replied hastily. "And I can't explain—not now. You mustn't ask me."

"Ask you? It's none of my business."

"I didn't mean—I didn't mean to deceive you," pleaded she. "But—I can't explain now."

"Don't think of it again," said he, with a careless wave of one of his long brushes. It was no new experience to find that people supposed to be rich were merely struggling along on the edge of the precipice of poverty. Poor child, making one of those hideous sacrifices on the altar of snobbishness!—or, rather, being sacrificed, for she was too young to realize to the full what she was doing. Still Peter Vanderkief did not size up so badly, as husband material went.

Silence for several minutes; she, seated again and studying his strong, handsome face with its intent, absorbed expression—concentrated, powerful. She did not venture to speak until he happened to glance at her with an absent smile. Then she inquired sweetly: "May I ask you something?"

"Go ahead."

"Won't you please come to dinner tomorrow night? That's what mother's note's about. It would be a great favor to me. It would straighten everything out. You won't have to do any further deceiving."

He went on with his work. After a while he asked: "Does your Peter think you love him?"

The color mounted in her cheeks. But it was in the accents of truth that she replied: "He knows I don't."

"And if I came I'd not be helping to deceive him as to what you think of him?"

"No—on my honor."

He looked at her. "No's quite enough," said he, in a tone that made her thrill with pride. "I think you are truthful."

"And I am—with you," said she, her expression at its very best. "I'd be ashamed to lie to you. Not that I've always been quite—quite—painfully *accurate* ——"

"I understand. You and I mean the same thing when we say truthful."

"Will you come?"

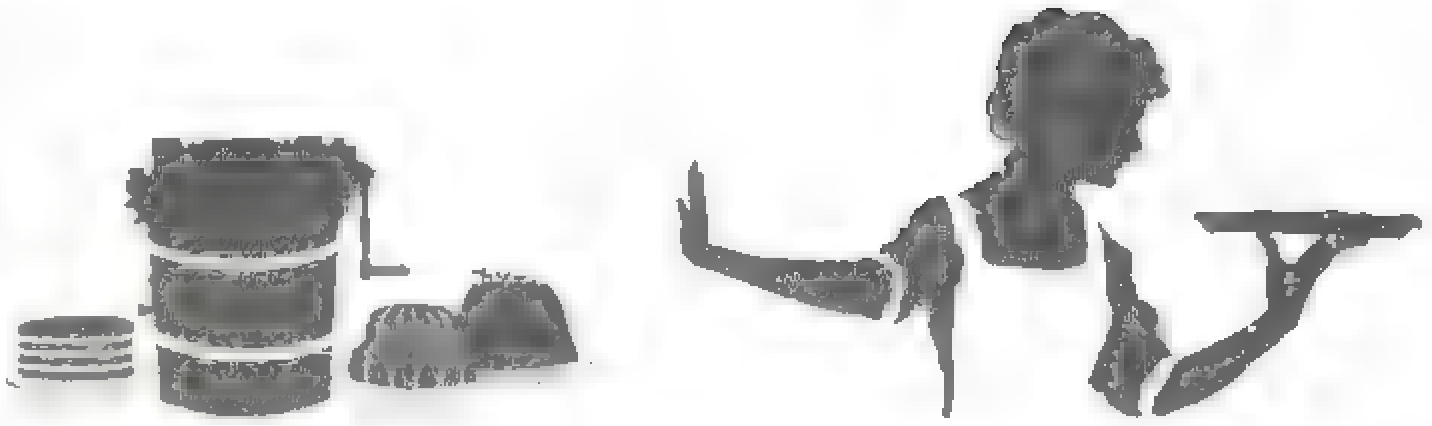
"Yes. Where do you live?"

She laughed. "Why, we're *the* Richmonds. Didn't you guess?" She nodded as if a mystery had been cleared up for her. "Oh, I understand now why you've acted so differently from what I knew you would when you found out."

He smiled faintly. "I suppose I ought to know. But I'm an utter stranger here. When I was here as a boy the city lawyers and merchants hadn't got the habit of coming up and taking farmhouses for the summer. Are you boarding or have you a place of your own?"

She had got very red and was hanging her head.

"What's the matter, Rix?"



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Send for free samples in four sizes.

"I—I rather thought—after yesterday—you sort of—understood about us," she stammered.

He laughed encouragingly. "Good Lord, don't be a snob," cried he. "What do I care about where you live? I don't select my acquaintances by what's in their pockets, but by what's in their heads. A while ago you said you were rich—and then you said you weren't ——"

"Oh, I'm all upset," interrupted she. "Don't mind the way I act. We live on Red Hill. The house up there belongs to father."

"That big, French country house?" said Roger, surprised. "I've seen it. I'll be glad to see it closer." He painted a few minutes. "I suppose you put on a lot of style up there. Well, I've got evening clothes somewhere in my traps. I used to wear them occasionally in Paris, but not much. Paris doesn't go in for formalities—at least, not the Paris I know. . . . What time's the dinner?"

"Half-past eight."

He groaned and laughed. "Just my bedtime. But I'll brace myself and show up awake [illegible]. I wonder if I've got an evening shirt." He happened to glance at her, was struck by a queer gleam in her gray eyes. What now [illegible]

"Nothing—nothing," she hastened to assure him.

He went on painting, and presently resumed his soliloquizing: "May have to come in ordinary clothes. But that wouldn't be a killing matter—would it? . . . This isn't town—it's backwoods. . . . I've heard some sorts of Americans have got to be worse than the English for agitation about petty little forms. Are yours that sort?"

"Mother's a dreadful snob," said she weakly.

"Well, I'll do the best I can," was his careless reply. "Perhaps it'll be just as well if I have to horrify her." He laughed absently. "It would be amusing."

"I hope you'll do the best you can," pleaded she. "For my sake"

He looked amused. "You don't want her to think you picked up a hooligan—eh?"

"Oh, I don't care what she thinks—not deep down," cried the girl. "I don't care what anybody thinks about you—not really. But on the surface—I'm—I'm a horrible snob, too."

"All right. I'll try not to disgrace you utterly."

She reflected absently. Presently she interrupted his painting with "Heck and father are both small. But Hank—I might send you down one of Hank's shirts. He's almost as big as you—in the way of size. And I could get my maid to borrow one from his valet ——"

His expression—amused, intensely, boyishly amused—halted her. She had been blushing. She flamed scarlet, looked as if she were about to sink with humiliation. Then she lifted her head proudly and a strange light came into her eyes a light that made him quail. "Anyway you please," she said—and the words came jerkily—"Anything *you* please." And she fled.

He stared after her until she was lost to view among the rocks and bushes. He held the brush poised before the canvas—laid it down again—gazed at the radiant figure he was conjuring in the midst of his picture. He drew a huge breath. "Well, tomorrow night will be the finish," he muttered. "And it's high time."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Some Loose Clothes

ONE of the leading citizens of Portland, Oregon, is a retired banker named Wheelwright, who is rather stout.

When Wheelwright first went to Portland he met a local wit named Reed. They were talking together one day and Wheelwright said: "C. J., can you tell me the name of a good tailor? I have tried So-and-So, and I don't like him at all. Where can I get some clothes made?"

"Have you ever tried Ames & Harris?" asked Reed, and let the matter drop.

Next day Wheelwright looked up Ames & Harris and found they made tents and awnings.

Send a Christmas Box of Sorority Chocolates

"Taylor Made"

THE Sorority name on the Christmas Candy you send means a lot to the one who receives it. In their purity, quality and tempting goodness Sorority Chocolates most perfectly carry the Christmas thought of real regard and best remembrance.

Perfection— is *not too good* for *your* Christmas giving, and Sororities are the best and most delicious of *all* chocolate candy.

Sororities are Flavored with Real Luscious Fruits

and not with *imitation* fruit flavors. The real, golden, juicy fruit of Italy supplies our Orange flavor.

Big, ripe berries, like we used to pick "back home," flavor our Raspberry Sororities.

We have our special way of making Vanilla flavor from choicest Mexican and Bourbon Vanilla beans.

Our Maple Flavor is from the first run of the sap of Vermont Maple Trees.

Our Chocolate comes from the four best cocoa beans; milled in our own factories — blended in our special way to produce the best chocolate coating known.

So —

Let Your Christmas Candy be the Best

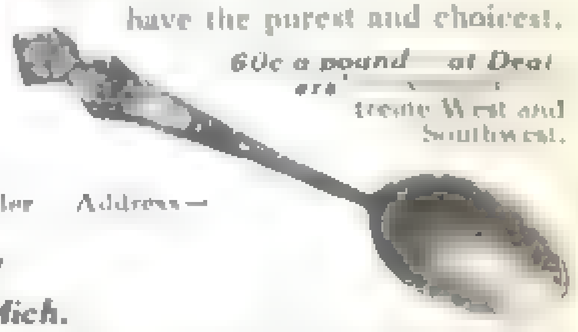
Give Sororities and be certain to [illegible]. Buy Sororities for the Home-Christmas — and know that you have the purest and choicest.

60c a pound at Dealers [illegible] treme West and Southwest.

Very Special—Sorority Spoon. No Charge.

[illegible] direct or through your dealer. Address—

Taylor Brothers Company
386 Taylor Building, Battle Creek, Mich.



All foods are not alike

There is only one best.

Your baby is worth raising well; he is worth raising on Mellin's Food.

Added to fresh cow's milk, Mellin's Food is a food that puts color into baby's cheeks and firm, solid flesh on baby's body. It gives him health and strength and happiness.

It is the food *"par excellence"* for little babies.

Get for baby, to-day, a bottle of

MELLIN'S FOOD

Our helpful, fully illustrated book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," gladly sent. Free, together with a liberal Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.

CUT OUT

MELLIN'S FOOD CO., 7
Boston, Mass.

Please send me a copy of "The Care and Feeding of Infants," and a Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food.

My baby is ______ months old.

$2.40 Per 100 Instead of $5.00

And This Handy Cigar-Cutter Free for Xmas

Morton R. Edwin Panatela

will satisfy the smoker of any ordinary [illegible] cigar. It is fully 5½ inches long, hand-made, of Havana tobacco—genuine Sumatra Wrapper. It smokes freely and evenly—does not char down the side, but keeps burning coolly and fragrantly to the last toothhold.

The reason this cigar is sold at $2.40 instead of $5.00 per hundred is because I buy and sell for cash. I ask no credit, neither do I give it. I buy for less and sell for less.

I want you to be on "Smoking terms" with my Panatelas, because you'll buy them again and again—that's why I am willing to send you a clever patented cigar cutter free with your first order. This cigar cutter retails at 50c.

Send me $2.40 for 100 Morton R. Edwin Panatelas. Smoke as many as you like—smoke them all if you want to, and if you then tell me that you didn't receive more than you expected, I'll return your money and we'll remain friends.

If you want to know who I am and whether or not I run my business on the square, if you have any doubts as to my making good if my cigars don't, just inquire from any bank or commercial agency about me. If you don't like the report you get, keep your cash at home.

Illustrated Price List sent on request

Morton R. Edwin

Dep. A. 64-66 W. 125th St., New York

Make checks payable to Edwin Cigar Co.

Lubrication Costs Less Than Repairs

Most of the bills for automobile repairs are really the costs of faulty lubrication [illegible]. The grade of Vacuum MOBILOIL specially prepared for your particular car will give perfect lubrication and save time, trouble and money.

VACUUM MOBILOIL

is made in six different grades. One of these is the right grade for you. The requirements of your car have been exactly [illegible], and this grade of MOBILOIL prepared for it with scientific precision. [illegible]

MOBILOIL in barrels and [illegible] with patent [illegible], is sold by dealers everywhere. Manufactured by

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, N. Y.

ALTHOUSE'S Select Foreign Tours

Unique Mediterranean Cruise and Nile-Oriental Tour. Europe with Oberammergau. Spain and The French Chateaux. Comprehensive Itineraries. Exclusive [illegible] Associated Travel. 716 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

THE TEN-DOLLAR RAISE

(Continued from Page 20)

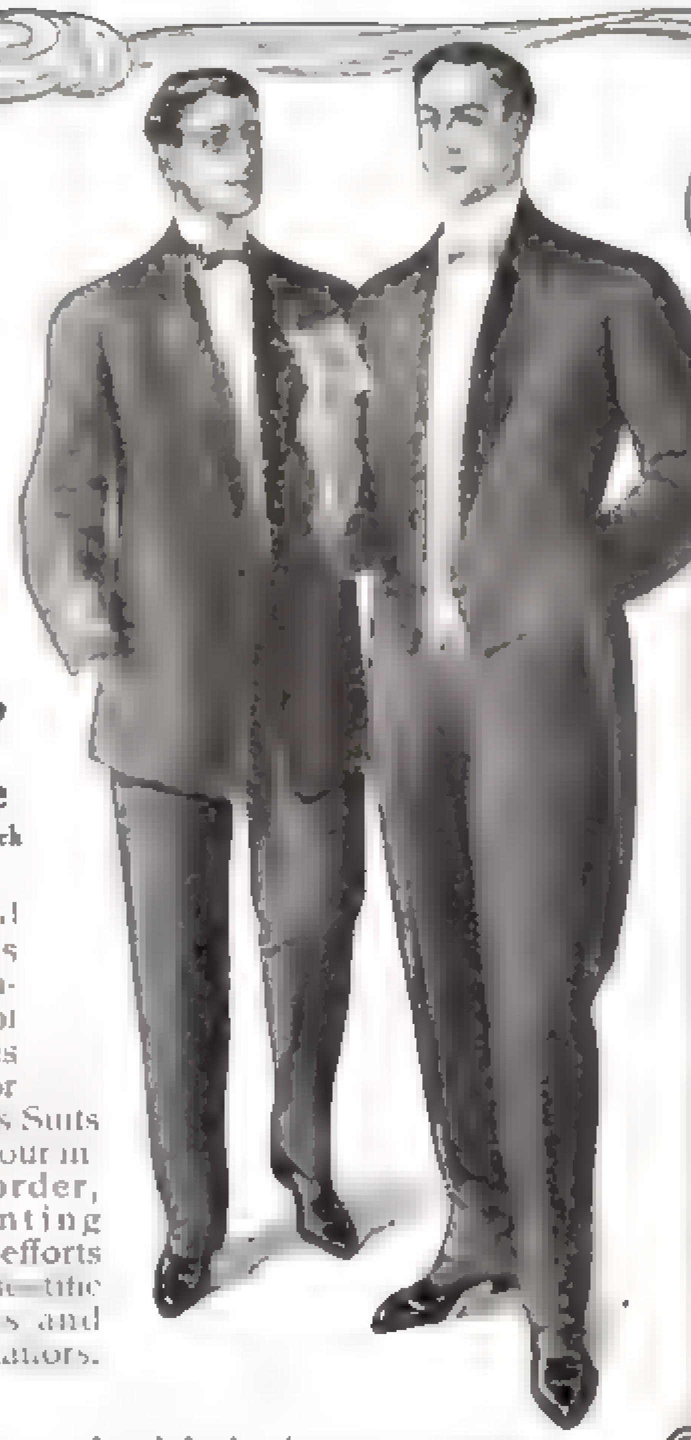
and share by share I bought in that outstanding stock. Your policy of withholding the dividends helped me, for you weakened the faith of the stockholders and they were glad to let go. I had a twenty-year endowment policy on my life. It was a ten-thousand-dollar policy. I was enabled to borrow a few thousand on it and this helped me to buy in the stock. In the mean time you were dipping into the funds of the corporation. You could do this because you controlled it, and Mr. Stryker held too small an interest to antagonize you. Of course, we could have sued you and had you enjoined, but we didn't want to—just then.

"I noticed that you drew on the company treasury about one thousand to five thousand at a time. Even a fool like me could guess that you were playing the stock market and playing it on margin. It only remained to find out what your particular hobby was. By consulting the waste-paper basket in your office I discovered that it was Gold Bar preferred.

"Do you recall Ferguson, the foreman who was killed in the main driving belt some years ago? I once loaned Ferguson three hundred dollars and took a mortgage on some water lots that he owned over on North Beach. I had to foreclose. I never considered those lots worth a sou, but I kept up the taxes. One day a man came around and asked me if I would sell. He offered me five thousand dollars. I wouldn't sell. I figured out that they would be valuable to me if they were worth that much money to him. Then the earthquake and fire came along. To rebuild the city hundreds of thousands of tons of brick and débris had to be moved. I had a floating sign anchored off my water lots inviting the public to dump there. Good gracious, how they did fill in my water lots! They piled ten feet of bricks and dirt on my property, Mr. Bates, and killed off all the crabs. But they forced the water line back and in a few months I hadn't any water lots, but the finest factory sites you ever saw. You know, the Belt Line road runs up past them now. I sold last week for three hundred and forty thousand.

"By the way, Mr. Bates, you will remember what a phenomenal jump Gold Bar preferred took about six days ago. It was a little mean of me to do it, Mr. Bates, but I fear there must be a touch of sporting blood in me. Witness that night I went up to the baths. I just simply had to have some of that Gold Bar preferred. I'm afraid I forced the market quite a little. That broker of yours, Mr. Bates, is an unfeeling wretch. How that fellow did keep clamoring for more margin! And you just beggaring yourself to make good. I had it all figured out months before. That's why I put Mr. Stryker up to calling you to time on your notes to the company. I hated to see you mortgage your home to buy Gold Bar.

"You were in a pretty stew, Mr. Bates. If I hadn't been so confoundedly interested in playing the game according to the code you taught me I would have felt sorry for you. I compromised by watching your mail. When the letters from the City National began to arrive I noticed how worried and ugly you became. And when that registered letter arrived I knew it was all over but the shouting. I made a pretty good guess what that letter contained. You had to do one of two things by three o'clock that afternoon: reduce your indebtedness or put up more security. In other words, you had to stand and deliver. I knew you couldn't, because the panic was on. I knew Rollins wouldn't wait. It's dog eat dog in this cold, cruel world, as I learned a great many years ago. So I went up and, when I found Rollins wouldn't grant you an extension of time, I had to buy the stock. Mr. Stryker has always been so very considerate of me that I couldn't jeopardize his position, and I've spent nearly all my life with Bates & Stryker and I couldn't be happy anywhere else. Anyhow"—Wilkins smiled brightly and tapped the table restlessly—"here I be and here I stay. By the way, Mr. Stryker, I think it would be an excellent idea to move over south of town where we will have spur-track privileges. I have made some statistics on the cost of transportation and



GOOD CLOTHES ARE ALWAYS MADE TO ORDER
TRADE MARK

Almost any day

at this time of the year, one may be called upon to attend an affair requiring formal evening clothes. Full dress clothes are used more extensively these days than in former years. That makes it important to have clothes which will give the best of service and at the same time be as inexpensive as possible. Such an ideal combination can be readily obtained by ordering through

Strauss Brothers' National Tailoring Service

(Over 5,000 local representatives and branch stores throughout the United States)

Our modern methods and immense national business mean a saving of 50%, compared with antique systems of local "talent." Our prices range from $35.00 to $60.00 for Full Dress Suits made to your individual order, representing the best efforts of our scientific designers and master tailors.

Call on our local dealer (name on request) and have your measures skilfully taken. The finished clothes will give you perfect satisfaction to the minutest detail.

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
S.W. Cor. Monroe & Franklin Sts. Entire Building
Established 1877
CHICAGO

Señorita Silk-Spun

Veils, Scarfs, Mufflers, Reefers

MOST GRACEFUL OF GIFTS

The Christmas box could reveal no [illegible] and none more serviceable for men and for women, than Señorita Silk-Spun Veils, Scarfs, Mufflers and Reefers. Silk-Spun is [illegible] substantial new material, more [illegible] just through [illegible] dainty Christmas box containing [illegible] Silk-Spun [illegible] ready for presentation Christmas morning.

Automobile veil 36 by 90 inches, with split ends, fringed or hemmed [illegible] $4.

[illegible] 12 by 64 inches, $1.00, [illegible] $3.00.

[illegible] brown and light green. [illegible]

Mufflers [illegible] $1.00. Reefers for men's wear with [illegible] $3.00

Look for the tag that tells [illegible] purchase is the genuine Señorita Silk-Spun [illegible]

If your [illegible] can't buy from your dealer, send us the price of the articles you wish, and we will mail them direct to you, each in a dainty box, ready for presentation. Write for illustrated booklet.

The Ohio Knitting Mills Co., Cherry and Erie Streets, Toledo, Ohio

Here's Your Christmas Present

You couldn't find a more acceptable present than my Fireless Cooker [illegible] Free for 30 days. Then keep it for your Christmas present or send it back if it's not all [illegible]

CHATHAM JEWEL No. 3 FIRELESS COOKER

It's a practical, sensible, helpful present, to be used every day in the year. [illegible] at least 75 per cent of your fuel, time and work, and give you [illegible] Has separate solid aluminum cooking utensils in which food can be boiled, roasted, steamed, fried, stewed or baked. These utensils alone would cost $7.50 if bought separately in the stores.

LET ME SEND MY COOKER ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

You'll be disappointed if you try to use any other. The ordinary cooker [illegible] there is not a better cooker made. Write for my catalog No. [illegible]

Don't wait till we're filled up with Holiday orders—write now

MANSON CAMPBELL COMPANY, Detroit, Mich. St. Paul, Minn. Kansas City, Mo. Chatham, Ont.

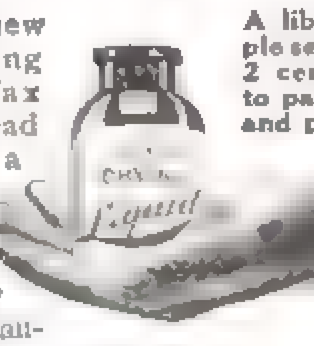
PRINT Your Own

Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. [illegible] $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for catalog, TYPE, paper, &c. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

FREE "Chicken Talk" BOOK

Written by Geo. H. Lee himself. Story of success from [illegible] 20 years ago. Interesting. [illegible] Send postal today. GEO. H. LEE CO., 1150 Harney Street, Omaha, Neb.

Don't Push a Heavy Waxing Brush



Try this new Hard Drying *Liquid* Wax Finish instead Apply with a soft cloth, et set 30 minutes, then lightly rub to a beautiful polish. No digging paste wax out of a can. No wearing yourself out pushing a heavy brush over the floor

A liberal sample sent for two 2 cent stamps to pay postage and packing.

The only genuine liquid floor wax made.

Hard Drying Liquid Wax Finish
COLUMBUS

For Finishing
Hard and Soft Wood Floors
Bowling Alleys, Dancing Floors, Repolishing Pianos, Finest Furniture, Office Fixtures and Woodwork of all Kinds.

One gallon covers 2,500 square feet. A floor can be finished, ready to walk on in one hour. Shows no heel marks or scratches, and can be wiped up with water without affecting the wax.

Sold by high-class dealers in paints and finishes; five sizes; ½ Pt 25c, 1 Pt 45c, 1 Qt 85c, ½ Gal $1 60; 1 Gal $3 00. Write for free booklet and sample bottle of Hard [illegible] Wax Finish enclosing two 2 cent stamps [illegible] packing. Please mention dealer's name [illegible]

THE COLUMBUS VARNISH CO.
Dept. 10 (8) Columbus, Ohio

PHOENIX SILK HOSE
50c

ASK your dealer to show these wonderful silk half hose at fifty cents per pair. They're made from genuine cocoon-silk, expertly knitted, seamless and strictly fast color. Not "near silk," not mercerized, but every thread guaranteed absolutely pure silk.

Phoenix Silk Hose are wonderfully sheer and clinging, with the exquisite texture which only pure silk possesses. Cool in summer, and warm in winter. Exceptionally good wearers. Positively the most remarkable hose ever produced.

Unequalled for Christmas Giving

Ask for Phoenix Pure Silk Hose at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you, order direct from us, stating size and your choice of the following richly-beautiful fast colors:

[illegible]

Six pairs in a handsome box sent prepaid to any address upon receipt of $3 00 Single pairs, prepaid, 50c

Phoenix Knitting Works
216 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

For Xmas Give Shibboleth Neckwear

Our new style "Cambridge" (see cut); also our "Wiscon[illegible]" a revers[illegible] tie in numerous colors, either stripe or figured patterns.

$2.00 the Half Dozen, Postpaid.

EACH HALF DOZEN ATTRACTIVELY PACKED IN A HANDSOME HOLIDAY BOX.

Mention whether stripe or figure, color preference and if assortment of one or both shapes is desired.

We know them to be 50c and 75c values because WE WEAVE THE SILKS ON OUR OWN LOOMS and sell the scarfs to you direct FROM WEAVER TO WEARER

Under Our Binding Guarantee
Money [illegible] refunded upon return of ties if you do not want them

Shibboleth Silk Company, 463 B'dway, New York.
[illegible]

Take Your Automobile to California With You
We ship at reduced rates either one way or round trip. Expert Auto-Car Loaders
TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT CO.
215 Dearborn St., Chicago 29 Broadway, New York
321 W. 6th St., Los Angeles

I find that we can save forty thousand a year in drayage bills alone. I am aware that this has been a pet scheme of yours for some years. I am heartily in accord with the proposition and we will accordingly proceed to vacate these premises. I would suggest that after the first of the present month the concern be known as the Stryker-Wilkins Company. In the mean time I move that we dispense with all further business and proceed to the election of a new board of directors."

"Second the motion," said Stryker.

"Carried," croaked Bates, and mopped his fat neck with his handkerchief

The monotony of the election of the old board of directors was gone through perfunctorily. At the close of the election Bates, in a voice hoarse with rage, declared the meeting adjourned and called the directors' meeting to order. With the same mock seriousness the board went through the performance of electing Stryker president and Wilkins vice-president and treasurer. Upon motion of Mr. Stryker, Jimmy Duffy, Wilkins' assistant, was elected secretary

"That reminds me, Mr. Bates," said Wilkins, "that in order to have our records straight you will please present your resignation as president. We're going to make you general manager in the sales department. Your name will appear on the company stationery and – well, it's a boost, Bates, my boy; it's a boost. The position does not carry any more salary than you are at present drawing as president, but, perhaps, next year ——"

Bates had risen. In his right hand he grasped a heavy paperweight. "Damn you!" he screamed, and hurled it at Wilkins. The new vice-president dodged, and the weight struck the opposite wall.

"Shut up!" said Wilkins in his softest tones, "who asked you to move anything? You're a dummy. Nevertheless, you're a crackerjack salesman, and I haven't forgotten that you built this business up to its present standard. Moreover, you're a wonder with the country trade and we need you."

Bates sank back into his chair. Tears of rage and mortification started into his bullet eyes. He winked rapidly to keep them back. Wilkins' quiet voice continued. "What is this, anyhow?" he said. "A directors' meeting or a Punch and Judy show? I'll have none of this infernal winking. Bates, if you aren't out of here by four o'clock—it won't make a bit of difference. You're quite welcome to stay and occupy your old desk."

"I'll go now," Bates muttered, "and spare myself your insults."

Wilkins rose and put his hand on Bates' shoulder. "Don't be foolish, Mr. Bates," he said. "I can rest content in the knowledge that I'm the only man that ever licked you. I can afford to be generous. I got your stock at fifty per cent of its value. I intend to keep it. I'm not a human Christmas tree and nobody ever mistook me for Santa Claus. But I'm not going to make you suffer as you made me all these long years. You're money-mad, Bates. You think you're broke now, but really you aren't. I hit you when you weren't looking. Tomorrow I'm going to give you back your home. It's worth twice the amount of your indebtedness to Bates & Stryker. And tomorrow, also, I am going to dump a block of Gold Bar preferred on the market and knock the bottom out of it. I think by the time the afternoon session is over you'll be under cover all right. I got enough out of you when I got your stock. I'm satisfied. You better take over that job as sales manager. If you will I'll keep all this little matter a secret and we'll be known simply as the Bates-Stryker-Wilkins Company. How about it, Mr. Bates? Is it a go?"

Bates turned and his little eyes were lit up with admiration.

"You're a fool," he said, "and I always knew it. I'll take the job, but if I ever get a chance I'll smash you, Wilkins. I give you fair warning. But I'll fight fair next time."

Wilkins laughed and held out his hand. "No, you won't," he said. "I've tasted power. You can never beat me again."

Bates shook his hand. "I wish," he said half sadly, "that I had your Christian spirit. Still, you're a fool."

. . . .

At six o'clock that night Wilkins and Miss Connolly were alone in the office. She was locking her typewriter desk when Wilkins faced around from his ledger.

Up from Slavery

"Ring out the Old, ring in the New"

A Christmas Gift That Frees Women From the Drudgery of House-Cleaning

Every woman who receives a New York Vacuum Cleaner as a Christmas gift will thank the giver every day of every month in the year.

New York Vacuum Cleaner
"The New Servant in the House"

is the most wonderful cleaning device the world has ever known. It acts by suction. Simply rock the lever to and fro and produce a tremendous suction at the nozzle end of the hose.

By passing this nozzle over carpets, rugs and upholstered furniture and clothing, every last atom of dust and dirt is quickly removed — sucked up into the machine; each article is cleaned through and through, absolutely freed from germs, vermin, moth eggs — everything unclean or injurious

With a special nozzle you can clean moldings, pictures draperies—every nook and corner in bookcases, radiators—every crack and crevice where dirt collects.

The New York Vacuum Cleaner does all this while the carpet or rug is on the floor, without removing the furnishings from the room, and without the slightest wear on the article cleaned, or upon the strength or temper of the operator.

Made for lifetime's wear. Simply constructed; a child can [illegible] operate it. No other invention has ever done so much to make for [illegible] the home—to do away with dirt, disease and drudgery.

Send for Our Book, "The New Servant in the House." It's Free.

If you would know more about the wonders of Vacuum Cleaning send for this book. [illegible] New York Vacuum Cleaner [illegible] every home where real cleanliness is prized. Send for it today.

Two Weeks' Trial at Our Risk

The price of the New York Vacuum Cleaner for hand operation [illegible] equipped with electric motor [illegible] Express or Post-office Money Order and we will send you a machine ready for use. Try it two weeks. If not found exactly as represented, return the cleaner and we will refund the money at once. We could not afford to have a single dissatisfied buyer. Our financial standing guarantees this promise to you.

New York Vacuum Cleaner Co.
550 Marbridge Building
Broadway and 34th St. NEW YORK

The gift par excellence for boy or girl—
YALE OR SNELL BICYCLE

These two superb wheels—the Yale and the Snell—are the sturdiest, handsomest juvenile bicycles in the world.

They are not make-shifts, as so many of the smaller bicycles prove to be after a few weeks' use.

They are designed and built with as much exactness and care as the most costly of the larger types.

You can depend upon it that a Yale or a Snell will delight the child's heart and be the talk of all the youngsters in the neighborhood.

Neither of these splendid little bicycles costs above the average price of juvenile wheels.

Yet, because we build and sell thousands of them every year, and because they are produced in one of the biggest plants in the world, they are distinctly better in every respect than the ordinary.

They run with half the effort; equipped with the Hussey handle bar, changeable to 45 positions; the most hygienic saddle, etc.

To be sure you get the Yale or the Snell write for the detailed description and name of your dealer.

If no local or nearby dealer can supply you with the Yale or the Snell, we will do so direct at no extra cost.

Write today for the literature.

The Consolidated Mfg. Co., 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio

THE ONE BEST XMAS GIFT FOR BOYS—ORDER QUICK

No other gift will please them so much. The most intensely interesting game ever invented. Men like it too. Lots of fun. Solves the problem of amusement.

THE NATIONAL BASE BALL GAME

is endorsed by Clarke, Jennings, Kelly, Wagner, Gansell and scores of professional base ball players and "fans." Nothing else like it. The ball is batted and caught, men run bases, makes strikes, fouls, bare hits, home runs and every play of the real game of base ball.

This fascinating game—made of metal, beautifully enamelled in 5 colors; size 19 x 23 inches, with rubber cushions, set of four men, balls and book of rules will be sent to any address east of the Rocky Mountains by express prepaid on receipt of $2.50 If after you have played the game you are not entirely satisfied, return it to us at our expense and we will send back your money immediately. Price, prepaid, W. of Rocky Mts., $3.00. Sold by Best Dealers Everywhere. Order now to insure prompt shipment. Christmas is near and we are working day and night to fill orders. Descriptive booklet free.

Thomas-Peter Co.
1350 Maple Ave. CANTON, O.

FREE

For Thirty Days

This splendid

Meister Piano at $175

Delivered to your own home in any part of America and freight charges prepaid — for one month's unlimited trial. If it is not the best piano at the price in existence, and you do not like it, we will take it back and pay the return freight. We merely want the chance to place this piano in your home so you can judge its merits for yourself.

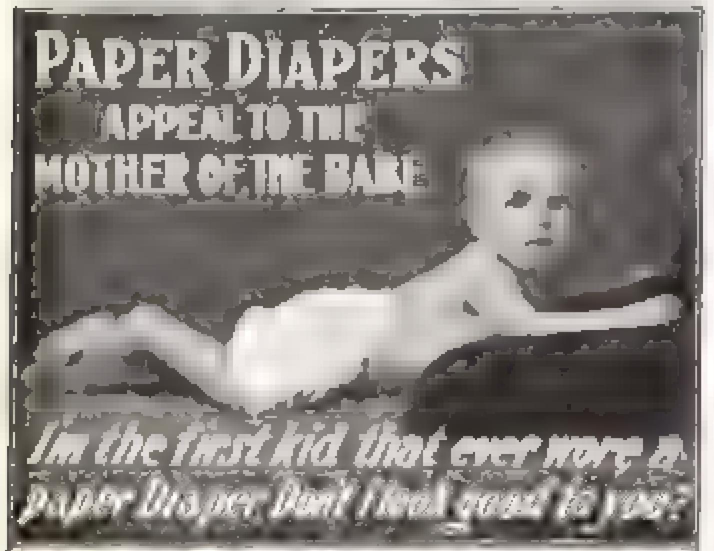
No cash payment down. No interest. No extras. We pay the freight.

$1.00 Weekly or $5.00 a month

A splendid educator for the children — a wonderful entertainment for all the family. Refining, elevating, instructive. Try it for 30 days free of all cost. A Rothschild 10-year guarantee bond with each instrument.

We Sell Direct from Factory to You and save you the big profits usually paid on [illegible] Meister Piano book. It's Free. It shows [illegible] grades of Meister Pianos in colors.

Rothschild & Company
225 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

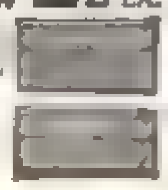

PAPER DIAPERS
APPEAL TO THE
MOTHER OF THE BABE
I'm the first kid that ever wore a Paper Diaper Don't I look good to you?

I HAVE worn Whitelaw Paper Diapers since the day I was [illegible] Whitelaw Paper Blankets Sanitary Healthful and Warm $3.00 [illegible]

Also For Sale by

[illegible]

Whitelaw Paper Goods Co., Dept. 4, Cincinnati, O.



Safety Razor Blades $2\frac{1}{2}$c EA.
Made Sharper Than New

[illegible]

KEENEDGE CO.
608 Keenedge Building
CHICAGO

"I quit today, Miss Connolly," he said as quietly as if he was asking some one up at Mike Dabovich's to please pass the vinegar.

Miss Connolly turned away. "I expected you would," she answered. "I heard you quarreling with Mr. Bates in there this afternoon. I'm—sorry—you're leaving. We'll miss you awfully—Harvey. We've worked together so—many—years, and we've always been such—go-good—friends ——"

Wilkins crossed over and placed his hands on her shoulders.

"Do you really mind—that much?" he said. Miss Connolly was crying. She nodded her head.

"In spite of my mousy old ways and my shoddy old clothes? Do you care that much?"

Miss Connolly sobbed audibly. Wilkins put his arm around her—the arm of the master—and tenderly kissed her on the corner of the eye where the little crowsfeet were just beginning to gather.

"Mary, I always thought you were a pretty fine woman," he said gravely. "I thought so years ago. I used to show it then, because some day I hoped I'd get a raise. I used to dream a little then, but I had a big job to do and I had to give up the dreams. It's all over now. I can afford to dream again. You know they say that dreams sometimes come true. Do you think you could live on a hundred a month, Mary?"

"I—I—never had a—chance to—try."

"Well—you'll try," answered Wilkins arrogantly. Already he was beginning to feel the oats of power. "You don't have to get along on a hundred a month, but it's pretty nice to think that you could if you had to. Jimmy Duffy has my job. I quit to take over the controlling interest. We'll be married tomorrow."

"Who says so?" Miss Connolly demanded, smiling through her tears.

"I do." Wilkins drew the brown head down on his shabby shoulder. "Mary," he said huskily, "you're fired."

WHITE MUSCATS OF ALEXANDRIA

(Continued from Page 13)

"but I can't help it. I've been looking for you for weeks, and ——"

"What is it that I can do for you?" I asked pleasantly.

"You can give me your head." He said it with an appealing and delighted smile. "I'm a sort of artist ——" he explained.

"Show me," I said, and held out my hands for the sketchbook.

"Nothing but notes in it," he said, but I looked, not swiftly, through all the pages and—for we Poles have an instinct in such matters—saw that the work was good.

"Do you wish to draw me, Master?" I said.

He perceived that I meant the term, and he looked troubled and pleased.

"Will you sit for me?" he asked. "I will ——"

But I shook my head to keep him from mentioning money.

"Very cheerfully," I said. "It is easy for the old to sit—especially when, by the mere act of sitting, it is possible for them to become immortal. I have a room two flights up—where you will not be disturbed."

"Splendid!" he said. "You are splendid! Everything's splendid!"

When he had placed me as he wished, I asked him why my head suited him more than another's.

"How do I know?" he said. "Instinct—you seem a cheerful man and yet I have never seen a head and face that stood so clearly for—for—please take me as I am, I don't ever mean to offend—steadiness in sorrow. . . . . I am planning a picture in which there is to be an ol—a man of your age who looks as—as late October would look if it had a face. . . . ."

Then he began to sketch me, and, as he worked, he chattered about this and that.

"Funny thing," he said, "I had a knife when I started and it's disappeared."

"Things have that habit," I said.

"Yes," said he, "things and people, and often people disappear as suddenly

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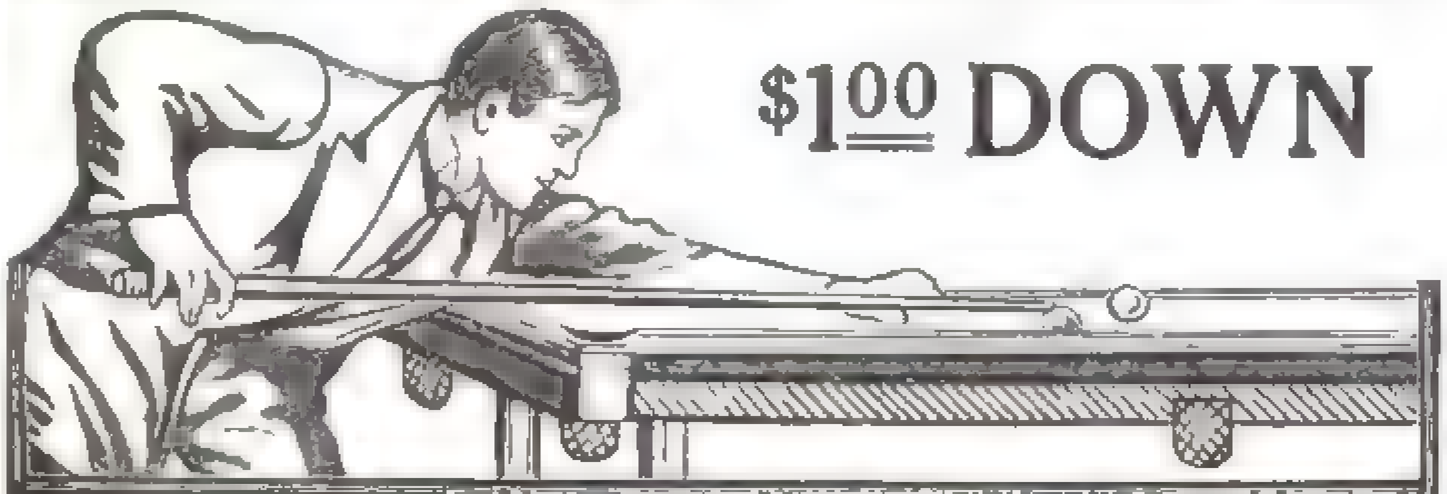

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$1 Down puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, &c., free.

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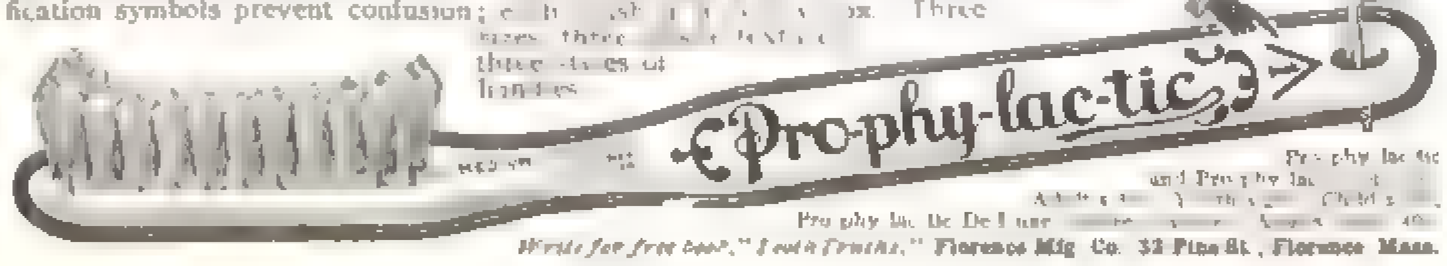

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Write for free book, "Tooth Truths." Florence Mfg. Co. 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

and completely as things—chin quarter of an inch lower—just so—thank you—forever——"

"And what experience have you had with people disappearing?" I asked. "And you so young and masterful."

"I?" he said. "Why, a very near and dear experience. When I was quite a little boy my own father went to his place of business and was never heard of again from that day to this. But he must have done it on purpose, because it was found that he had put all his affairs into the most regular and explicit order——"

I felt a little shiver, as if I had taken cold.

"And, do you know," here the young man dawdled with his pencil and presently ceased working for the moment, "I've always felt as if I had had a hand in it—though I was only seven. I'd done something so naughty and wrong that I looked forward all day to my father's homecoming as a sinner looks forward to going to hell. My father had never punished me. But he would this time, I knew—and I was terribly afraid and—sometimes I have thought that, perhaps, I prayed to God that my father might never come home. I'm not sure I prayed that—but I have a sneaking suspicion that I did. Anyway, he never came, and, Great Grief! what a time there was. My mother nearly went insane——"

"What had you done?" I asked, forcing a smile, "to merit such terrible punishment?"

The young man blushed.

"Why," he said, "my mother had been quite sick for a long time, and, to tempt her appetite, my father had journeyed 'way uptown and at vast expense bought her a bunch of wonderful white hothouse grapes. I remember she wouldn't eat them at first—just wanted to look at them—and my father hung them for her over the foot of the bed. Well, soon after he'd gone to business she fell asleep, leaving the grapes untouched. They tempted me, and I fell. I wanted to show off, I suppose, before my young friends in the street—there was a girl, Minnie Hopflekoppf, I think her name was, who'd passed me up for an Italian butcher's son. I wanted to show *her*. I'm sure I didn't mean to eat the things. I'm sure I meant to return with them and hang them back at the foot of the bed."

"Please go on," I managed to say. "This is such a very human page—I'm really excited to know what happened."

"Well, one of those flashy Bowery dudes came loafing along and said: 'Hi, Johnny, let's have a look at the grapes.' I let him take them, in my pride and innocence, and he wouldn't give them back. He only laughed and began to eat them before my eyes. I begged for them, and wept, and told him how my mother was sick and my father had gone 'way uptown to get the grapes for her because there were none such to be had in our neighborhood. And, please, he must give them back because they were White Muscats of Alexandria, very precious, and my father would kill me. But the young man only laughed until I began to make a real uproar. Then he said sharply to shut up, called me a young thief, and said if I said another word he'd turn me over to the police. Then he flung me a fifty-cent piece and went away, munching the grapes. And," the young man finished, "the fifty-cent piece was lead."

Then he looked up from his sketch and, seeing the expression of my face, gave a little cry of delight.

"Great Grief, man!" he cried, "stay as you are—only hold that expression for two minutes!"

But I have held it from that day to this.

The Undoing Job

WHEN Attorney-General Wickersham came into office with President Taft he found an enormous amount of unfinished legal enterprises started by Attorney-General Bonaparte, at the direction of President Roosevelt, mostly in the way of prosecutions of trusts and combinations.

"What is Wickersham doing now!" a lawyer from New York asked a Washingtonian a time ago.

"He isn't doing anything. That isn't his job."

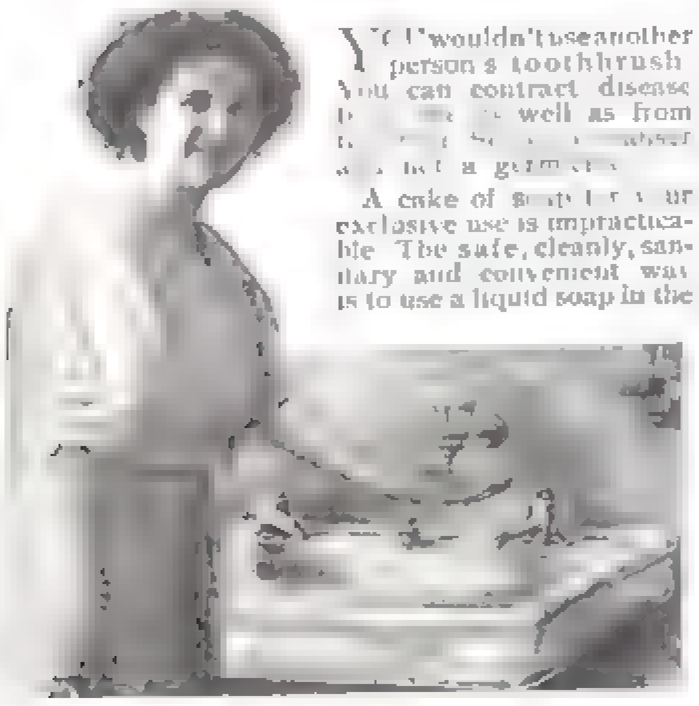
"What isn't his job?"

"Doing."

"What is his job then?"

"Undoing."

Why Use a Cake of Soap Others Have Used?



YOU wouldn't use another person's toothbrush. You can contract disease [illegible] as well as from [illegible] a germ [illegible]

A cake of soap for your exclusive use is impracticable. The safe, cleanly, sanitary and convenient way is to use a liquid soap in the

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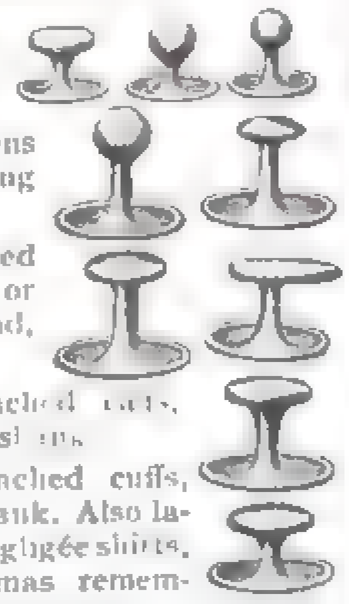

Shirt front, round or lens shaped heads, short shank.

Shirt collar front, lens or round heads, long shank.

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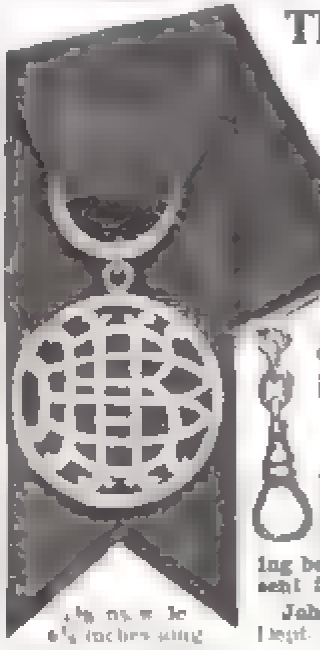

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Of all the commodities that permit of automatic merchandising none can compare with cigars in quantity sold, in steady daily demand, or in big profits. Profits estimated at $200,000,000 a year. No one has ever been able to make an Automatic Cigar Selling Machine that was mechanically or commercially practical until we perfected the Pope Automatic Machine.

Every time you drop a coin in the Pope machine it automatically delivers you a cigar from the original box.

We have a monopoly of the automatic selling of these nine billion cigars because we control the patents and make the only commercially practical Automatic Cigar Selling Machine in the world. It will bear the severest test—the most searching investigation.

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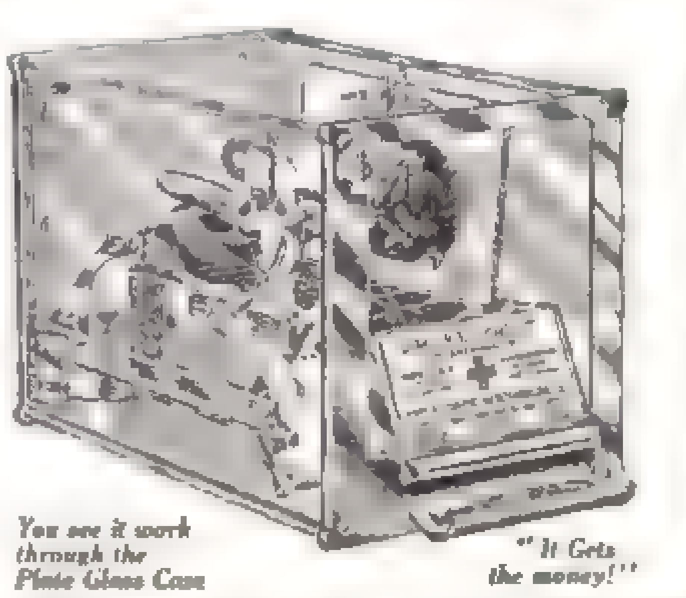
We have contracts already entered for over $300,000 worth of these machines in various sections of the United States. We invite negotiations with men who have from $1,000 to $50,000 to invest in this business which offers returns from 8 to 10 times those of ordinary investment. We must choose wisely the men who are to control territory as we can dispose of it but once. Therefore, men should not only be financially able to establish a local system, but they should also have the brains and push to install the maximum number of machines in a given district.

Please bear in mind that we are not selling patent rights nor stock in our company. We dispose of the machines to you outright—no royalties to pay—and turn over the control of the operation, selling and leasing of the machines in your district to you. We furnish you with plans showing how to install and operate the plant and how to make each machine in the system earn a maximum of profit for you.



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"It Gets the money!"

Large moneyed interests control and are operating these machines in a number of eastern and western states. Scores of medium sized towns have been taken up by local capitalists and many counties throughout the various states have been disposed of. These represent investments in machines of from $1,000 to $94,000. Hundreds of negotiations are pending for other open territory—cities, counties and states. Quick action may be necessary to get control of these machines in your vicinity.

Judging by the number of responses to our recent announcements, together with the readiness with which the territory was taken up, the public has been waiting for just such a machine as we make and exclusively control.

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POPE AUTOMATIC MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. A-6, Corn Exchange Bank Building, CHICAGO

THE FIELD OF HONOR

(Continued from Page 7)

but with his detestation of cant and hypocrisy and pharisaism he could never exactly love him as a neighbor. Indeed, he could scarcely be civil to the old man, as in that scene the Captain so clearly dramatized for me Bell drew up a chair, laid his hat and stick on the Colonel's desk, scraped his old throat, plucked at the wiry hairs of his beard and, pecking with a hard nail on the table, hinted at certain rumors concerning the death of George Baring which, if revealed, would discredit the family. Clayton was angry, but before he could swear or even speak he thought of something and wondered why he had not thought of it before. A lawyer of more methodical habits would have thought of it instantly, but the Colonel's sensation, after the professional chagrin had vanished, was one of gratitude that he had remembered it at all and, only pretending to hear what Bell was saying, he tried to recall the details of certain professional services he had rendered to the wife of the old man a few months prior to her death a decade before.

The will of Mrs. Bell, which Clayton had drawn and then forgotten, provided that her property, considerable for Macochee, was to go to Bessie on her marriage; until that time it was to remain in the hands of Amos as trustee. So the Colonel dealt diplomatically with Bell and sent him away, finally, with the assurance that he would look into the matter and see what he could do.

Now, the only thing worth the doing which he could see was to bring about the marriage as soon as possible; and when Victor came to ask his advice, by which he meant his approval of the step he was contemplating—namely, an immediate elopement—the Colonel, with certain delicate reserves, yet full of guile, urged the boy on. He even entered with zest into the details of preparation and found in this employment a deep satisfaction, thinking all the while of another wedding toward which, as he now thought after his last talk with Laura, he could confidently look forward

But these preparations were interrupted by the reunion of the old regiment. Captain Clarke was at home in Montana and had no thought of going, but a fortnight before the occasion he received a letter from Clayton, so warm, so urgent, that he packed his valises and went.

"It had been many years since I had seen my old comrades," the Captain explained, "and I was hardly prepared for the revelation. I had not thought of myself as old—but the sight of those veterans, many of them already gray and bent and lame, saddened me. I remember that in the parade that morning we marched—if you care to have our straggling called marching—we could march once, anyway—out Reynolds Street past old Major Landis' house. The old gentleman was lame and couldn't get about, and had been wheeled out on to the veranda, and there he sat between the two wheels of his rolling-chair, his family about him. As we passed we saluted, and the old gentleman gravely returned our salute, his long, slender arm sedately rising and falling, and he cried with a little weak, senile laugh that had in it pathos and humor:

"'Why, look at the boys!'

"My God, the boys! Those old, gray-haired, tottering men! Tears came to our eyes and tears streamed down the old Major's white face as we turned our faces smiling up to him, and so passed in that pathetic little review. But, sir, you should have seen him riding a wild bay stallion with Ord's staff past Lincoln and Grant down at City Point!" The Captain paused and I knew that for a moment his thoughts were elsewhere. But he recalled himself. "Well, no matter. There was one man there who hadn't begun to look old, and that, as you might know, was Wade Clayton. He was not more than halfway through the forties then, and he made a distinguished figure in his long frock coat, with the little button of the Loyal Legion on his lapel and a wide Panama on his iron-gray hair. Just in his prime, vigorous and able, what might not he have done if that woman had only wedded him and freed him to the larger issues of life! You should have heard the oration he delivered

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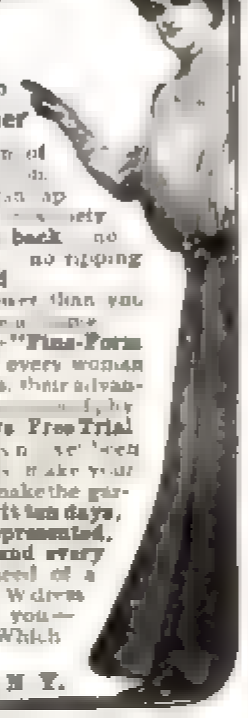

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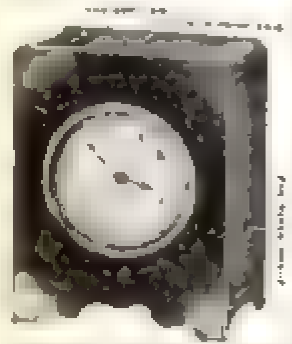

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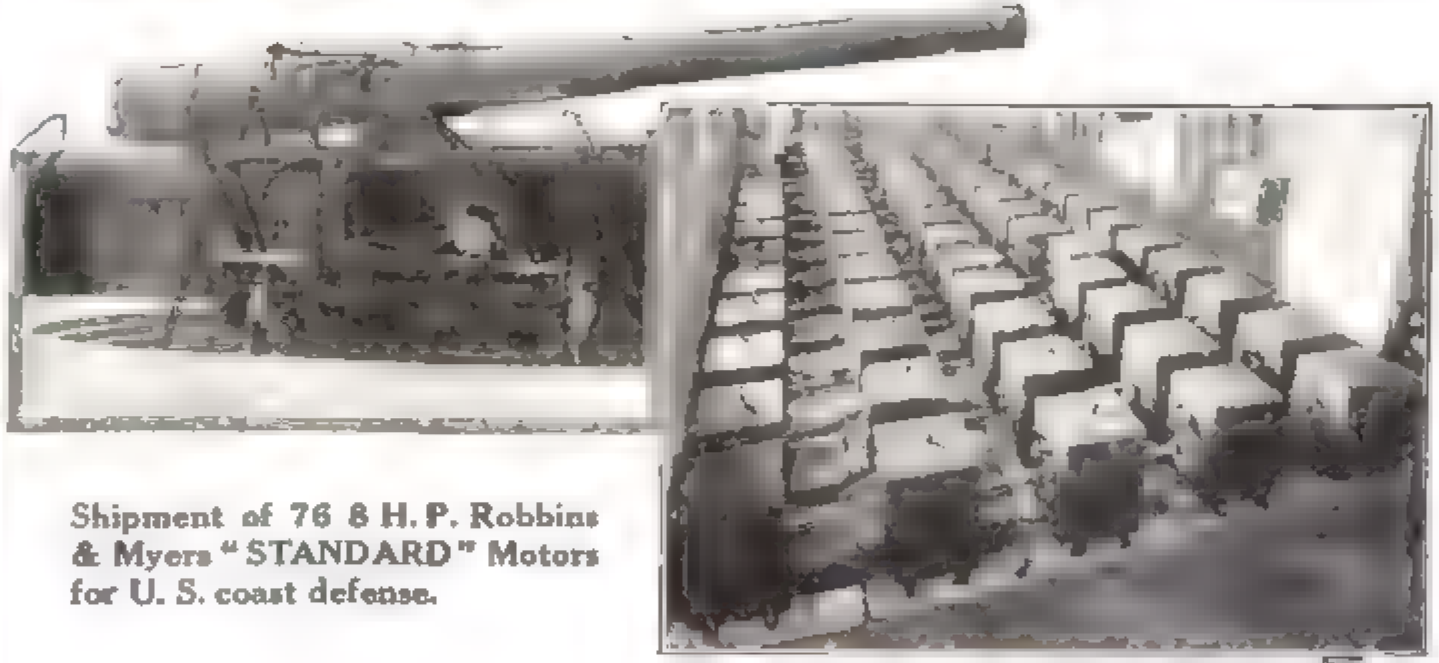

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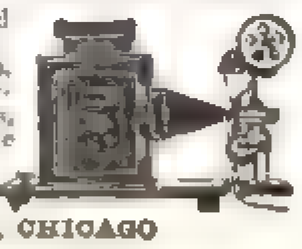

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in the town hall, with the two or three hundred survivors of the old Sixty-sixth and half the townspeople for an audience! I have heard many a speaker, but Wade Clayton, on the subject of the Civil War, excelled them all. Every one was there but Mrs. Baring. I looked over the audience, seeking her face as I remembered it, but I was disappointed, partly on my own account, partly on Wade's. No, she was at home, calm, cool, complacent, and the thought of her exasperated me.

"But I did get to see her, after all. She had, it seemed, proposed an informal reception for such of the boys as cared to call, and, when the afternoon meeting was over, Wade and Major Hastings and Captain Furlong and I went out. We hadn't gone far when we discovered that Poole, that corporal I told you of, had elected to come, too; he was tagging along, to the Colonel's disgust. The Colonel tried to get rid of him, ordered him back, but like an insistent dog he only halted, stared reproachfully at us and, when our backs were turned, dumbly followed, trotting along behind us. The old fool, we thought, had been drinking, but we could do nothing.

"Mrs. Baring was expecting us. A flag hung from a line drawn from an upper window to an elm tree, and beneath this flag, there on her lawn, she received us. Victor was there in the new uniform which he had donned out of respect for us and, probably, because the event offered a happy occasion to wear it. We who had never seen him were struck by his resemblance to his father. Standing there smiling, in uniform, you would have said it was George Baring himself. Somehow, I didn't like to look at him and I could see that Hastings and Furlong felt the same way. But we had the best excuse for fixing our gaze elsewhere, in the beautiful woman that stood beside him. For she was beautiful; her figure had paused on the more graceful side of the matronly, her sorrow had not grayed her hair—it had only given an expression of sweetness and dignity to her face. She was in her prime; you could have held your breath fearing that any moment she might cross the invisible line and begin her long decline toward age. I watched her narrowly and I was glad when I saw her face suffused with sudden pleasure at the sight of Wade. He presented us in the courtly way he had, and she, poor innocent soul, received us graciously as old officers of her husband's regiment and his comrades in arms. Wade had to present Poole, of course, and as the wretch took her hand and gazed with his watery old eyes into hers I had to turn away. I couldn't endure it. The shameless old villain would have stood there holding her hand long, but she must have had some occult prescience of danger, for she, too, turned away. And then he seized on Victor, and I heard him say:

"'Aye, golly, you do favor your father, Lieutenant.'

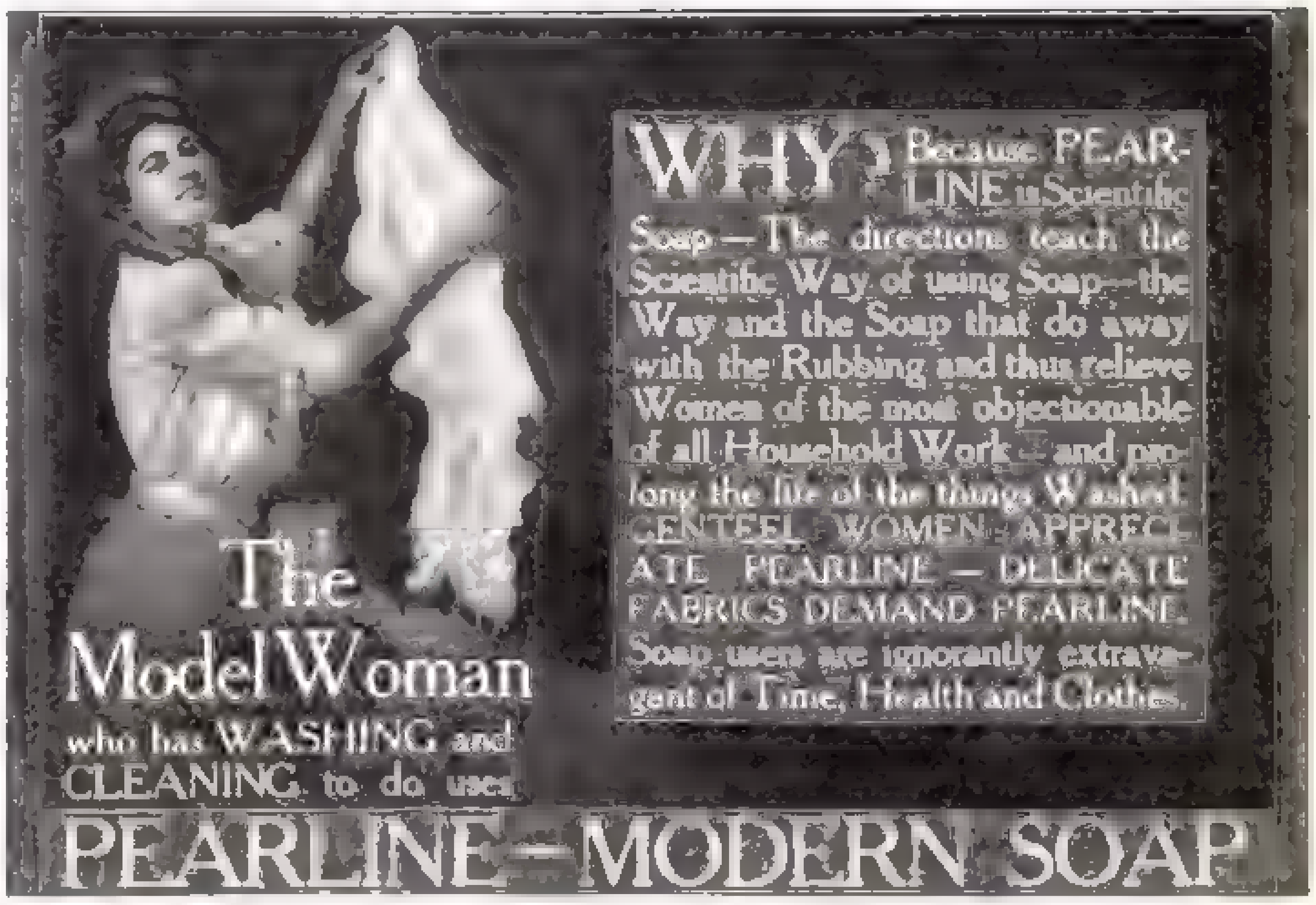
"Wade shouldered him aside and we were given chairs on the lawn. I could think of nothing to say; I was cold and numb and afraid. Wade made most of the conversation. Then old Poole began some silly story about his having shot a Confederate general; he described him, told just how he looked riding a gray stallion, and even attempted to illustrate the action, using his cane as a rifle. However, that passed off well enough. Mrs. Baring, at the proper moment, arose and with Victor went indoors for refreshments. While they were gone Wade turned on Poole and cursed him soundly and told him that if he said another word that afternoon he'd break his head. Presently Mrs. Baring returned, followed by a maid and Victor, and they passed around lemonade and cake, and we got along pretty well. But a dread, a fear held me as we sat there with the presence of that secret of the dead between us. And then just what I feared would happen did happen. Victor turned to Poole and asked:

"'You were one of my father's non-commissioned officers, were you not, Mr. Poole?'

"'Yes, sir, I'm proud to say I was. I was with him the day he got shot.'

"We four old fellows turned to stone, and Wade said:

"'Oh, let's not dwell on the past. The war is over; we must live in the present, we old soldiers with the rest.' It had been the theme of his oration that afternoon. It was the theme, indeed, of his life! But Victor, with the wise and important scowl



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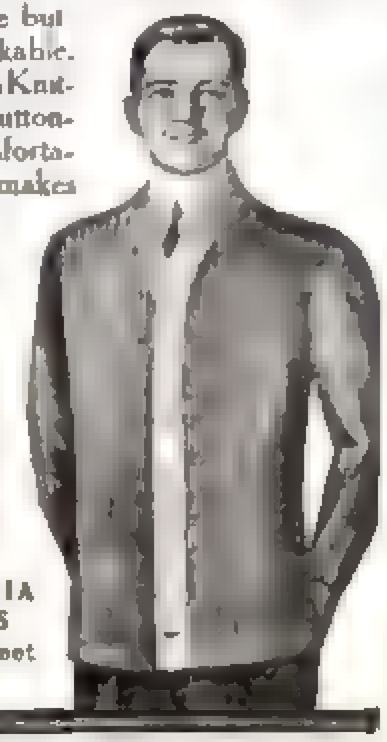

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of a man who thinks himself competent to handle an affair, insisted:

"'You say you saw him fall, Corporal?'

"'Yes, sir, Lieutenant, I was right there, right beside him, as you might say. You see, our brigade was on the right wing, just like this: suppose that bench there's the enemy, an' this line'—he made a mark with his cane—'is our brigade. Over yon was Culver's brigade, an' where you are was Hunt's; an' the order was give for us to advance, an' just then in the woods we sprung a rebel trap, and the Johnnies let come a hell-fire of grape an' canister, an' the Colonel he ordered us for'ard. Our company wavered a minute—we was some green yet—and yer pap ——'

"'Yes,' commanded Victor, 'go on!'

"And then Clayton leaned forward. 'And your father, Victor,' he said quietly, 'drew his sword, leaped to the front of his company, shouting: "Steady!" The line wavered, then he cried: "Damn you! Come on!"—and they held and grappled like men with the enemy. I even saw his sword flash in the fire of that night, I heard his voice as he cried out in encouragement to them, and then suddenly he stumbled and fell.' He paused, and saying, 'Wasn't that about the way of it, Corporal?' he shot a glance at Poole so fierce, so threatening, that the old wretch nodded hastily and subsided.

"Victor looked at Wade, then at Poole and at us. I think in that moment Victor began to doubt.

"We were glad to get away, though we were glad that we had been there and that all had happened as it had, for we had seen how Wade had done it."

The Captain gave me a full description of the reunion, which had been, evidently, a solemn joy to him, giving rise to deep and even sacred emotions. It had ended with the campfire that night and by morning most of the veterans had gone home. But Clayton pressed his old friend to stay and he was not loath. "I wished," he said, "a day or two of the mournful pleasure of looking about Macochee and seeing friendly old places and meeting or—as was more apt to be the case—missing friendly old faces."

That night, in the Colonel's library, they sat and talked into the intimate hours, and they arose late the following morning. When they reached Clayton's office a number of persons, clients who seemed more dependents than patrons, were awaiting the Colonel. Captain Clarke could remember as among the waiting ones old Poole, who had been drinking heavily all night, and Victor Baring, seriously and soberly civilian without his uniform, an old woman deeply steeped in misery, and some man in middle life with gray hair and pointed gray beard. The Captain picked up a Cincinnati newspaper, retired to a corner near an open window and, in the still, hot morning, with the hot, familiar odor coming up from the square below and the heavy breathing of the waiting people, he fell asleep.

When he awoke the room was clear; no one was there but Clayton. He looked down, smiled and told the Captain that he had missed a pretty little romance "going on right there under his nose." It was Victor's romance, of course. They had been planning an elopement and, by that time, said the Colonel, looking at his watch, he and little Bessie were off for Columbus, where they were to be married that very afternoon.

Clayton had given Victor letters to a friend, bestowed his blessing and, that afternoon, was to discharge the duty of informing the reluctant parents. Then the Colonel and the Captain went out and had dinner, as we always called the noonday meal in Macochee, and a drink or two. Clayton was pleased, delighted; the Captain could see that all his plans were soaring up hopefully at last. He did not intend to go to Laura until the wedding had been solemnized in Columbus; he was to await Victor's telegram. After dinner the Captain left him for a while to go out and call on Major Landis, and when he returned to the office at five o'clock he found the Colonel radiant and elated.

"Congratulate me, old man," he had said. "Laura has consented."

His eyes filled with tears and the Captain turned away and looked out of the window. And there was silence in that barren old country law office.

"And then," the Captain went on, "the spell was broken, and I felt, or I think now that I must have felt, that some new presence, ugly, sinister, portentous, had entered to dissipate the fine atmosphere in which we had been uplifted a moment before. But when I turned I saw in the doorway only the man with the gray hair and gray beard—in clothes of foreign cut—who had been there that morning. Wade was rising slowly to his full height, a look of horror on his face, and I heard him exclaim:

"'My God! George Baring!'

"Yes, it was George Baring. Come back from the grave? Oh, no, not at all. Unfortunately, he never had been in a grave. The case was exceedingly simple—after it was explained—as most cases are; as simple as many another case resembling it that was produced by the great social upheaval of the Civil War."

And here the Captain took pains to relate a number of such cases that had been noted in history in time of war and tumult, and, as if I were a judge, he made an argument and cited cases that had got into the courts, under violations of the pension laws and in suits involving wills, such as the Bill Newby case in Illinois, and, of course, he discussed at length Enoch Arden and differentiated that case from the Baring case. His comparison, however, was not to George Baring's advantage. But finally he drew round again to that night when they sat in Wade Clayton's library and Baring told his story.

The Captain, as I was not surprised to learn, could never forget that night. It seemed that the day had ended in the violent storm its atmosphere had predicted. The Captain pictured the scene so well that I could imagine the three men sitting there, Clayton grave, sorrowful, but immobile, older than he had been on that happy afternoon; and Baring, gray, strange, out of place, huddled in a deep chair; and the Captain on the other side of the empty fireplace.

The lamp on the table shed a light on the old mahogany furniture, and above the mantelpiece hung a steel engraving of Carpenter's painting of Lincoln and his Cabinet. Below it hung Clayton's saber in its black scabbard, with his belt and silk sash. Outside, the thunder rolled and reverberated and the lightning flashed incessantly at the window. At each flash Baring started nervously, in a timorousness that was so pathetic that the Captain said he felt sorry for him. Old Ephraim brought in a decanter and glasses and, at a terrifying crack of thunder, he dropped the tray on the table with a crash. Baring looked at the old negro sympathetically.

"You aren't afraid of a little thunder shower, I hope, Ephraim," the Colonel said.

"No, suh," said the old man, "but I'm kind o' sort o' shy o' it."

And then they had the laugh they needed—all save Baring. Laughter and seemingly all the good of life had quite died out of that man. And the Captain saw at once that Clayton was touched and that he would try to make it easy for Baring, as he tried to make it easy for every one.

"You're nervous," he said as he gave Baring the little tumbler of whisky he had poured out.

"No," said Baring simply; "I'm just afraid, that's all."

The Captain declared that he recognized this at once as the explanation and keynote of the man's whole life. After they had settled down Baring told them his story. What was essential was the fact that he had always been a coward.

"I was born afraid. There was something prenatal about it," he said.

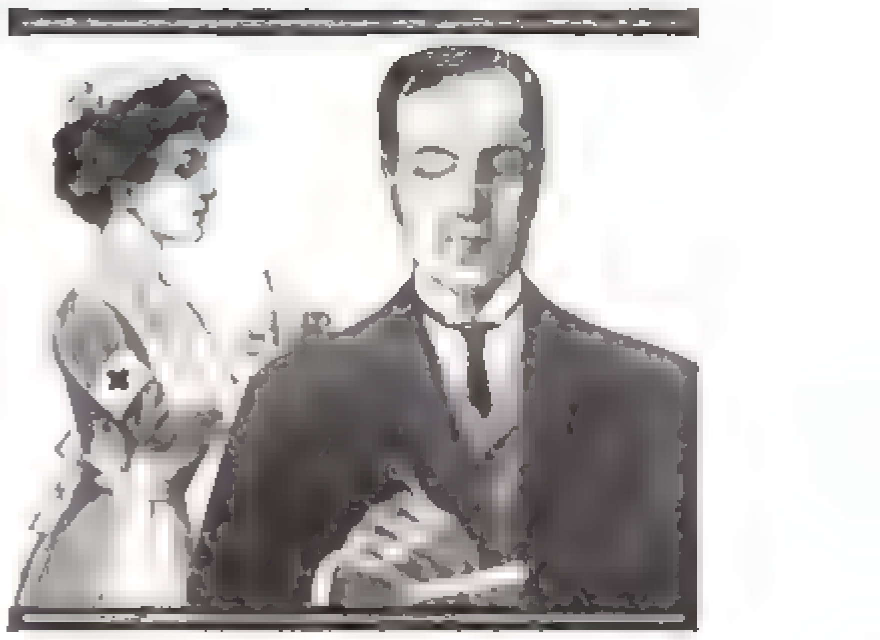
When the war came on and Clayton went, Baring, as we know, felt that he should go, too; he wanted to prove to Laura that he was as brave as Wade. And so he enlisted. When in his narrative he reached the battle of Cedar Mountain, when he reached the point where he whispered, as if it were a secret neither of them knew, "His name was Poole!" he turned suddenly white and covered his face with his lean hands.

The thunder shook the house and he sobbed convulsively. The Colonel poured out another glass of whisky and held it to Baring's lips as medicine to the lips of the sick.

"I was only wounded," he said when he could go on. "I crawled away—and disappeared." Then he told them of his life all those years in Peru. He had been, in a way, successful. But he was afraid to come back to Macochee.

"They looked for me?" he asked presently.

(Continued on Page 56)



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Standard Sales Co., 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago

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Our new Rose, Jeanette Heller, is the ideal garden rose, strong, vigorous and healthy. In color it is a light blush-pink, beautiful [illegible]

Plan Your Rose Garden Now Start with good strong plants. Heller's Roses are famous all over America. Write to-day for a copy of our new book, "Roses of the Garden." It will help you to start right and avoid failure. It's free. We pay expressage on all orders.

American Beauty Specialists.

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SUN [illegible] LAMPS Cheap As Gas At 25¢ a Thousand

Most economical of all lights, bright, soft, clear. 100 candle power each burner. Handsome fixtures, 1, 2, 3, 4-burner styles. Satisfaction or money back. Agents Wanted. Get Catalogue.

SUN VAPOR LIGHT CO.
424 Market St., Canton, O.

(Continued from Page 54)

The Colonel shook his head. "We hushed the story up," he said. "You can imagine why."

The storm was dying down and presently Baring got up, went over to the window, drew the curtain and looked out. The lightning was playing fitfully and prettily and illuminated for him certain familiar spires and roofs in the old town. He recognized the Methodist church and the Fowler place, and presently, drawing on in a kind of stealth to the one question, he inquired if Laura still lived in the old house. And then he asked, or tried to ask, about Victor, but at the word "boy" his voice broke. Then they felt more kindly toward him.

"Is he a good boy?" Baring asked when he could go on.

"Yes," said Clayton

"And—brave?"

"He has never been tried. But ——"

"What?"

"Bravery is his ideal"

"His ideal!"

And Clayton told him.

"Have you heard people say," asked the Captain, "how good it would be if the dead could only come back? Doubtless Laura Baring had said that often. But Nature knows best. We die, we disappear, the gap closes up. Life goes on, forms its own combinations anew, and the dead, if they could come back, would only disturb those combinations. They cannot resume their places. Baring was dead, he was still dead! For twenty years he had slunk over the earth to no purpose. He had slunk back there that day, only to find it all impossible. If Poole had only made a good job of it that day! This thought was in the minds of us all"

When they came at length to the inevitable discussion of the practical aspects of the situation, in a word, when Clayton asked Baring what he was going to do, Baring in turn besought Clayton to advise him.

"I can't advise," the Colonel answered. "This is your problem, not mine. I've done all I can and I've made a botch of it."

"You haven't made a botch of it," said Baring quietly.

"What do you mean?" asked Clayton.

"Why, I mean that, after all, you have saved me. You have given me a personality far better than any I could ever have developed for myself. Don't you see? Here I come back to find—what? That for twenty years I have lived, lived to her, to my son, to this community, as a man who died heroically on the field of honor! The thing that I wished most, but was furthest from my powers of attainment"

"Well, what of it?" asked Clayton.

"What of it? Why, don't you see? I must not destroy that personality—I must leave it as it is and go away."

"Where?"

"To the grave!" said Baring.

But from this point it will be better to quote the Captain.

"Neither Clayton nor I," he said, "was much impressed, perhaps we were a little disgusted. We didn't like the melodrama. But that was a part of his nature, too—the theatrical, playing the thing he'd like to be or to be thought.

"'I'll prove to one man at least,' said Baring, 'yes, to two men, to you and to myself'—he seemed to have forgotten me—'that I can be brave; that once at least I can conquer fear. I'll go back to the grave, but this time to a real grave; not the living grave of the wanderer, but to the real, resting grave. Will you keep my secret, then?

"'See, I'm brave, calm, now. I'll go out into this night—no one will see me, no one will ever know—I will be dead, dead for sure this time, for I'll do a better job than Poole did. You will keep my secret, won't you? And I'll live as George Baring the hero, not George Baring the coward. Will you promise?'

"He turned to Clayton and held out his hand. And Wade looked at him, looked him through and through; but Baring held his gaze steadily, and I sat and watched, half convinced at last that the man had the stuff in him. I watched, fascinated, while Clayton, without rising from his chair, leaned over easily, gracefully, in unconcern, and, pulling out a drawer from his library table, took up a revolver and held it toward Baring. The man looked at it a moment and then—he shuddered and turned away without a

New Farrar Records

Wonderful records of a singularly beautiful voice. Striking examples of the great progress recently made in the art of Victor recording.

Hear these new records at any dealer's. Be sure to ask him to play Farrar's "Tosca" record (88192)

Victrola

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Adds charm, spirit and pleasure to the Children's Christmas

Self-Playing Silvery Chimes

This artificial Christmas tree is fireproof, clean; lasts a life-time

Self-adjusting bronze stand — fits any tree

Chimes for the Christmas Tree

Sweet Chimes, a glowing Star of Bethlehem and a group of silver-like, swinging angels. This German novelty makes little eyes open wide with wonder, lending a superb prettiness to the tree, enrapturing the childish mind with the glee and [illegible] of Christmas, and at the same time impressing them by its symbolism with the solemnity and inner meaning of the day.

Consists of six [illegible] angels, three candle sticks, three tuned bells and a starlike, which when the candles are lighted automatically [illegible] the chimes. Young and old [illegible]

Fifty Cents Postpaid

Easy to set up—absolutely safe. Instructions in every box. Sold by dealers [illegible] make immediate shipment.

FREE. Send us the name of a dealer who [illegible] buy one dozen chimes and we will send you one of the superb chimes absolutely free.

Steiner Fireproof Christmas Tree

[illegible] Sold by dealers

Bronze Stand

Holds any size tree [illegible] Sold by dealers

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Dealers—Write or wire your orders. We agree to buy back all unsold goods on January 1st.

ASK FOR FREE CATALOGUE

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FASTEST—SAFEST GUN EVER MADE

SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS. Perfect hammerless non-clogging action, 24 to 32 in. GENUINE IMPORTED DAMASCUS BARREL. Full length top rib makes quick sighting automatic. Hinged breech block solid steel wall always between shell and shooter. Easy take-down without tools. Bore gauge and drop of stock optional. NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR ANY FEATURE NAMED. Don't buy until you see our FREE BOOK describing this pump gun and our superb line of singles and doubles

THE UNION FIRE ARMS CO, 313 Auburndale, TOLEDO, O.

We Offer You a Position

We want 250 men right away. Must have them and will pay good money [illegible] You need no money. Everything done on our capital. You deliver our goods and collect. A big opportunity. Write today for free plans, sample outfit [illegible] All free. G H GROUNDS Manager, 1027 W. Adams Street, Dept. 4018, Chicago, Ill.

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ALLWON Manicure Outfit

Everything fits into the Buffer

Give Her this for Christmas

Any Girl or Woman You Know Will Welcome This Novel Manicure Set

There's never been a manicure outfit like the **Allwon**—every woman wants it the minute she sees it. It's so novel—so unusually convenient.

Please look at the picture. You see the **Allwon** Buffer is hollow—velvet-lined like a jewel-box. It's the case for the rest of the set.

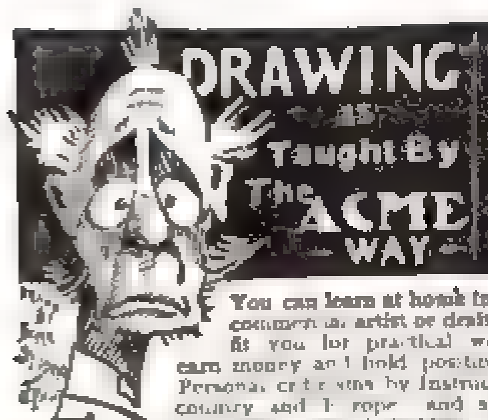
Then note this: All old style buffers, no matter how expensive, must usually be thrown away as soon as the chamois soils. You're always buying new buffers. But owing to a new patented feature of the **Allwon** Buffer, new chamois can be put on as often as wanted—so there's never need for a new buffer. That saving soon pays for the set.

And, for little more than the price of a good old-style buffer alone, you get the complete **Allwon** set—the beautiful money-saving buffer—imported cuticle scissors—duplex nail file—6 emery boards—orange wood stick—special nail-luster and nail salve and enamel. Every article of surprisingly good quality. All fit in the novel Buffer Case—always all together—compact—handy at home or in traveling.

With Buffer beautifully Nickel-Plated, the complete **Allwon** set [illegible] $[illegible] Plated $2.50—Sterling Silver $5. Sold by Department, Dry Goods and Leather Goods Stores, Jewelers, Druggists. Or, if not yet on sale in your town, send us your dealer's name, together with price, and we will supply you.

U. S. SPECIALTY CO.

Suite 103 **736 Broadway, New York City**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Our Certificates furnish a desirable form of investment for trustees of funds, guardians, retired men, women who have the care of their own affairs and all persons who live on the income of their money. Interest paid twice a year.
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Buy a deck of Aydelott's Base Ball Cards and have fun all winter—96 cards—all possible plays as they appear on the diamond. It's the real game transferred to the parlor. Get up a league and decide the championship. Splendid Christmas present. Keeps the boys in at night. Ladies like it. Professional players indorse it. Ask your dealer or send 50c in stamps to us. Agents wanted.

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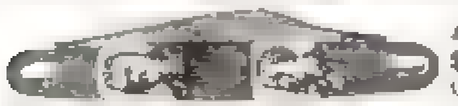
Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular **Novelty Knives for Christmas Gifts** with name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle.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$75 to $300 a Mo.
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Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 17 Bar St., Canton, O.

PIANO FRAUDS!

We don't sell pianos. We publish
The Piano and Organ Purchasers' Guide
By John C. Freund, Editor of "The Music Trades."
Gives important [illegible] facts about all makes of pianos and player pianos. This saves you from fraud. [illegible] pages. [illegible] year. 25 cents by mail, prepaid.
MUSIC TRADES COMPANY, Dept. A, 505 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

word. Clayton held it a moment longer, then he said:

"'George, look here.'

"And as Baring glanced about Wade broke the revolver at the breech and showed him the empty cylinders.

"'I knew you couldn't do it,' he said, and flung the weapon back into the drawer.

"Baring sank into his chair and bowed his head and covered his face with his hands. The storm outside was dying away; only now and then we heard the wind and the flap of wet branches. And I sat and looked at these two men whose lives had so strangely and tragically interacted on each other, and thought—but my thoughts were inexpressible. This silence, however, was broken by a jangling of the Colonel's doorbell, a loud, insistent jangling, and Baring and I and even the Colonel started. We heard old Ephraim shuffle down the dark hall, we heard the door open, then we heard voices, one a youthful, though masculine voice, the other a woman's voice. At that voice Baring looked at Clayton in appeal.

"'Yes,' said Clayton. 'It is she.'

"Ephraim had shown the callers into the parlor. Presently he appeared, his eyes wide and white with surprise. Then the Colonel faced Baring.

"'Look here,' he said, jerking Baring up sternly. 'Laura and Victor are out there. They've heard. And you—you've got to stand up now, and once, just once, face life like a man. I'll open that door in another minute—and you can tell them and make your peace with them.'

"He turned toward the door, but Baring cried out:

"'Wait just a minute!'

"'Well, what now?' asked the Colonel.

"'Wade—you—you tell them; I can't.'

"'Why not?'

"He didn't answer; he was afraid, of course. The Colonel looked at him in contempt, then he said:

"'George, you asked my advice a while ago. Well, I give it to you now. Opportunity has dealt generously with you. Once more you have your chance. Seize it. Tell Laura and Victor the truth; let that old, romantic ideal they have worshiped so long fade and die away; we're all sick of it, anyway; it's a monstrous thing. And then win back their love, that's your chance.'

"'I will; I'll do all you say,' he said, 'only—you tell them! You break it to them gently at first, and then—I'll come in. Spare me the pain!'

"'Spare you the pain! Why should I spare you the pain?' asked Clayton.

"'Oh, think how I've suffered!'

"'Think how you've suffered!' said the Colonel. 'My God!'

"He could say nothing, it seemed, to express his utter contempt. And yet, as I have tried to make clear, his breast was full of pity, and I was not surprised—that is, looking back on it all I think I was not surprised—to hear him say:

"'Well, all right.' He thought a moment, then: 'You go in there,' he said, and he opened a door across the library. Baring went in and Clayton shut the door. He hid the glasses and the bottle, slipped the tray into a drawer of his writing-table, threw the cigar ashes into the fireplace, then signed Ephraim, and Mrs. Baring and Victor entered.

"'Where is he?' Victor demanded.

"'Who?' said the Colonel.

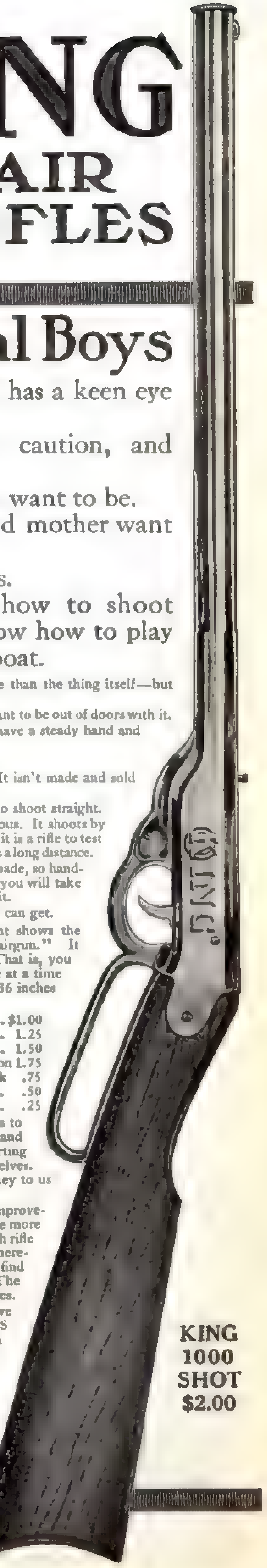
"'You know—my father!'

"They knew, then; that was a relief. Mrs. Baring, in admirable control of herself, met Clayton calmly. He gave her a chair and, as she seated herself, she said:

"'Wade, what is this terrible thing?'

"'In a moment, Laura,' said Clayton, 'we'll clear it up as far as we can. Let's hear what Victor has heard and what he has done.'

"Victor, trying to maintain the important air he adopted whenever he remembered that he was an officer and a gentleman, was nevertheless excited; but he made it comparatively clear to us that that morning, in Clayton's office, he had met a man who looked at him in a strange way. Victor had thought there was something familiar, but he could not place him. Then he met Poole, who was all upset because he also had met the stranger and, moreover, recognized him as George Baring. Victor said the truth had flashed upon him instantly. After a little I heard the Colonel, in his ordinary voice, telling the story as he knew it, all except Baring's cowardice. He was always magnificent.



KING AIR RIFLES

A Talk to Real Boys

The boy that's a good shot has a keen eye and steady nerve.

He develops self-reliance, caution, and manliness.

That's the kind of boy you want to be.

It's the kind your father and mother want you to be.

It's the kind America needs.

Every boy should know how to shoot straight—just as he should know how to play ball, swim, skate or handle a boat.

It's what the "learning how" does for you more than the thing itself—but the thing itself is important.

You cannot own a KING AIR RIFLE and not want to be out of doors with it.

You can't own one without training yourself to have a steady hand and a good eye. It makes you stand erect.

It makes you alert and observing.

The "KING" is not a gun to kill things with. It isn't made and sold for that purpose.

It's made for target practice—to teach you how to shoot straight.

It is not a powder rifle—and therefore not dangerous. It shoots by compressed air using air rifle shot for ammunition. But it is a rifle to test anybody's marksmanship. It shoots accurately and carries a long distance.

It's a gun you can take a pride in. It is so well made, so handsomely finished, and has so many real gun qualities that you will take a true gun-lover's joy in handling it and taking care of it.

It's the most welcome Christmas present any boy can get.

The illustration at the side of this advertisement shows the KING 1000-SHOT RIFLE—the "Thousandshootinairgun." It is a hammerless magazine repeater with lever action. That is, you can load with 1000 air rifle shot and shoot them out one at a time as you would with a Winchester repeating rifle. It is 36 inches long and weighs 2½ pounds. It sells at $2.00.

KING No. 1, Single Shot	$1.00
KING No. 2, 350 Shot Repeater	1.25
KING No. 3, 500 Shot Automatic Repeater	1.50
KING No. 4, 500 Shot Automatic Repeater, Lever Action	1.75
KING Three-in-One, No. 11 shoot shot, rubber ball or cork	.75
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KING Pop Guns, Nos. 8-12	.25

The best way to know which KING you want is to send for our catalog containing handsome illustrations and full description of each model—then go to any sporting goods, hardware or toy store and see the rifles themselves. If you can't find the KING in your town send the money to us and we'll ship the rifles you select express prepaid.

We are the originators of the air gun and all improvements and changes started with us. We not only make more styles than anyone else—giving a wider selection—but each rifle is stronger, handsomer and a better "shooter." It is therefore important that you get a KING—or you are apt to find some other boy has a better and later style than you. The KING is in air rifles what the Winchester is in powder rifles.

You can judge how popular the KING is when we tell you that our factory is built to turn out 2500 KINGS a day and we sell many more KINGS each year than the combined output of all other factories. Lots of boys are buying 'em—are you?

Send today for the KING CATALOG.

KING 1000 SHOT $2.00

The Markham Air Rifle Company
The Original and Largest Air Rifle Factory in the World
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An $18 Typewriter Which Does the Work of a High-priced Machine

In the Bennett all the costly complicated mechanisms of the large heavy machines is omitted, without sacrifice of writing efficiency. It does everything an expensive typewriter can do—easily, quickly and neatly.

It is the first practical successful typewriter ever sold at a price within the reach of all. In attractive case of leatherette it weighs less than 5 lbs. You can carry it under your arm, slip it in your grip or keep it in your desk drawer.

The Bennett has all the good points of the expensive machine and all the parts necessary for perfect work.

Standard Keyboard [illegible] keys, operating with both hands. Prints 84 characters. Writes single or double space with light elastic touch. **Writes same letter as $100 machine.** Takes paper any size up to 9 inches wide.

Speed [illegible] operator. Writing always [illegible]. **Writes from Ribbon** fed by simple mechanism. Makes carbon copies.

Warranted One Year. Built of hardened steel. Every part tested before machine is adjusted by experts.

Adapted to All Kinds of Work—especially suited to business men whose work is too light to warrant the expenditure of $100. Just the machine for Clergymen, Authors, Doctors, Lawyers,—all Professional men, Merchants, Teachers, Students, Bookkeepers.

LET US SEND YOU ONE ON APPROVAL

Order a Bennett today. Send us a Money Order or Draft for $18. We will send you the typewriter express prepaid. If it is not all we claim, return the machine within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

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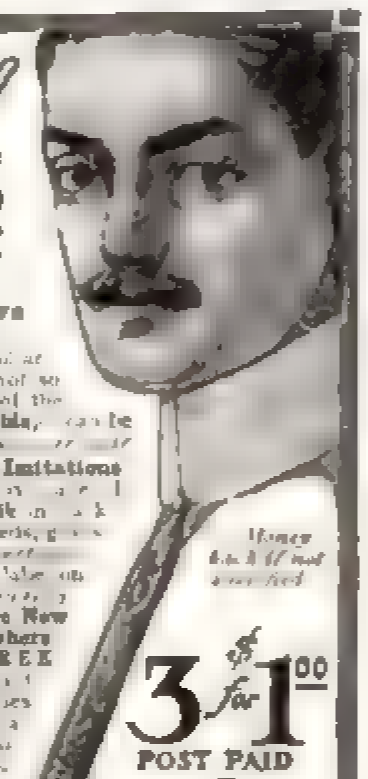

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The Cravat You Have Been Looking For

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Original and Best, — Avoid Imitations

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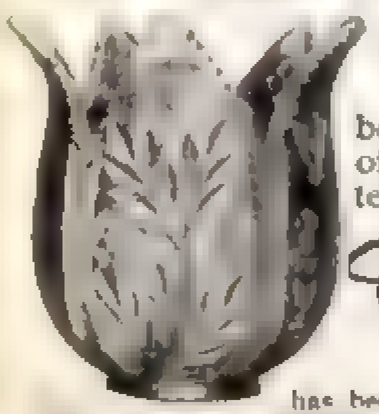

Cut Glass For Xmas

No gift is more acceptable, nor longer remembered than cut glass of exquisite pattern. For 25 years *Clark* **Cut Glass** has been renowned among high grade dealers for design and workmanship.

Ask for "Clark" cut glass. An arrow points out the trademark "Clark" on every article. If your dealer does not handle it send for booklet of designs.

T. B. CLARK & CO., Honesdale, Pa.

"'Where is he now?' demanded Victor.

"'There.' And Clayton pointed to the side room.

"Victor, without hesitation, entered the side room. And then, almost for the first time, Mrs. Baring spoke.

"'He is there, Wade?' she asked

"'Yes, Laura, he is there,' he replied.

"She rose, looked fearfully toward the door, and said:

"'Wade, tell me one thing: why—why, if alive, did not George come home before this?'

"The Colonel had arisen with her; but he did not reply, and she went on:

"'Was it because—there was some reason why he should not return?'

"'Why do you ask that, Laura?'

"'In all these years, Wade,' she said, 'I have thought many thoughts. There have been questions, but I did not ask them—because—well, of Victor, you know. I am, perhaps, wiser than you think; a wife, a mother, a woman, asks many questions, but keeps the answers to herself. You never suspected that he lived?'

"'Never, Laura, on my honor!' exclaimed the Colonel.

"'But you knew something I did not know—something that I apprehended, something which, though I am in the dark, is revealed to me tonight in all its essential truth.' She hesitated, then went on:

"'And you kept it from me! Oh, I know, I know. It is all clear now—and beautiful!'

"A smile came to her lips and a light to her face that made her lovelier than ever. For, oblivious to every one but Wade Clayton, an expression came into her face which, without the necessity of words, told what she wished him to know in that moment. He understood, for he bent his head. I turned my face. I could not look at them then. And in another moment she was moving slowly toward the door, and on its threshold Victor appeared. His man's manner was gone; he looked at us with the wide eyes of a boy and said:

"'He has gone!'"

With this scene the Captain's personal observation of the drama ended. He had, indeed, assisted in ransacking the apartment and in searching for footprints in the wet and tangled grasses of the overgrown grounds outside. He shared in the confusion that came of their failure to find any trace of Baring, and he admitted that he felt, with the others, the uncanny impression that resulted and, like them, doubted his own senses and wondered, after all, if they had not been the victims of an illusion, if they had not beheld an apparition. There was nothing to be done; there was no Society for Psychical Research in Macochee, though there were many there who accepted the theory of ghosts; and to deprive these of a sensation and to save Wade's residence from the sinister reputation of a haunted house it was agreed that nothing was to be said. The Captain himself was glad to leave for the West the following morning. The rest of the story, of course, I knew; though I was glad to have the Captain rehearse certain of the details as he had them from Clayton at a later day, and I was interested in his reading of what might be called the psychology of the subsequent events.

I had already, as I have said, seen Victor Baring when he came out of West Point, and later I came to know him slightly. He used to come to Macochee now and then in the summer to pay a little visit. But I cannot say that I found him interesting. He was a thin, rather pale, though always a self-satisfied and important young man, with a prosaic tendency to early baldness; his wife was still pretty, or would have been if she could have escaped from the torment of two of the most offensive children I ever saw. Victor had not remained long in the army. After Colonel Clayton had compelled old Bell to convey to Bessie the property her mother had left in trust for her he found himself comfortably situated, and so resigned his commission in the army and, moving to Cincinnati, became a civil engineer. The Captain said that he was disgusted, too, with the old military ideal to which he had been reared, as he well might have been.

So, too, was his mother disgusted; and as for Clayton, the Captain insisted that he always had been. The events of that night had, of course, left Laura and Wade in a most anomalous and embarrassing situation. Avowed lovers at last, their union had been out of the question. They might have been tempted to doubt the reappearance of Baring, but if they did they kept the doubt to themselves. There was, indeed, no real doubt in the mind of Laura Baring; at least, there was no doubt that a man had appeared, if not reappeared, who claimed to be George Baring. She had not seen him, and though at times she chose to doubt his identity there was one fact that she could not doubt, and that was that the ideal she had created was false, and from her mind and heart the old eidolon of the brave and gallant soldier husband vanished completely. She spoke of it seldom, so the Captain had wormed out of Clayton, and when she did, when by the habit of years it confronted her out of the past, she spoke of it with disgust and shame. And in the chagrin this revelation gave her she withdrew herself and would scarcely consent to see even Clayton.

Affairs had assumed this hopeless condition when one evening Baring appeared again; not this time to Clayton, but to Laura herself. It was on an evening of the following autumn and Laura was at home alone, Victor and his wife having about that time departed for Cincinnati. Baring came, rang the bell and was admitted, and if he expected a scene he was disappointed, for Laura received him with cold skepticism. So skeptically, in fact, that Baring was relieved of explanation or apology, and, though he came to present himself as her husband and to resume his place as such, he could not even induce her to consider the evidence he claimed to be able to adduce that he was the George Baring she had known and wedded.

"My husband," she said, "was killed in the Civil War at the battle of Cedar Mountain."

To this claim she clung steadfastly. She took a supreme refuge in one of the facts on which she had built her existence, even if the other had been swept from her. Baring appealed to Clayton and, doubtless with some inward satisfaction, the Colonel told him he could not help him. He remained a fortnight in Macochee, striving to convince others if he could not succeed with the two, perhaps, most interested.

He did succeed, however, in making his story known to Macochee; and the little town gladly discussed and analyzed and weighed his claims until there were two parties, one for, the other against him, and his partisans criticised Laura for not returning to him. After a fortnight, however, he despaired and departed for Cincinnati, to seek, he said, a place for his declining years in the home of his son. That was on a Saturday night. The next morning the Sabbath stillness of the town was broken by the announcement that his body had been found by the railroad. He had no doubt fallen from a train, though some insisted that in despair he had flung himself beneath the moving wheels.

Whether she believed that he was the real George Baring or not, Laura did not say; but inferences were drawn from the fact that a year later she married Colonel Clayton.

The wedding, the Daily Citizen said, was quiet, as most marriages in Macochee were, and continued to be for two or three years at least. It was solemnized in Laura's old home, and my father pronounced the ceremony, a fact which, at the time, though I had then only a dim realization of its significance, gave me satisfaction and a sense of distinction. Colonel and Mrs. Clayton then went to Europe for a year, and when they returned they retired to a farm owned by the Colonel, beautifully situated in the Macochee Valley overlooking Mad River. Laura refused to live in Clayton's old home, even though he should remodel it; it is used now as an old ladies' home. They remain much of the time on the farm. They try now and then, each time with new and higher resolves, to visit Victor in Cincinnati, but never stay long on account of those children, no doubt. They travel and, perhaps, are never so distinguished as when, gray and grave and dignified, they are seen on a limited train en route to Florida or California, or in summer up the Lakes.

"And are they happy?" I asked Captain Clarke.

He thought a moment, looking away from the little knoll in the Langdon woods where we had been sitting all that summer afternoon, and far out the road to Mingo, lying white under its haze of dust, and then:

"Well," he said, "it was, of course, a terrible break in their habits. But they have the retrospective sense of the happiness that might have been."

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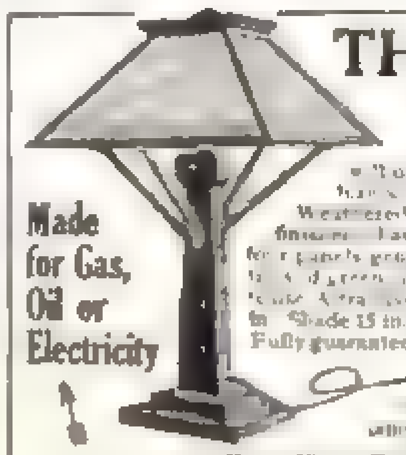

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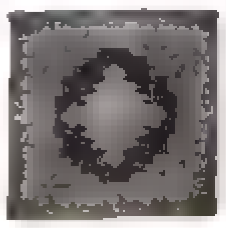

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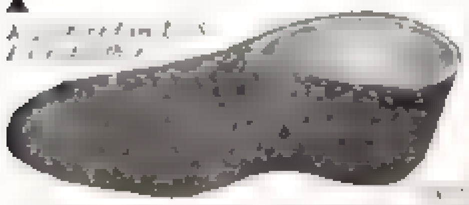

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Simple Business Law

By THEODORE J. GRAYSON

Uses and Abuses of Commercial Paper

ABOUT ten years ago a certain Mr. Gross was sole owner of a very desirable house and lot, which he was anxious to sell, and, I suppose, talked about it to an extent which was, to say the least, unwise. To Mr. Gross in a short time came a gentleman who said his name was Convery, and who made a tentative proposition of purchase. But Convery said he could not do anything definite unless Gross would loan him his title papers, so that he might make a thorough examination of the property. Now Gross should have known that it was entirely unnecessary for Convery to borrow these papers, as they were all spread upon the records in the office of the recorder of deeds. However, he unsuspectingly handed over all his precious documents of title to Convery.

Convery hustled downtown to a Mr. Allan Hamilton, a well-known conveyancer of unimpeachable character, and represented to him that he, Convery, was Mr. Gross! As Hamilton did not know Gross, and as Convery produced Gross' title papers, he was completely deceived. Convery next asked Hamilton to negotiate for him a loan of five thousand dollars, to be secured by a mortgage on Gross' property, and surrendered the papers to him for that purpose. As the security was gilt-edged, Hamilton had no difficulty in arranging the loan, but the mortgagee, desiring title insurance by The Greater City Title and Trust Company, deposited with it the amount of the loan, to be paid to the mortgagor when a valid mortgage should be executed.

When the matter was ready for settlement, Convery went with Hamilton to the office of The Greater City Title and Trust Company, was there introduced by Hamilton as Mr. Gross, signed the mortgage Abraham Gross, and acknowledged it before a notary connected with the company, thus adding forgery and perjury to the crimes of which he already was guilty. In the end, after all the red tape which this great company always employs had been wrapped about him with serious care, he received the company's check, drawn on itself to the order of Abraham Gross. An effort was then made to collect the amount of this check from the trust company; but the teller very properly refused for lack of identification! The man whom the teller turned down, however, merely remarked that he would collect the check through his bank, something which he immediately proceeded to do. The check in question, indorsed Abraham Gross, was deposited in the Eureka National Bank by a person who had opened an account with it as H. A. Jacobs, and was collected by the bank of the trust company. Then the real Mr. Gross received a disagreeable shock. Six months later he was called on to pay the interest on the mortgage!

Why the Bank Went Free

On discovering the fraud which had been practiced upon it, the trust company notified the bank and demanded the return of the money paid on the check, and on the refusal of the bank brought suit. The theory on which the trust company sought to recover was that, since it had paid out money to the order of a forged indorsement on the faith of the bank's indorsement of the forgery, the company's banking department was in the first instance liable to make good the loss to its depositor, the company's own title department, and then the bank was liable to make good the loss to the company's banking department, having, by its indorsement and presentation for payment, warranted the genuineness of the indorsement of the payee, Abraham Gross.

It was decided, however, by the Supreme Court that the bank was not liable. The court said it was undoubtedly true, as a general proposition, that when a bank pays a depositor's check on a forged indorsement, or pays a check which has been raised, it is held to have paid it out of its own funds, and cannot charge the payment to the depositor's account, because there is an implied agreement between the bank and its depositor that it will not disburse the money standing to his credit except by his order. This rule applies, however, only where the depositor has done no act which increases the risk of the bank. Here the initial fault lay with the title department of the trust company (the depositor), which had issued its check to a man whom it believed to be Abraham Gross. That, as a matter of fact, he was not Gross, but Convery, did not alter the situation. When the check was later paid by the banking department of the same trust company (the bank) it did not render itself liable for the amount involved under the above rule, because the title department had not used due care to protect it from loss or theft, which are the ordinary risks in such transactions. There was thrown upon the banking department the risk of the original fraud practiced upon the title department, the drawer of the check, of which fraud it had neither knowledge nor means of knowledge, and in addition to this fact the intention with which the title department issued the check was carried out, for the person was paid to whom it intended payment should be made; there was no mistake of fact except the mistake which the title department made when it issued the check, and the loss was due, not to the bank's error in failing to carry out the depositor's intention, but primarily to the depositor's own error, into which it was led by the deception practiced upon it by Convery.

The Alteration of Paper

It follows, therefore, the court declared, that since the banking department of the trust company had not incurred any liability by making payment of the check, it could not call upon the Eureka National Bank, because of its indorsement, to make good the amount involved, and this, of course, placed the loss directly upon the title department of The Greater City Trust Company.

A humorous feature of the decision was that the exoneration of the banking department from all blame resulted in the title department being obliged to stand the loss, so that the company got off, so to speak, with a pat on the back and a bill rendered!

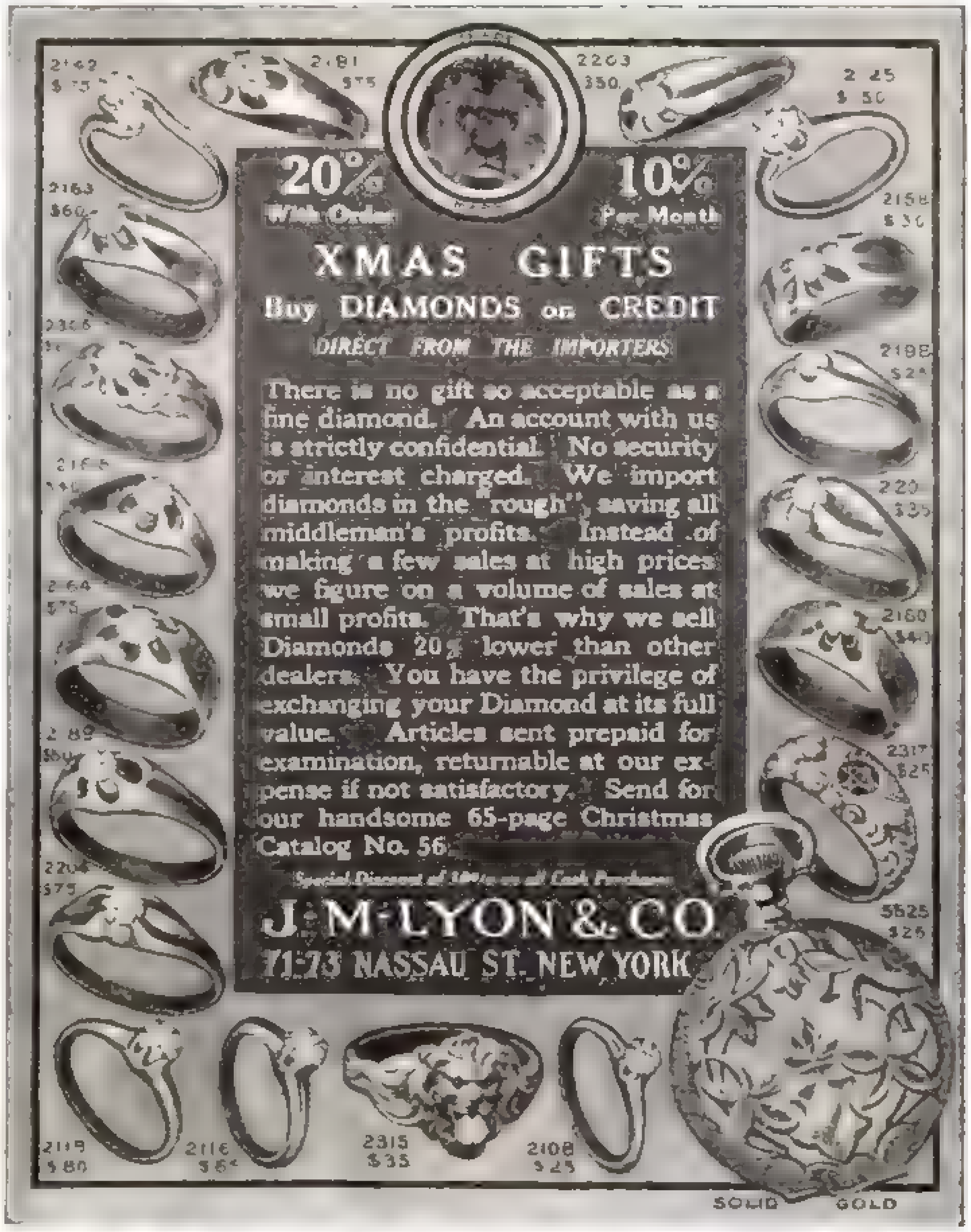
This story should make every reader realize the possibilities of fraud in connection with commercial paper, for they are many, and the unwary person is usually fair game for them.

A question of considerable import in relation to commercial paper is that of its alteration. The very method of free negotiation which, in a short time, may shift an instrument from hand to hand through a long line of holders, makes it very necessary that the instrument should travel exactly in its original state, so that it may be dealt with by all upon precisely the same basis, and any deviation from this state of things is apt to invalidate the bill, note or check in question.

It is perfectly true, however, that commercial paper is not made invalid by every alteration. In one case a note was offered in evidence, and it was objected to on the ground that it showed upon its face a material alteration. The assertion was that "Apr." in the date had been struck out, and "May" written instead. The plaintiff then offered to show that the note was drawn and indorsed without date, and that the maker had filled in the date, first, by mistake, writing "Apr.," and afterward, to correct it, writing "May." The trial judge decided that this evidence was admissible. Upon appeal, the higher court held that the maker had acted properly, saying in effect that while any material alteration in a note after its indorsement would invalidate it as to the indorser, yet, where it was indorsed without date, the presumption was that the drawer or indorsee was authorized to fill it in.

Commercial paper is sometimes rendered void by fraud, and a very interesting case of this kind arose upon the following facts:

Jacob Gore gave a promissory note for seven thousand dollars to his nephew, Raymond Gore, on November 6, 1889,



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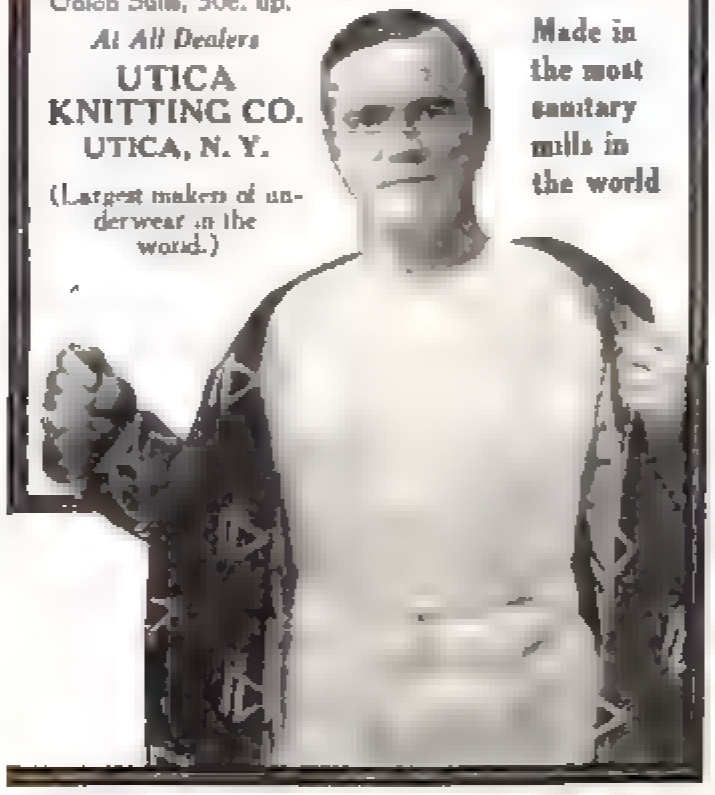
payable six months after date. There was no money consideration for the note. Three daughters of Raymond Gore testified that at the time the note was signed they were present, and heard Jacob Gore say that it was given for past services, and for taking care of him during the rest of his life. At the time of his death, in December, 1890, Jacob Gore was about eighty-five years of age, consequently he was about eighty-four years old when the note was signed. The daughters testified that the note was already filled up when it was produced by their father, and that Jacob Gore then signed it and handed it to their father, the payee. It was in July, 1889, that Jacob Gore went to live with his nephew, and he remained there until his death in December, 1890, during which time he was cared for by Raymond Gore and his family. On July 19, 1889, Jacob Gore executed a letter of attorney to Raymond Gore, giving him power to transact all his business, to collect all moneys due or to become due to him, and to disburse the same in payment of debts and obligations, concluding with the following clause: "I authorize and empower him to do whatever shall to him seem proper for the protection of myself and my estate, and I hereby ratify and confirm whatsoever my said attorney may do in his discretion in relieving me of all care and responsibility, and in discharging whatever duties he may see proper to perform, which in his judgment may be for my best interests." Under this letter of attorney the nephew collected a considerable amount, which it did not appear that he reinvested before his uncle's death. It also did not appear that Raymond Gore had ever rendered his uncle any services before he came to live with him in July, 1889, and all he ever did was to keep him with him from that time until the following December when Jacob Gore died

When the note was signed Raymond Gore knew, or should have known, that his uncle's estate would not amount to more than ten thousand dollars (as a matter of fact it came to about nine thousand dollars), and he also knew that his uncle's expectation of life was brief.

A Bachelor's Needs

After a full and careful consideration of the matter the court was in no doubt as to its decision, saying: "We find that Jacob Gore was eighty-four years old when he signed the note, that he was very feeble and infirm, and died of old age in about thirteen months thereafter; that not a particle of proof was given to show that he was informed what effect would result from his signing the note, what proportion of his estate it would require to pay it, or how it would affect his control over his property. Not one word of explanation was made to him when he signed the note; it was not even shown that he read the note, or knew the amount of it, and he had no independent advice. Not a particle of proof was given of the making of any contract, even for his future maintenance, and nothing was given in evidence except a single declaration that it was given for past services and for waiting on him, or taking care of him in the future. But he did not say, and it was not proved, that he knew the amount he was promising to pay. As to the past services, the declaration was a clear delusion, because there was none. Was the amount, then, a reasonable compensation for the future maintenance? As the nephew actually collected twenty-one hundred dollars from the personalty, and the farm sold for sixty-eight hundred dollars, the value of his estate was about nine thousand dollars. The interest of this sum would be over five hundred dollars a year. He was a bachelor, with no one depending on him, and of simple and inexpensive habits. He was not afflicted with any loathsome disease, and his probabilities of life were very short indeed. It would seem that the income of his estate alone would probably support him, or very nearly so. It was the duty of the attorney to protect his principal's estate, and act only for his best interests, yet, within four months after the relation was established, he had practically obtained from his principal, for his own private gain, almost the whole of his estate.

"In Greenfield's estate, the compensation to be paid for the future service was only twenty per cent of the whole estate, and it was to be divided among four; here it was very nearly the whole of the estate, and was all to be taken by the attorney.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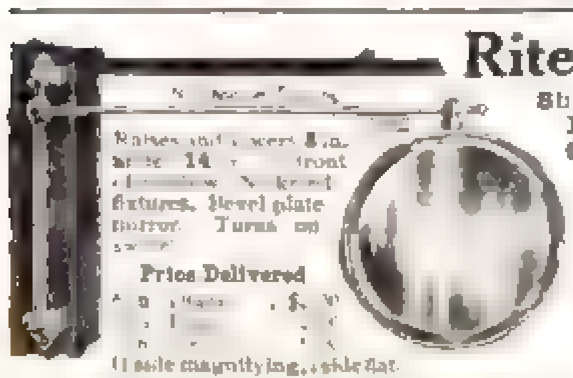
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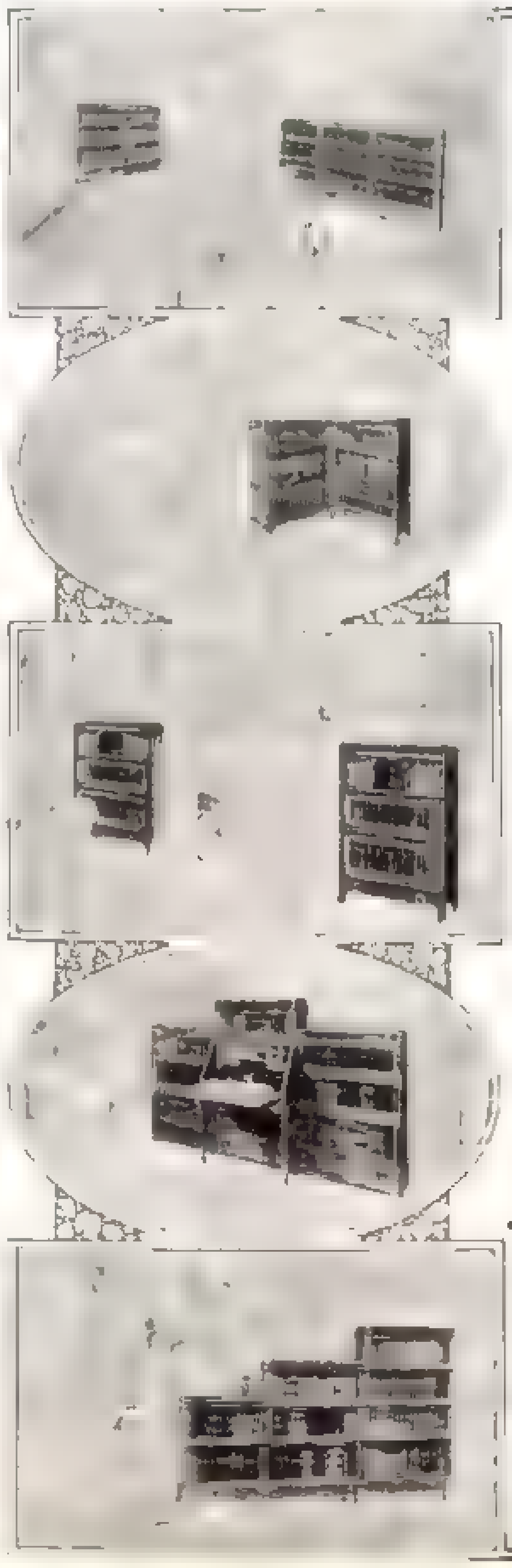
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Such a contract, in such circumstances, is grossly unreasonable and unconscionable, and cannot be sustained. It comes clearly within the principles heretofore stated, and the very numerous authorities to be found in the books, which condemn all such transactions, not because there was mental incapacity or any proof of actual fraud, but because of the relation between the parties, and the absence of that full and satisfactory proof that the contract in question was the free and intelligent act of the party, fully explained to him, done upon and after full information of the extent of his property, and its effect upon his estate, with a thorough knowledge of the contract and all its consequences."

It is made quite clear by this case that an atmosphere of good faith must surround commercial paper, and it will not do for any one to enter into a transaction in which checks, notes or drafts are given and received, unless he makes up his mind to have each step fully explained to all parties before it is taken, that there may be no room for misunderstanding when the deal is closed.

It is also a matter of necessity to watch closely the people who offer you commercial paper to avoid being subsequently met with the defense that the drawer of the draft or note, or the maker of the check in question, was drunk or insane at the time of its execution. While there is a disposition on the part of the courts to hold such contracts good wherever possible, it is a fact that they have been many times avoided on such grounds, and it therefore behooves every banker, and indeed every member of the business world, to keep a sharp lookout upon the mental capacity of those with whom they deal, for complications of this kind are far more frequent than is generally believed. I know of one case where a young man of good position and considerable wealth went to New York one day and began to buy automobiles. He bought a great many of the most expensive makes, and not until the freight-yards of the town in which he lived were stacked with crated motor-cars did his family, friends and creditors realize that they were victims of a case of incipient paresis.

Partnership and Corporation Paper

From what has already been said with regard to alteration, it will readily be understood that the negotiability or non-negotiability of an instrument is determined by extremely technical rules, and therefore the greatest care should be exercised when dealing with checks, notes or drafts, because a very slight omission or addition will often change their whole character.

It may be well to say here, parenthetically, that wherever the Negotiable Instruments Act is law, every person engaged in business should procure a copy and master its main provisions, for by so doing many practical difficulties will be avoided, and many constantly recurring questions solved. This excellent, uniform code of commercial law has now been adopted by a majority of the states.

It will be readily seen from what has been said above that the person who deals in commercial paper must be constantly on the alert to detect alterations of any and every kind, whether additions or omissions, whether made innocently or with fraudulent intent. Thus safety may be assured.

And this vigilance should extend to all other matters connected with negotiable instruments, and especially when the check, note or bill has been executed by a firm, a corporation, or some one acting in a fiduciary or representative capacity. Thus where a partnership note is made, it is not good unless signed with the firm name, and if we suppose two men, Haines and Gorman by name, to be partners in a concern known as The Tyrone Ten-Cent Store, then the signature Haines and Gorman would not suffice if The Tyrone Ten-Cent Store were the actual firm name. It is also extremely unsafe to accept the check of a partnership in payment of the individual indebtedness of one of the firm. Unless a man has his partners' consent he cannot bind them by issuing firm paper in payment of his personal debts, so before accepting such paper the fact of such consent should always be ascertained.

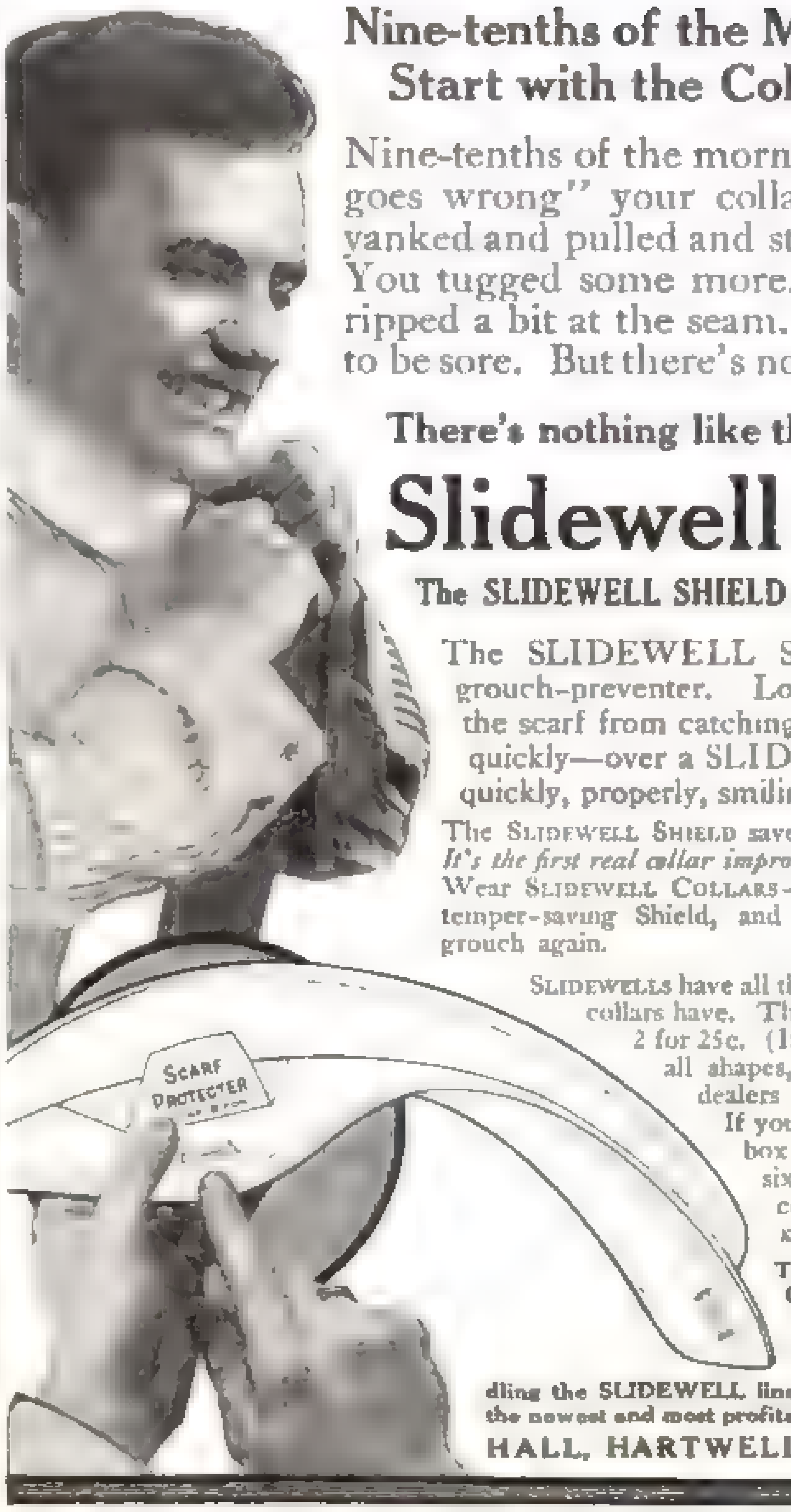
The character of a partnership issuing paper should also be made the subject of careful inquiry. Only the members of a trading partnership, or one the object of which is barter and sale, as distinguished from a professional association, such as a law firm, have implied power to issue commercial instruments in the firm name, and even in the case of trading partnerships such a power does not include accommodation indorsements.

In handling corporation paper, as well as that issued by partnerships, the question frequently arises as to what form of words sufficiently indicates corporate execution. Often a signature, such as "Henry Wise, Treasurer," is held to be mere description, and simply binding upon the signer in his individual capacity, and the test seems to be whether the existence of a principal, and the fact of the agency, are sufficiently disclosed by the signature. For which reason the only safe way to issue corporation paper is to state the name of the company and then use the word "By" followed by the name of the officer entitled to sign.

The Red Flag of Commerce

Here another important question presents itself, for in many corporations the power to issue commercial paper is carefully prescribed in the constitution and by-laws, and where such is the case it behooves all persons dealing with such a corporation to acquaint themselves fully with such provisions, for if they are not strictly adhered to, the instruments issued by the corporation will be invalid. It is, indeed, generally true, that powers of this kind can only be conferred by means of the constitution and by-laws, and that no officer holds them merely by virtue of his character as a corporate official. As in partnerships, so in corporations, there is no power to make accommodation indorsements except by means of special grant. Finally, it hardly seems necessary to warn people against taking corporate paper signed by an officer of the corporation individually, in payment of a personal debt of his own. Such paper is in itself a danger-signal, a red flag on the line of commerce, and should make it clear to every one concerned that it is at least probable that the officer is using the company's money in an illegal manner.

Executors and trustees are also persons whose power to issue commercial paper should be jealously inquired into. Generally speaking, neither an executor nor an administrator has any such right, but must pay necessary expenses directly from the estate which is in his custody. Such a power, however, may be conferred on an executor, administrator, or trustee by means of an order of court, and it is sound advice that where there is any question as to the right of any person acting in a representative capacity to do a specific thing, one should refuse to proceed in the matter until permission from the proper court is obtained. This is in pursuance of the note of warning which, in this connection, it seems wise to sound. It is not possible within the limits of this article to do more than speak briefly of some of the questions connected with the law of commercial paper, but if business people realize the importance of extreme care in dealing with negotiable instruments of every description, then the main purpose will have been accomplished. The law as to commercial paper is both rigid and technical, for the whole system is artificial and delicate, and does not permit many exceptions to the general rules, which experience has proven result in the adequate protection of the majority of those engaged in trade. It is of the greatest importance, therefore, for every one to become acquainted with these rules, and observe them with the utmost care.



Nine-tenths of the Morning Grouches Start with the Collar—and Grow

Nine-tenths of the mornings that "everything goes wrong" your collar is to blame. You yanked and pulled and struggled with that tie. You tugged some more. Your favorite scarf ripped a bit at the seam. You've good excuse to be sore. But there's no excuse for the collar.

There's nothing like this when you wear

Slidewell Collars

The SLIDEWELL SHIELD suppresses the excuse

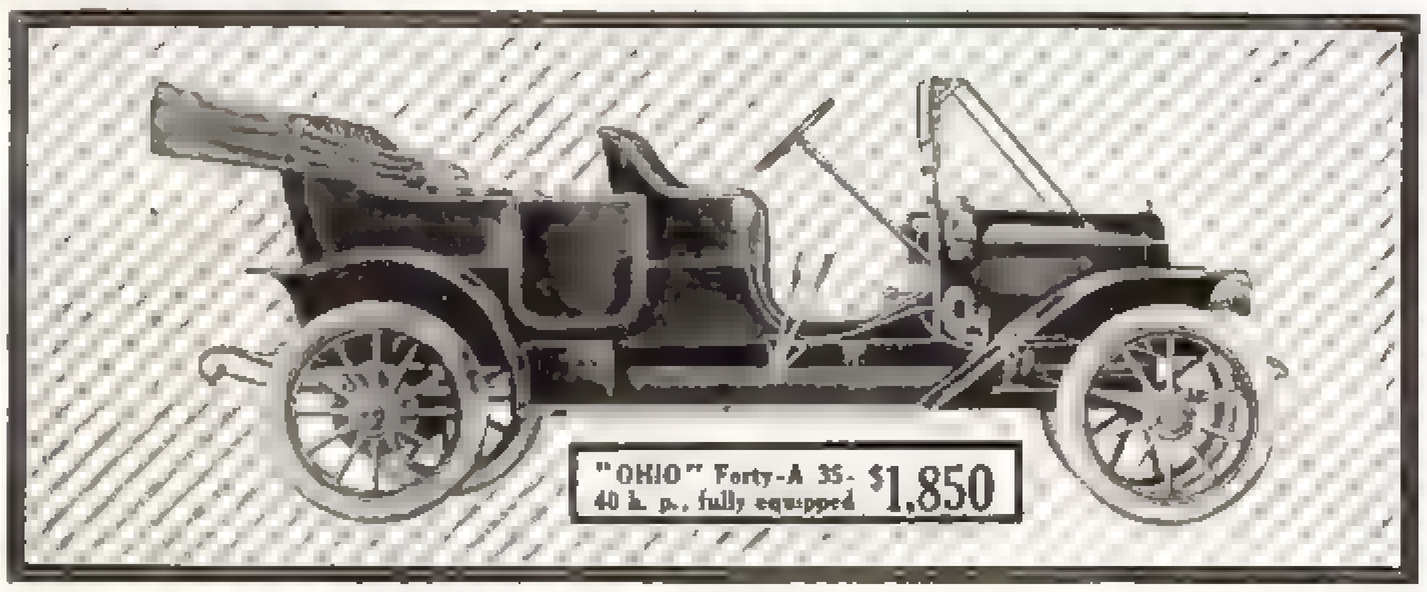
The SLIDEWELL SHIELD is the morning grouch-preventer. Look at it—how it prevents the scarf from catching. The scarf slides easily, quickly—over a SLIDEWELL SHIELD. It is quickly, properly, smilingly adjusted, in an instant.

The SLIDEWELL SHIELD saves the scarf and saves the collar. *It's the first real collar improvement of the last twenty years.* Wear SLIDEWELL COLLARS—the collar with the time- and temper-saving Shield, and you'll never know a collar-grouch again.

SLIDEWELLS have all the good points of style that other collars have. They last a little longer than most. 2 for 25c. (In Canada, 3 for 50c.) All styles, all shapes, all sizes. Most, but not all, dealers carry the SLIDEWELL COLLAR. If your's doesn't, send us 75c. for a box of six. (In Canada, $1.00 for six.) We'll guarantee you greater collar-comfort than you've ever known before.

TO DEALERS:—The SLIDEWELL COLLAR is such a distinct improvement over all others that an enormous demand has been created for it. If you're not handling the SLIDEWELL line, you ought to be. Write to us for the newest and most profitable collar-proposition.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO., Troy, New York



"OHIO" Forty-A 35-40 h. p., fully equipped $1,850

"Little" Details of Construction that Show Whether the Car You Buy Has Been Skimped

IT pays "to get down to brass tacks." The "little" details of motor car construction are never explained and brought out for your inspection on cars that have been skimped—but they are important and **you should hunt for them.**

Here are some of the "little things" that you will find in the OHIO ($1,850, fully equipped). You will also find them in cars that cost two or three thousand more. They are the ear marks of high grade construction.

Look for them in any car before you buy.

Cooling Fan, *six* blades, aluminum (not tin or sheet steel) made in *one piece.* **Ball-bearings,** *imported* F. & S. balls throughout. **Brakes,** all run to equalizers. **Brake Rods,** *Bessemer* steel, 5-16 inch in diameter. **Steering Reach and Rods,** *extra* heavy and strong, joints of spring end reach *protected with leather housings.* **Steering Gear,** irreversible. **Levers,** drop forged, or crucible steel. **Radiator,** genuine *Mercedes* type, ledge of radiator and hood *laced with rawhide* to prevent rattling. **Ignition Cables,** made oil and moisture proof by encasing in *extra conduit.* **Spring Bolts,** case hardened, with *grease cups* in ends. **Oilers and Grease Cups,** provided for *every* part needing lubrication. **Muffler,** extra *length* deadened with *asbestos packing.* **Gasoline Tank,** extra *large* and *heavy, tinned* inside and out. **Starting Crank,** drop forged, grip of *hard rubber.* **Rubber Bumpers** on front springs, highest grade ("A") rubber. **Heavy Jump Straps,** on rear springs. **Steering Wheel,** 18 inches in diameter with *aluminum* spider attached to 1½ inch mast jacket. **Fenders,** extra width, reinforced, with *continuous* guards and visors. **Crank and Transmission Cases,** made of aluminum. **Assembly,** castellated nuts and cotter pins throughout.

SPECIFICATIONS IN BRIEF

Unit Power Plant, three point suspension. **Engine,** 35-40 h. p., 4-cylinder, [illegible] inch bore by 4½ inch stroke, thermo-syphon radiation. **Transmission**—of nickel steel, selective type, 3-plate clutch. **Frame,** straight line cold rolled steel channel section. **Wheelbase,** 115 inches. **Wheels,** 34x4, artillery pattern, Q. D. rims. **Axles,** double channel section steel front, full floating rear. **Springs,** semi-elliptic front and rear, very long. **Brakes,** two sets, internal expanding. **Steering Gear,** irreversible, screw and nut type. **Ignition,** dual system, magneto and battery. **Body,** metal, 5 passenger. **Equipment,** fine cape top, automatic wind shield, speedometer, foot rail, [illegible], two search lights, two side lamps, tail lamp, gas generator, large horn, tool kit, foot pump, jack and tire repair kit. Same chassis specifications apply to all six models.

Send for CATALOG "P" and list of Agencies

The OHIO Motor Car Co.
Members American Motor Car Mfrs. Ass'n
Elmwood Station Cincinnati, Ohio

HANDY
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Pat. Aug. 24, '09 **HANDY** **BILL FOLD** Pat. Aug. 24, '09

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This leaflet is yours—a postal will bring it promptly.

Handy Bill Folds are on sale at Leading Dealers and Department Stores.

Or send to us direct. In Seal Grain $1, Genuine Seal $1.50, Gen. English Pig Skin $2, Gen. Alligator $3.

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Handy Bill Fold Co., Patentees, Newark, N. J.

SLEEP OUT-DOORS
IN YOUR OWN ROOM

We want to show **you** how thoroughly practical it is to receive all the benefits of out-of-door sleeping—with the face, only, coming in contact with the crisp, out-door air—enjoying the comforts of a warm room, protected from drafts, storms, colds and insects—by using a

Walsh Window Tent

Has an awning to protect sleeper—no nails or screws to mar the woodwork—can be instantly adjusted to any window. Write today for free booklet, "What Fresh Air Will Do," and full particulars of our **30-day free trial offer.**

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"Stop" Automatic Talking Machine Stop "Stop"

No tiresome standing or rush to apply the brake. A new device guaranteed to stop all Disc Machines at the end of any size record or your money refunded. Easily attached, ornamental, durable. Through your dealer or prepaid direct. Nickeled $2.00, Extra Fine Gold Plate, $5.00.

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are the best. *Always on their own roots.* Plants sent to any point in United States. Safe arrival guaranteed. Over 50 years' experience. Write for

Dingee Guide to Rose Culture

for 1910—the leading rose catalogue of America. 118 pages. Mailed **free**. Describes over 1,000 varieties. Tells how to grow them and all other desirable flowers. We also sell the best flower and vegetable seeds. Established 1850. 70 greenhouses.

The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 42, West Grove, Pa.

KICKS AND KICKERS

(Concluded from Page 9)

the other night, waiting for her husband, who had been unable to get a train from the city before midnight. Next morning when Jones reached his office in the city there would be a young man from the railroad to see him.

"We understand, Mr. Jones," said the young man courteously, "that you have lately had trouble with our suburban train service. Will you kindly explain just what the trouble is?"

"Trouble?" asked Jones, taken aback. "Why, I don't remember any trouble."

"We have information which comes in rather a roundabout channel, but it is to the effect that you complained of having to wait a long time for a train one night last week. Our company is looking into all reports of this kind, even though groundless. We want to keep our train service up to a high standard and have our patrons thoroughly satisfied."

"I guess I'm satisfied, all right," Jones replied guiltily.

"Have we been misinformed in your case, then?"

"Yes, yes, you have!" declared Jones, slipping through this ready-made loophole. That would settle the Jones story about the hardships of waiting until midnight for a train home. When a few more funny stories about train service had been as diplomatically run down in that suburb, commuters knew that funny stories must be woven about something else, for the railroad company was literal-minded enough to follow them up with an investigation.

Not a few other corporations pursue this same policy of investigating all the outside growls and grumbles that can be got track of, and it makes good-will rapidly, for people pass along many stories of this sort about the poor character of service and judge a corporation by what they hear concerning it, even though their own experience gives no cause for criticism.

Telephone traffic is ordinarily distributed in such ways that two or three operators serve the same subscribers day after day. Each well-founded complaint of inattention is marked against a certain section of the switchboard to which it can be traced, as well as against the exchange, and the records of all exchanges in a company's territory are published monthly among employees. Naturally, there is concerted effort in each exchange to maintain a good record by pleasing subscribers.

Perhaps the monthly record of a given exchange will be damaging because of the complaints of a single subscriber who habitually grumbles at the service, enters a protest almost weekly, and cannot possibly be satisfied. Perhaps such a chronic kicker will be invited to come into his own telephone exchange some afternoon and see how traffic is handled. A telephone exchange is always an interesting place, and it is axiomatic that a single tour through one will cure any grumbler. The visitor quickly loses any notions he may have had about "Central." He finds that she doesn't chew gum or talk to her neighbors, because she is handling a message every few seconds. He discovers that she cannot overhear subscribers' conversations because they let him "listen in" at a busy section of the switchboard, and he finds that as soon as two parties are connected the operator hears nothing they say. They show him how messages are timed and counted, and how "long distance" works. Finally the courteous exchange manager leads him to a small section of the switchboard.

"This is our kickers' board," he explains.

"The kickers' board?"

"Yes, it is here that we serve our most exacting subscribers. Some people, you know, are very hard to please. When a subscriber has the habit of grumbling we take care of him here. Our most skillful operators serve the kickers' board, and we try to get along with them and have as little friction as possible."

The visitor is shown other details of equipment and service. Before he goes out, though, it will certainly occur to him to ask where his own telephone wire comes in. Then the manager, as though the matter had been forgotten, points out his number. And lo! it is on the "kickers' board." There is seldom any trouble with "Constant Kicker" after that.

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Ed. V. Price & Co.

Who's Your Tailor? TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1906

Always originators instead of copyists, leaders instead of followers, tailors instead of machines, we have reaped the reward of merit by becoming the

Largest tailors in the world
of
GOOD made-to-order clothes.

We are thus able to give you the limit of good style, fit, fabric and workmanship in clothes made as you want them, and when you want them, for $25 to $40.

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Have our local representative show you our handsome Woolens, and take your measure. If you don't know him, ask us.

The Most Prized Gift

Choose for the years as well as for the day—for enduring worth, not passing pleasure. Select the gift that brings good to the greatest number, and endears itself as time goes on, through manifold associations.

The entire family circle, family friends, the casual visitor, all find ever-ready enjoyment in the

Krell Auto-Grand
Player-Piano

An entertainer without a peer, always willing, always "in trim," equal to every demand and every occasion.

The world's greatest musicians could not play for you the world's greatest music with more artistic finish than is possible on the Krell Auto-Grand. You or anyone, at first sitting, can produce works that have baffled the composers themselves—that world-famed virtuosos have struggled years to master.

A child can obtain, on the Krell Auto-Grand, results impossible on other players, even to the experienced user. Why? Because of advantages possessed by the Krell Auto-Grand only.

Extra Storage Reservoir for air allows increased or decreased volume without change in tempo.

Human Touch Principle reproduces exactly the touch of hand playing—eliminates completely the mechanical suggestion common to most other players.

Aluminum Alloy Tracker Board prevents lint wearing off from rolls and clogging pneumatics.

A Separate Pneumatic for every note insures owner against costly repairs. A score of other advantages all add to Krell Auto-Grand superiority.

Five-Year Guarantee

Our written five-year guarantee is your security that player and piano are all we claim.

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Before you buy a player-piano, post yourself on what points to look for, what to avoid. Our booklet, "How to Select a Player-Piano," is a valuable guide that every intending purchaser should read. Sent you on request. Write for it. You will be well repaid in greater knowledge of player-pianos, and of the Krell Auto-Grand in particular.

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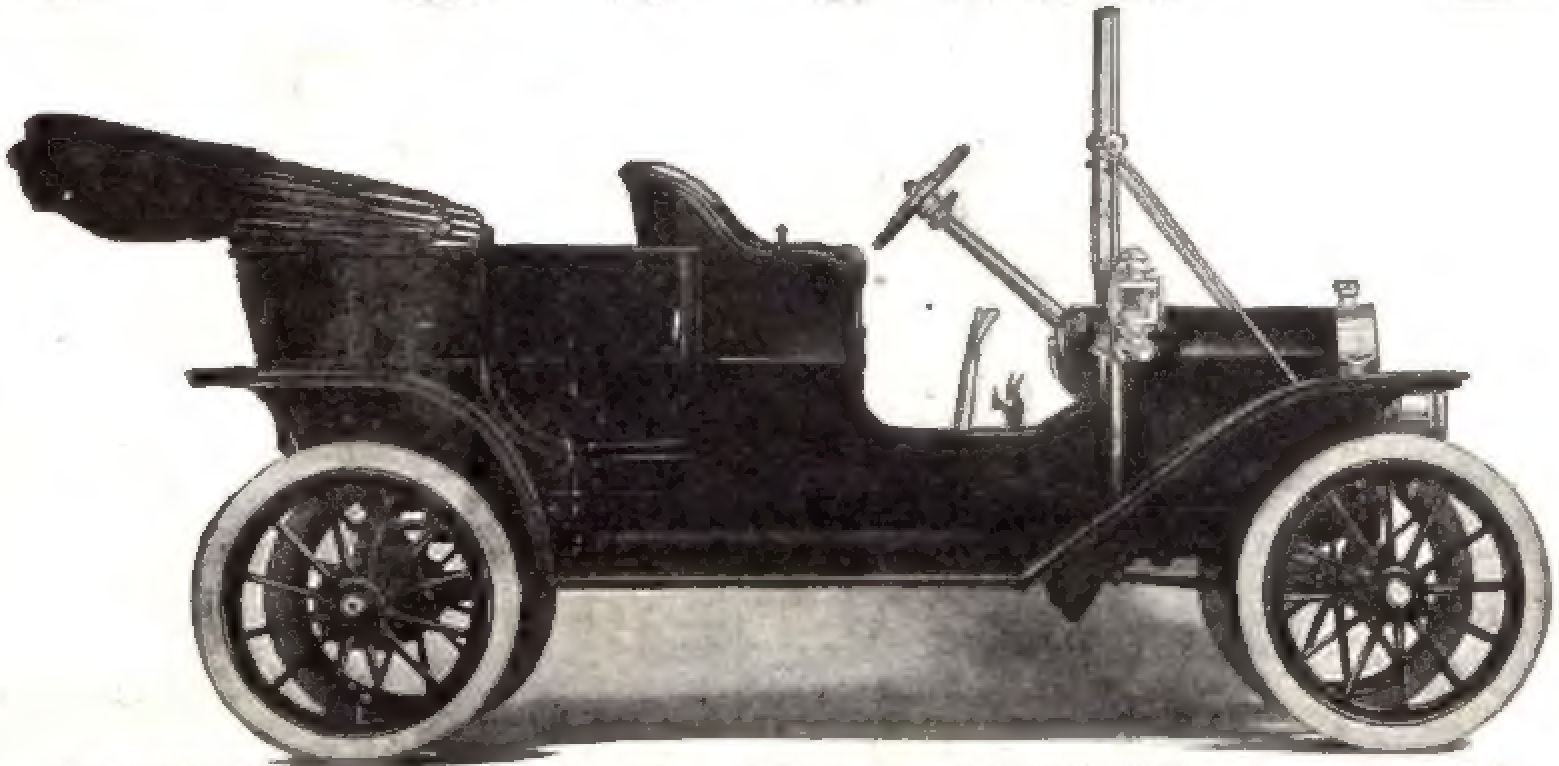

Model "T" Touring Car—4-cyl., 20 h. p., 5 Passenger, $950.00—full equipment included

is proven by FORD records for

Durability
Cost of Maintenance
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Sales

The recognized essentials of automobile superiority are predominant in the 1910 Model T FORD Car

DESIGN

The first essential of a practical, successful automobile is that the design be right. The design of the Ford car is admitted to be not only correct but absolutely in advance of that found in any other automobile — admitted by other designers as well as by every one of the tens of thousands of Ford owners, for the Ford Model "T" is not in the experimental stage, it's a full-fledged tried-out and proven proposition.

The casting of all 4 motor cylinders in one block,
The removable one piece cylinder head,
The thermo-syphon cooling system,
The Unit construction (3 units to the entire chassis),
The 3 point suspension practiced throughout,
Irreversible steering gear,
Ford patented final drive,
The spring construction,
The I beam front axle,
The "built in" magneto,
The automatic self oiling arrangements,
The operation of all working parts in oil baths,
The use of Vanadium steel especially heat treated in our own plant.

These are all features of design that stamp the Ford as a superior product. Every one of these specifications would be recognized as high grade even in a $5,000.00 automobile.

QUALITY

Quality is a matter of material, of workmanship, of tools, of shop practice and policy. Better material than goes into the Ford car cannot be bought. The steel, for instance, in the Ford car actually costs us more in spite of the quantity we buy, than the steel used in the highest priced competitive car — that makes quantity take the place of quality. Workmanship is a matter of tools, mechanics and inspection. Our pay rolls prove the quality of the two, our machine tool purchases, the quality of the other.

The tool equipment in the Ford shops is conceded to be at least the equal, if not the superior, of that of any shop in the country. You may occasionally hear disparaging remarks regarding Ford quality but usually the man responsible has an axe of his own to grind. Did you ever stop to figure that the success of an inferior product is invariably short lived. The Ford Motor Company has had to double its capacity at least every 12 months since the earliest days of the automobile industry.

WEIGHT

Weight is an item governed by the quality of material used Weight does not make strength, quality counts. The Ford is the lightest touring car built. If it were too light, the Ford would not stand the severe tests to which it is subjected. Too light a car never could win the hill climbs innumerable that the Model T has won. Too light a car would never have won 1st place in the 1282 mile Munsey Reliability Run. Ford never built a heavy car and because general practice is to the contrary, the light weight of the Ford has been widely criticised by every one except Ford owners. Ford owners do not kick about Ford weight because not only will the Ford car they own compare favorably with the performance of any other car in the neighborhood, but the gasoline, oil, tire and repair bills are smaller. For service, durability and general utility, there isn't a car made that shows better results.

PRICE

Price is the last consideration in the sale of a Ford car though it may be the first in the eyes of the purchaser. It would require a book to explain the reasons making possible the very low price, but they are all summed up in the fact that any car now selling for several hundred dollars more could be sold at the Ford price if the car were built by Ford, in the Ford shop, in Ford quantities, by Ford methods, providing the Ford profit per car would satisfy the manufacturer.

The Ford prices are —

Touring Car .	$950.00
Tourabout . .	950.00
Roadster . . .	900.00

Price including besides the magneto, an extension top, an automatic brass windshield, speedometer, two 6" gas lamps, generator, 3 oil lamps and a horn. This is the equipment that is usually figured as "extras," in most other cars, and the added price is from $150.00 to $300.00. The

Coupe at . .	$1050.00
Town Car at .	1200.00

(which by the way makes a fine taxicab proposition) include 3 oil lamps and a horn, — all prices f. o. b. Detroit.

BRANCHES
Atlanta
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Denver
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High Priced Quality in a Low Priced Car

We have some territory open for good dealers. If interested write right now

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Canadian Trade Supplied by THE FORD MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

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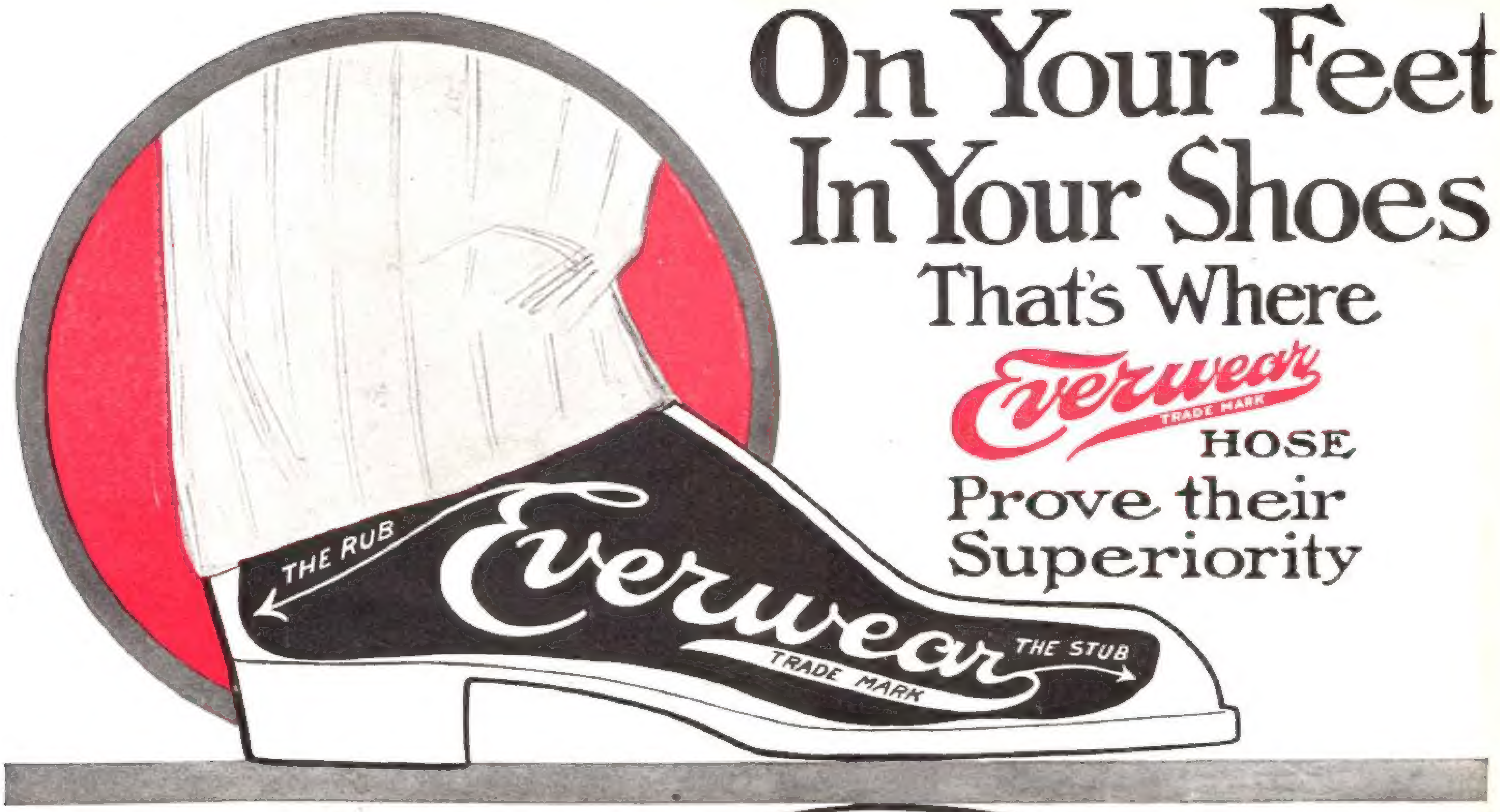
Winnipeg
London
Paris
Melbourne

Ford Motor Company

On Your Feet In Your Shoes

That's Where Everwear TRADE MARK HOSE Prove their Superiority



You cannot give anything for Christmas that will afford as much real satisfaction as Everwear Hosiery. Made in all the season's popular shadings—two grades—for Men and Women. Read descriptions below.

IT is not the guarantee alone that makes Everwear the most popular, the largest selling brand of guaranteed hose on the market.

It is the fineness of quality—the soft, smooth texture—the thin, pliable heel and toe.

It is the comfort in them—the fit, style and general elegance that make them the preference of every man who once wears them.

You get all these in Everwear just as you do in the most expensive hose.

But in addition you get the guarantee: "If any or all of six pairs shows a hole, rip or tear within six months after date of purchase, you get new hose free."

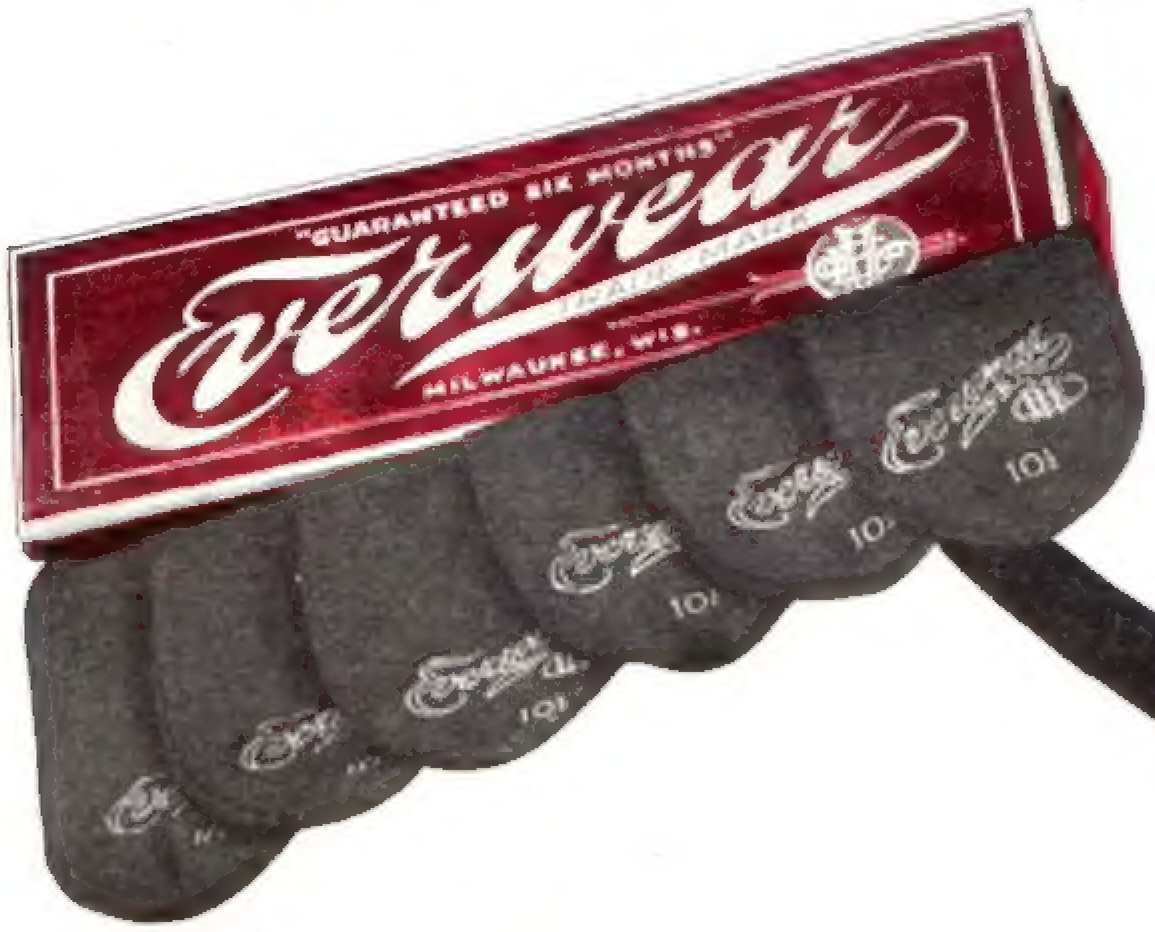
And it is rarely ever necessary to take advantage of this guarantee. Our wonderful success proves this. Everwear are made to live the life of the guarantee—to hold their color and retain their shape through all their hard wear and many washings.

Possibly you have tried some brand of guaranteed hose and found them heavy, clumsy and uncomfortable—most of them are. Let Everwear—the different kind—remove the prejudice from your mind. Six pairs will do it.

Possibly you have never worn guaranteed hose—fearing that all brands were made merely for long wear without regard for comfort or appearance—most of them are.

Try Everwear—six pairs will give you the most agreeable hose surprise you've ever had.

For just remember that Everwear are more than merely "guaranteed" hose. They are light, luxurious and stylish—the absolute perfection of hose durability, elegance, economy and comfort.



Order Everwear through your dealer today. If he doesn't keep them write us, stating size, color and kind desired, and we will ship them express prepaid. Description in full below. Send for interesting free booklet "An Everwear Yarn." Six pairs one size in a box—solid or assorted colors.

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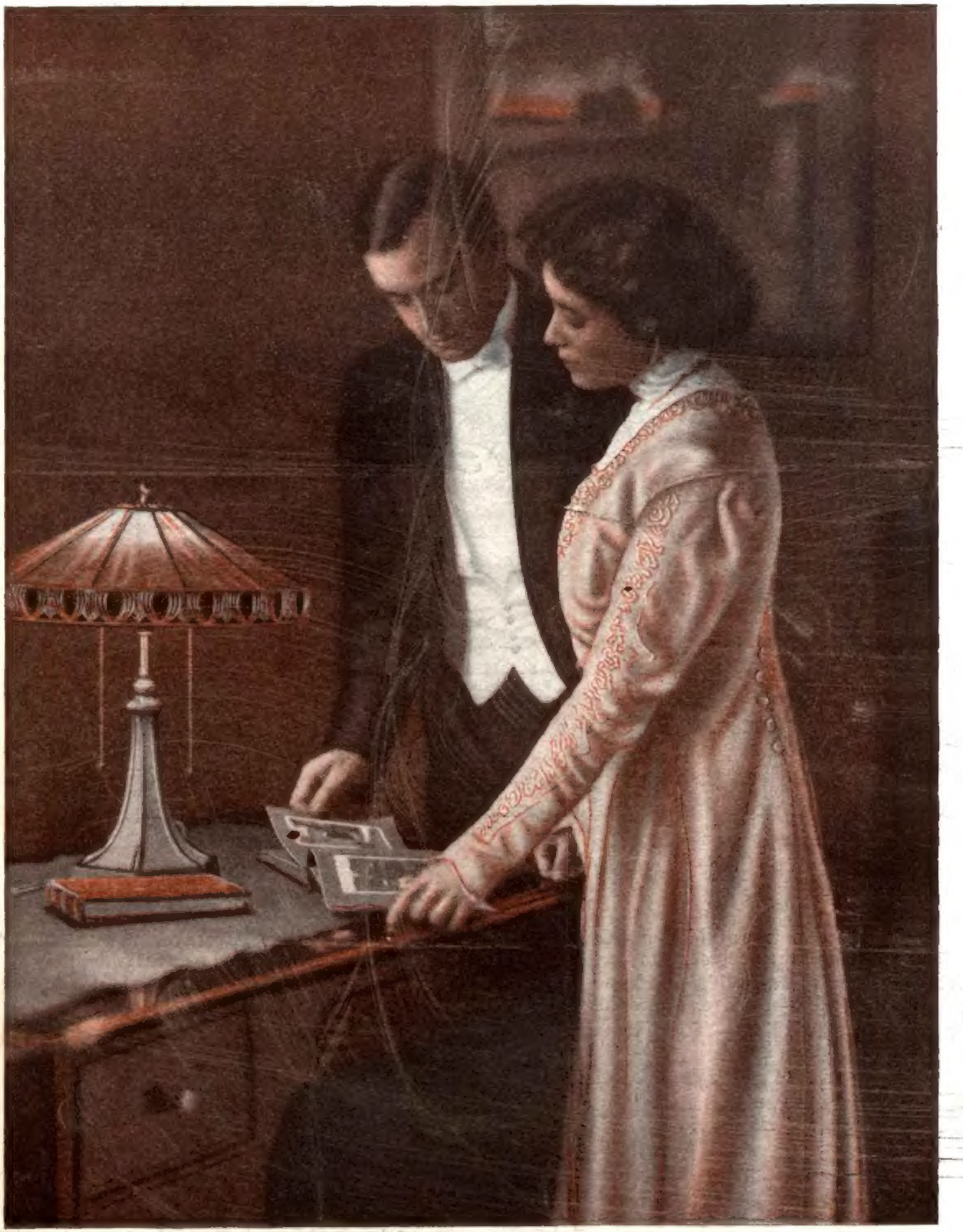

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